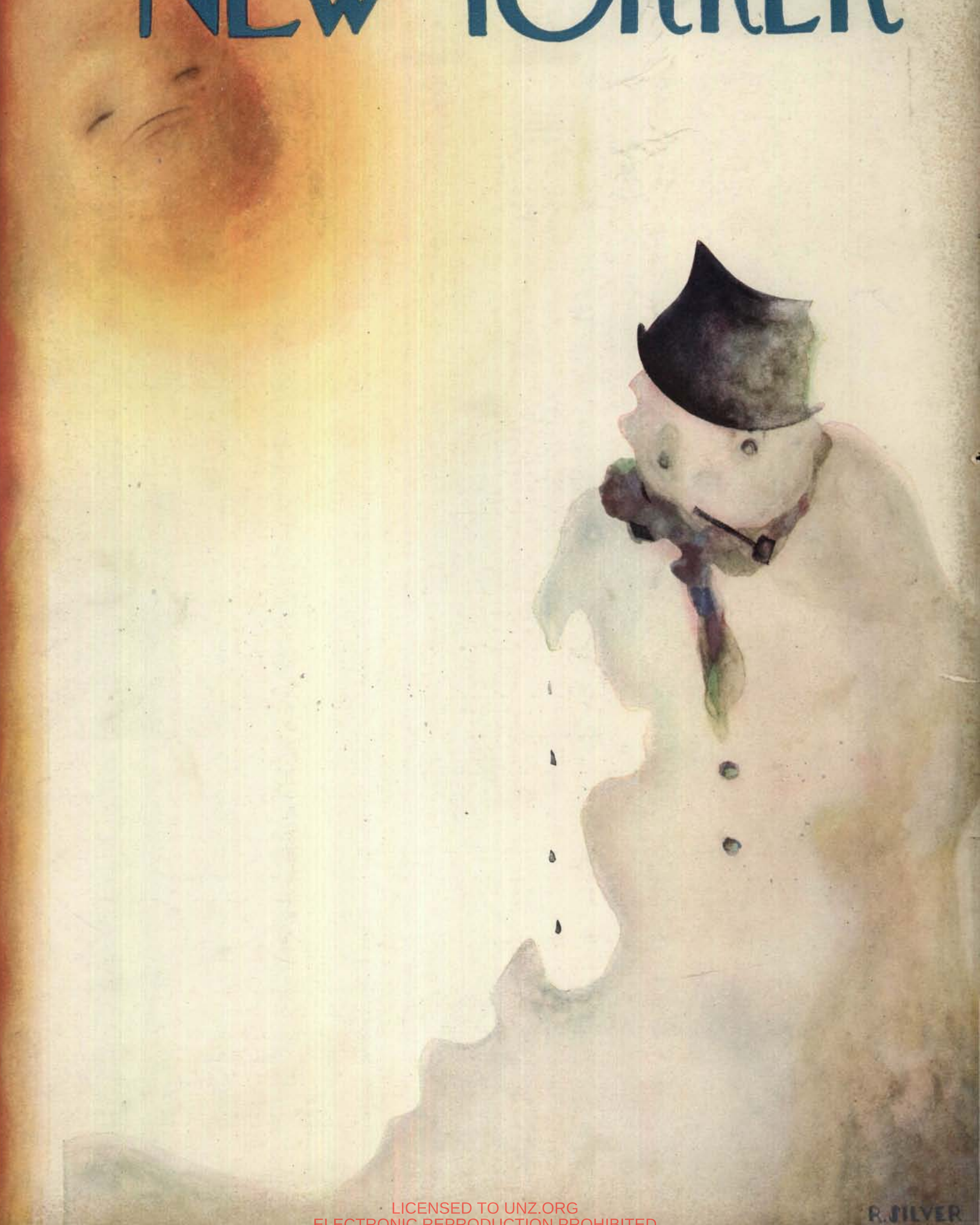
* Mar. 15, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



Body by Fisher

FASHIONABLE . . .

but more than that . . . *faithful* to the last degree!

The distinguished 132-inch Buick models with Bodies by Fisher bring to buyers a beauty of line and finish, a luxury of upholstery and appointment and an elegance of detail quite unknown in cars that seek comparison with Buick.

Money cannot buy a more tasteful or more truly fashionable car.

But, more than grace and beauty, Buick brings to owners an order of soundness and reliability so unique as to comprise one of the proud traditions of the motor car industry throughout more than a quarter-century.

And this special Buick reliability means not merely that Buick performs surely and steadily day after day and year after year, but that it performs with a snap, power, alacrity and flexibility which spell the *exclusive Buick* standard of motoring.

You know these things about Buick. Everyone does. They are the qualities which cause people to buy from two to five times as many Buicks as any other fine car. And they are more than ever attractive today when everyone is seeking true value.

Invest in Buick, and have the pleasing knowledge that your car is both fashionable and faithful to the last degree.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation
Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars
Canadian Factories: McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ontario

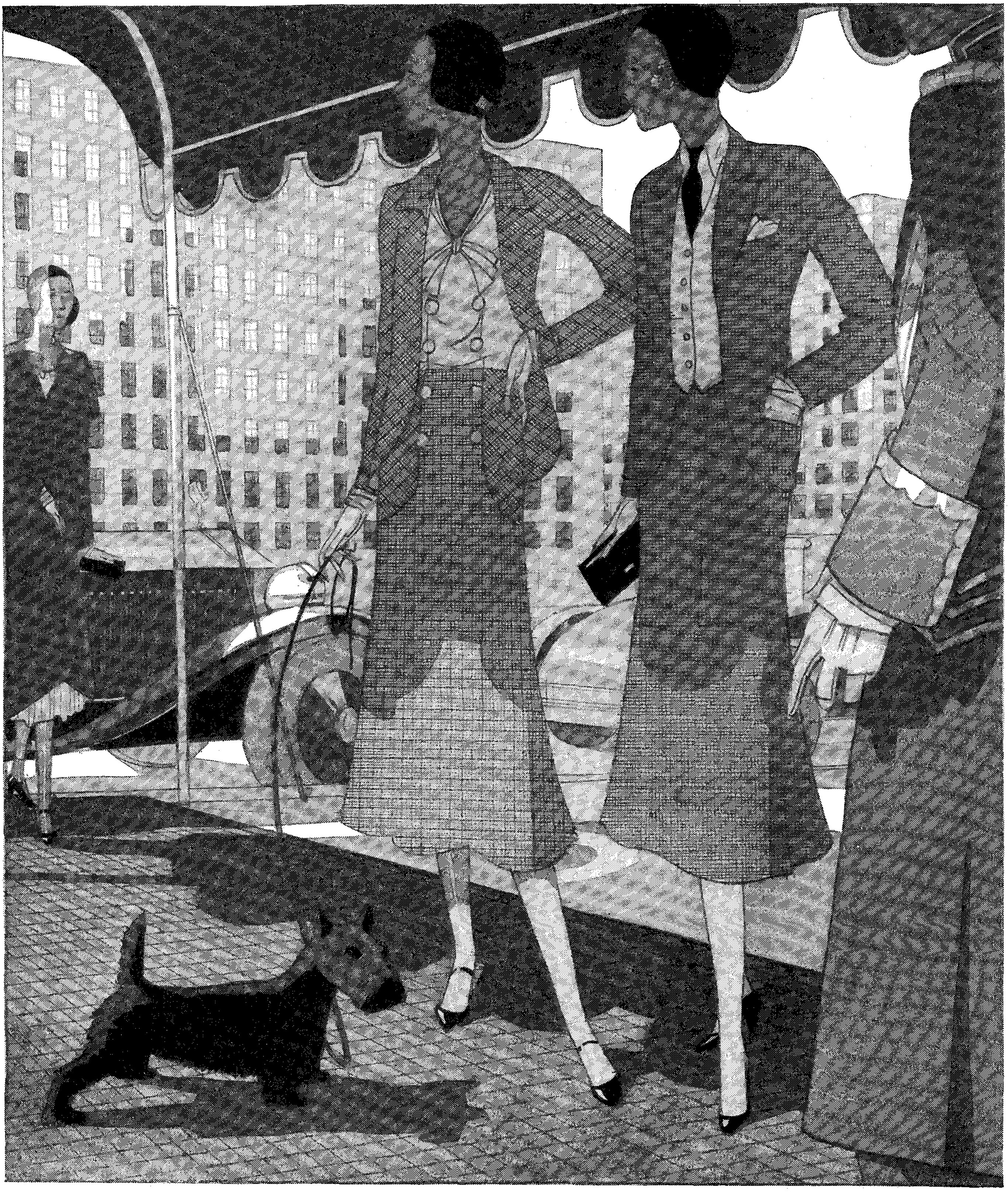
BUICK

Your Buick dealer will gladly show the Buick models. Three series and three wheelbases, with 15 body types priced from $1260 to $2070, f. o. b. factory. Special equipment extra. All available on the extremely liberal G. M. A. C. time payment plan.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET — Telephone: MURray Hill 7000



For the

Junior Miss

We present the youthful fashions that will be worn during the coming Spring by those smart young creatures who interpret chic in terms of sizes 11-13-15-17 ... Cape coat of a new wool crepe, $49.50 ... Three piece printed silk suit, $29.50 ... Men's Sharkskin suit with white pique vest, $49.50

JUNIOR MISS APPAREL—SECOND FLOOR

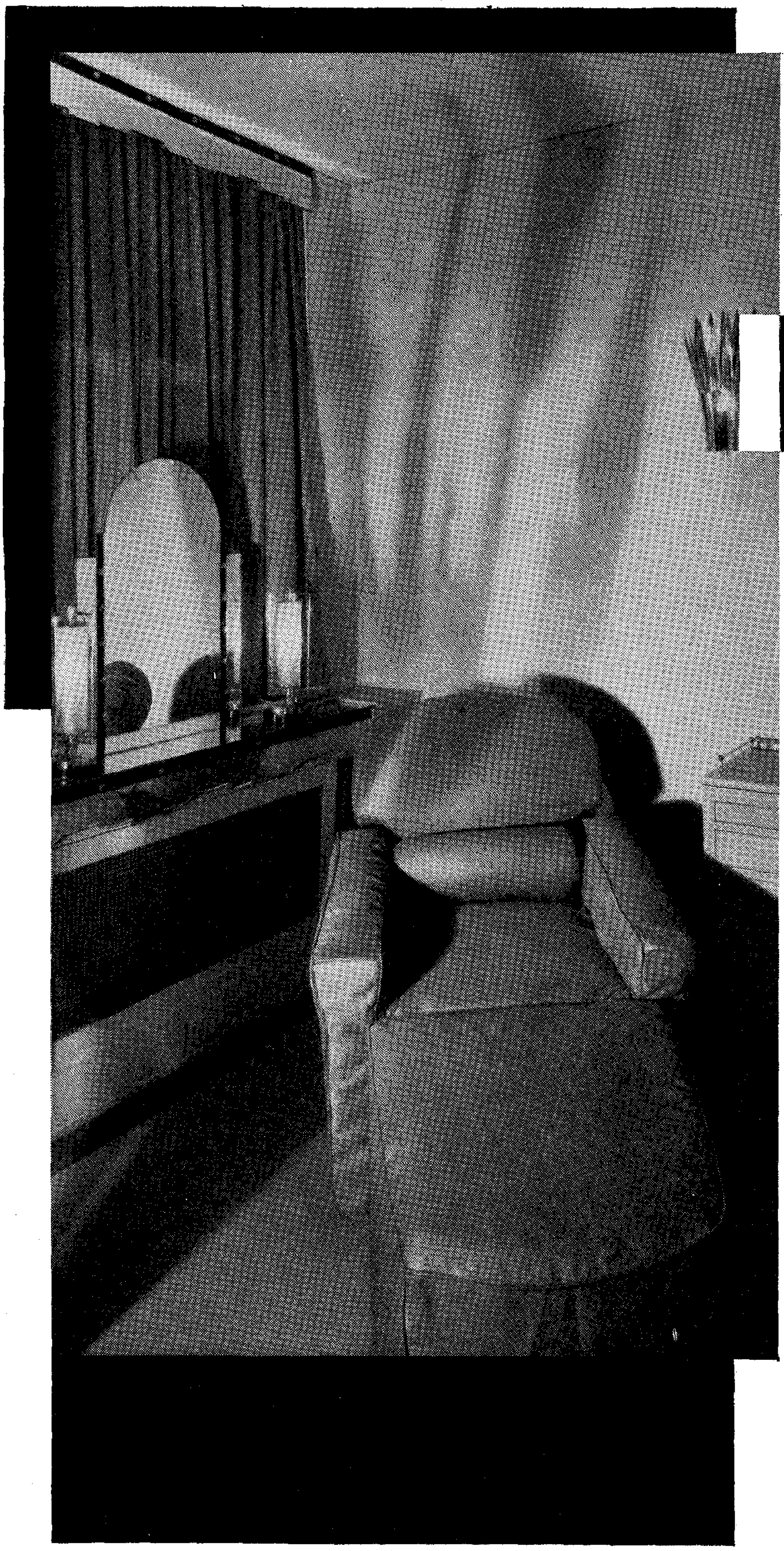
BELLODG
CARON
10, Rue de la Paix
PARIS
BELLODGIA
CARON
PARIS
FRANCE

BELLODGIA

Paris CARON *France*

The New Yorker, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 4, March 15, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

A refreshing interlude in the new salon of
KATHLEEN MARY QUINLAN



● All day we rush . . . and far into the night. Wrinkles come . . . youth goes . . . because most of us have lost the art of acquiring serenity. But not those of us who know Kathleen Mary Quinlan!

● This stylist in beauty has created an oasis in the fevered merry-go-round that we call New York. A beautiful spot dedicated to fostering feminine beauty . . . relaxing tired nerves . . . creating calm and peace on ruffled brows.

● In her Salon a spell is woven by velvet fingers. Luscious creams, healing lotions are skillfully applied . . . a treatment for every type of skin. No matter what your problem, Miss Quinlan is there, in person, to help solve it.

● The eyes where charm is focused . . . where neglect first etches its weary presence, receive special care at Miss Quinlan's Salon. Her preparations cleanse and rest them, nourish and firm the delicate tissues around them. And with final deft touches of make-up . . . you step out to a new world refreshed in spirit, a brand-new woman in appearance!

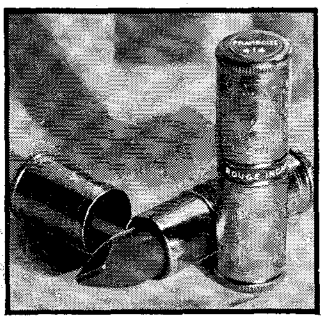
● For appointments, telephone the Salon, Plaza 4086. 655 Fifth Avenue at Fifty-second Street, New York. All of Miss Quinlan's exquisite preparations and smart make-up are on sale at the leading stores.

© 1930, by Kathleen Mary Quinlan, Inc.

Lovely Judith Anderson uses Rouge Incarnat because she cannot feel it. Louis Philippe, Parisian colorist, studying Miss Anderson's vivid coloring.

ROUGE INCARNAT
ANGELUS
ROUGE
NATURAL

"The Little Red Box" . . . 75c.



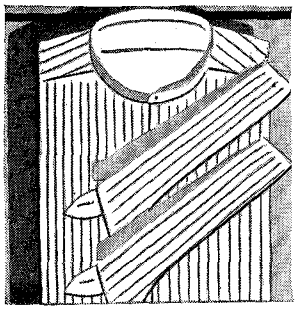
Rouge Incarnat Lipsticks . . . $1.

"I cannot feel it and it lasts so long," says JUDITH ANDERSON

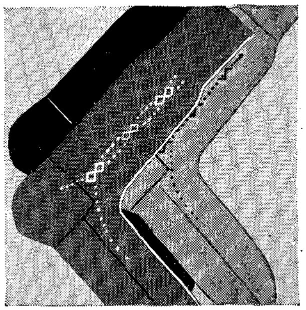
BY your added beauty alone you know when Angelus Rouge Incarnat is on lips and cheeks. Smooth as satin you cannot feel it. No residue, no drying or caking. Indelible and lasting. Match your own coloring exactly with one of the nine natural Angelus tints. The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks is slim, convenient. It lasts and lasts.

ANGELUS
Rouge Incarnat
"You Cannot Feel It"

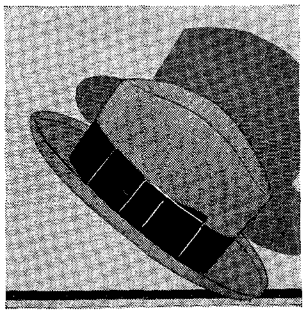
SPRING • in the New York Manner



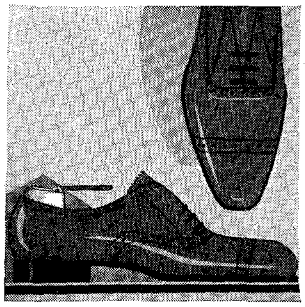
● MANHATTAN SHIRTS $2.15 to $10



● ESQUIRE HOSIERY $1.35 to $3



● CROFUT & KNAPP HATS $8.50, $10



● NETTLETON SHOES $12.50 to $20

The first robin has been sighted in Rye...and the first sailor on Riverside Drive. The paths of the parks are becoming peopled ...days, and lunch hours, are becoming longer. At Weber and Heilbroner stores are other signs and portents of a new season...Tailor Guild Clothes...and bright new furnishings...all in tune with the voice of Spring...all "in the New York Manner."

● **MANHATTAN SHIRTS** are known from coast to coast for their excellent quality and smartness. $2.15 to $10.

● **ESQUIRE HOSIERY** hand clocked by the ladies of Philadelphia, display a charm that is found in few other productions. $1.35 to $3.

● **CROFUT & KNAPP HATS** are essentially "in the New York Manner" in styling and workmanship. $8.50, $10

● **NETTLETON SHOES** wear longer than ordinary shoes because they're made better of finer quality leathers. $12.50 to $20.

Tailor Guild Suits and Topcoats $50 and upwards

Weber and Heilbroner

THIRTEEN STORES IN THE METROPOLITAN AREA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Apple Cart—The Theatre Guild giving Shaw a very good break in the presentation of several of his pet theories. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Apron Strings—The story of a mother who kept giving her son advice even after she was dead—to the irritation of his young wife. (Cort, 48, E.)

At the Bottom—A revised version of Gorki's "The Lower Depths," which is still "The Lower Depths." You know that by now. (Waldorf, 50, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

Berkeley Square—A young man goes back a hundred and fifty years and almost upsets the Scheme of Things by falling in love with the wrong girl. Leslie Howard's performance is superb. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Bird in Hand—Three travellers aid the daughter of a stubborn old English innkeeper to marry against her father's wishes. A quietly amusing comedy by John Drinkwater. (49th Street, 49, W.)

Broken Dishes—Home-life comedy with Donald Meek as the turning worm. You could do lots worse. (Masque, 45, W.)

Children of Darkness—A really literate comedy of eighteenth-century family life in Newgate Prison, with possibly a little too much writing but enough originality and distinction to more than make up for it. Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis head an excellent cast. Last two days. (Biltmore, 47, W. Closes Sat., Mar. 15.)

Civic Repertory Theatre—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Cherry Orchard," Tchekov's exquisite play. (Fri. Eve., Mar. 14.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mats., Mar. 15 and 22.) . . . "The Sea Gull," another excellent Tchekov production. (Sat. and Wed. Eves., Mar. 15 and 19.) . . . "The Women Have Their Way," pleasant comedy by the Brothers Quintero. (Mon. Eve., Mar. 17; Thurs. Mat., Mar. 20.) . . . "The Living Corpse," Tolstoian drama, with Jacob Ben-Ami. (Tues. Eve., Mar. 18.) . . . "The Cradle Song," Sierra's tender little play. (Thurs. Eve., Mar. 20.) . . . "The Master Builder," Ibsen and Eva Le Gallienne. (Fri. Eve., Mar. 21.) . . . "La Locandiera," eighteenth-century Italian comedy. (Sat. Eve., Mar. 22.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

Death Takes a Holiday—Philip Merivale as the not-so-grim Reaper who finds, during a three-day layoff, that Love, as they say, is stronger than Death. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

Dishonored Lady—Katharine Cornell superb in a good straightforward melodrama of a lady who kills her beau to take a husband. (Empire, B'way at 40. 8:40 P.M.)

Everything's Jake!—Some of Don Marquis' bibulous characters go with the Old Soak to Paris. The play has two very funny scenes to thank for its success. (Bijou, 45, W.)

The First Mrs. Fraser—St. John Ervine's pleasant retelling of the old story of the witty wife whose errant husband comes back. Immeasurably helped by the presence of Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

The Green Pastures—Easily the most unusual and satisfying play of the season. An all-Negro cast in a naïve account of the Old Testament. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

It's a Wise Child—Farcical comedy rich in character and situation, delightfully played by a Belasco cast. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

Journey's End—A beautiful and moving play of the war as British officers lived it. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

June Moon—There is a good, honest laugh every two minutes in this epic of a song writer. Ring Lardner and George Kaufman have seen to that, and a good cast makes sure of it. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 22]

The Last Mile—A finely wrought, but harrowing, account of an attempted jail-break, with death on the loose. (Harris, 42, W.)

Meteor—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne as the superman and his wife who come to a parting of the ways because of his supermanhood. Last two days. (Guild, 52, W. Closes Sat., Mar. 15.)

Michael and Mary—A very nice combination of some of the things that A. A. Milne does best, with a minimum of treacle. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

Rebound—A comedy with serious moments, telling of a young lady who had trouble in holding men. Hope Williams assisted by Donald Ogden Stewart, the author. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

Street Scene—Life, love, and sudden death, in a New York tenement, vividly portrayed. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Strictly Dishonorable—Real light comedy and worth seeing. Don't think it's salacious simply because a young girl is almost seduced. It is very, very clean. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Subway Express—A Van Cortlandt Park express made much more interesting than usual by a trick murder. (Republic, 42, W.)

Topaze—A pleasant little play from the French, telling of a school teacher who finds the secret of business success. Frank Morgan is excellent. (Music Box, 45, W. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Volpone—Last performances of this Theatre Guild revival, with Earle Larimore and Sylvia Field. (Liberty, 42, W. Closes Sat., Mar. 15.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page

THE THEATRE 27
SHOUTS AND MURMURS 34
HOCKEY 51
COURT GAMES 54
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS 59
TABLES FOR TWO 62
MUSICAL EVENTS 65
POPULAR SHEET MUSIC 68
LONDON LETTER 70
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 74
AS TO MEN 79
INDOOR POLO 82
THE CURRENT CINEMA 85
THE ART GALLERIES 92
RECENT BOOKS 94
AMONG THE NEW BOOKS 95

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 8200

WITH MUSIC

Bitter Sweet—An "operette" by Noel Coward which has Miss Evelyn Laye and everything else except humor. (Shubert, 44, W. Closes Sat., Mar. 22.)

Earl Carroll Sketch Book—Pretty girls and questionable humor. Will Mahoney and the antics of The Three Sailors are particularly recommended. (46th Street, 46, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Fifty Million Frenchmen—A Cole Porter score worked into a fast American tour of Paris, with a lot of laughs, and a cast that includes William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, and Helen Broderick. (Lyric, 42, W.)

Flying High—Bert Lahr making a good show into a grand one. (Apollo, 42, W.)

Heads Up!—Victor Moore is very funny, aided by Betty Starbuck, Jack Whiting, and Barbara Newberry, in a regulation musical comedy with a tuneful Rodgers-and-Hart score. (Alvin, 52, W.)

Ripples—One of those shows in which the presence of Fred Stone and most of his family is the main event. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

Simple Simon—It doesn't really make much difference how old the gags are, because Ed Wynn pulls them. Some wonderful dancing. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

Sons o' Guns—Even if this weren't an excellent musical show in general, it would have Jack Donahue, which would make it one in particular. (Imperial, 45, W.)

Strike Up the Band—A musical comedy which ought to be made compulsory for those who are war-minded. Bobby Clark is at his funniest, and the Gershwins have written a very good score. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

Sweet Adeline—A musical hit replete with good stuff (and some dull stuff), Helen Morgan, Charles Butterworth, and Jerome Kern music. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

Wake Up and Dream—Mr. Cochran's very British revue, which has Jack Buchanan and Jessie Matthews, and a corps of fine dancers headed by Tilly Losch. Not the best of the British revues, but nice enough. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

●

Ruth Draper—Don't miss this one-woman repertory company. (Comedy, 41, E. Sun., Tues., Wed., and Fri. Eves., 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat., 2:50 P.M.)

Mei Lan-fang—The distinguished Chinese actor and company in selections from classical Chinese drama. (National, 41, W. 8:50 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30 P.M. Engagement ends Sat., Mar. 22.)

Japanese Players—Wham Bang under the cherry blossoms. (Booth, 45, W. 8:30 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

Dance Recital—Second recital by Nimura, the Japanese dancer, assisted by Pauline Koner. Sun. Eve., Mar. 16. (New Yorker, formerly Gallo, 54, W. 8:45 P.M.)

Vaudeville—Ted Healy and the Michon Brothers are at the Palace Fri., Mar. 14. Ricardo Cortez will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Mar. 15. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

For Children—The Juvenile Players in "Rip Van Winkle," Sat. Aft., Mar. 15, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.) . . . The Charlotte Lund Opera Co. presents "Tales of Hoffmann," Sat. Aft., Mar. 15, at 2:15. (Roerich Hall. Riverside Dr. at 103.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

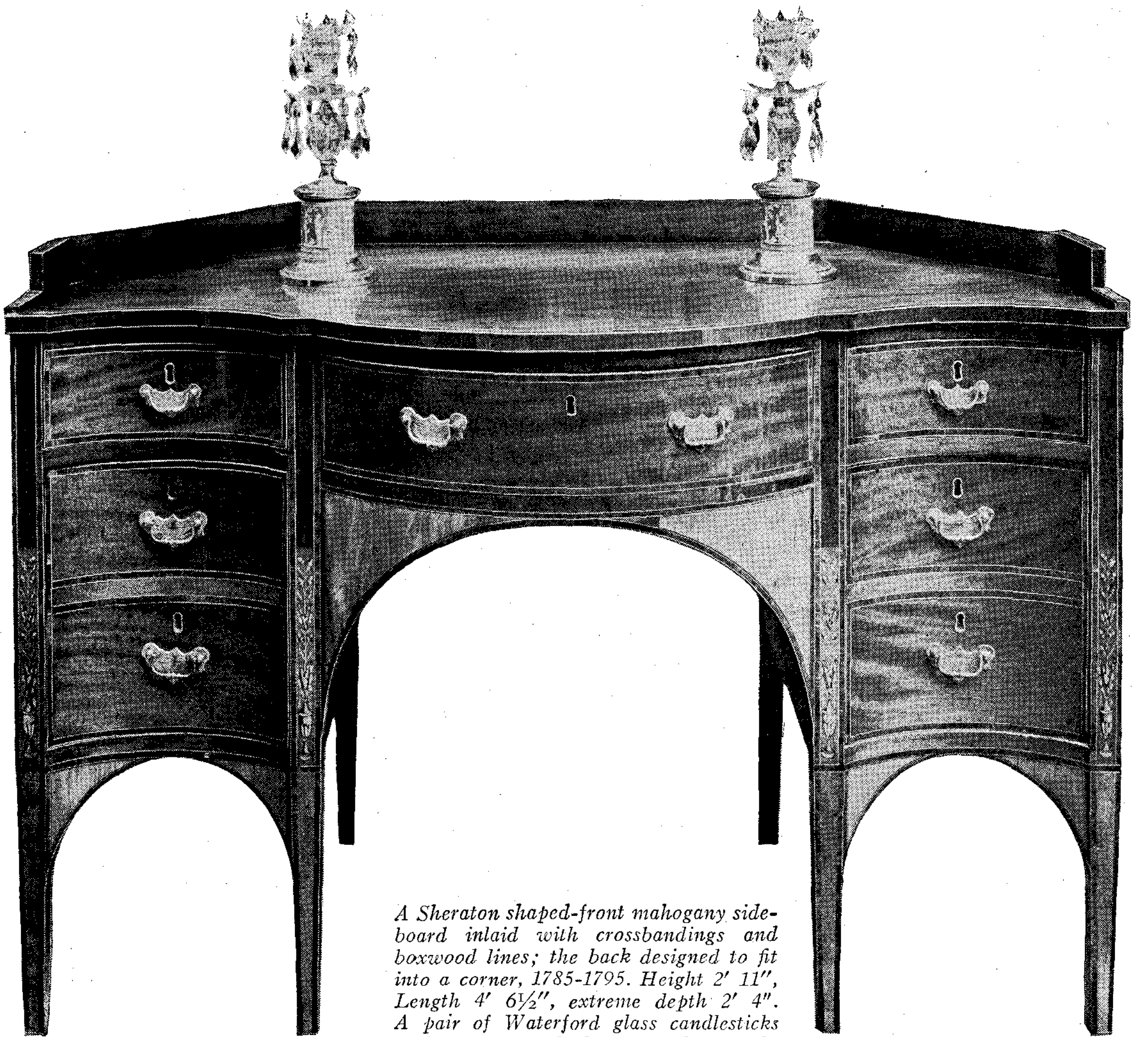
(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

A Month in the Country—The Theatre Guild's production of Turgenev's play, with Alla Nazimova. Opens Mon. Eve., Mar. 17. (Guild, 52, W. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

The Matriarch—A play by G. B. Stern and Frank Vernon based on Miss Stern's novel,

(Continued on page 8)

ENGLISH FURNITURE of the best periods is represented at the Vernay Galleries by many splendid examples including a number of rare and unusual pieces in oak, walnut, mahogany and satinwood. Three original oak Panelled Rooms are also on Exhibition.



A Sheraton shaped-front mahogany sideboard inlaid with crossbandings and boxwood lines; the back designed to fit into a corner, 1785-1795. Height 2′ 11″, Length 4′ 6½″, extreme depth 2′ 4″. A pair of Waterford glass candlesticks with ***Wedgwood*** *bases and ormolu mounts. 1780-1790*

Vernay

OLD ENGLISH FURNITURE, SILVER, PORCELAIN, POTTERY & GLASSWARE

NEW YORK, 19 East Fifty-fourth Street
LONDON, Trafalgar House, Waterloo Place

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, MARCH 14, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 22]

(Continued from page 6)

with Constance Collier. Opens Tues., Mar. 18. (Longacre, 48, W. 8:40 P.M.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

Love, Honor, and Betray—Alice Brady in a play from the French of M. Antoine. (Eltinge, 42, W. 8:45 P.M.)

The Rivals—Mrs. Fiske in a revival of Sheridan's play. (Erlanger, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

Ambassador Grill, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Pleasant and Park Avenue.*

Central Park Casino (Rhinelander 3034)—Dancing to Leo Reisman's music.*

Club Lido, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Moss and Fontana dancing for a smart after-theatre crowd. Must dress.

Club Montmartre, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Always a favorite. Larry Siry's orchestra, with dancing by Murphy and Johnson. Must dress.

Club Richman, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—With Harry Richman as the main attraction, assisted by Ann Pennington and Norma Terriss.*

Seaglade, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Vincent Lopez music and undersea decorations. Dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

Villa Vallée, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his orchestra.*

Broadway Atmosphere—A few of the more interesting places of this type are: Casanova, 151 W. 54 (Circle 7893), where you will find Fred Keating, Alice Boulden, and Mary Charles.* . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, has an elaborate revue and no cover charge. . . . The Night Boat, 117 W. 48, is a new arrival, with June Day. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, is open all night, with Florence.

Greenwich Village—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an amusingly decorated place, with music by the California Collegians. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), has an uptown clientele and is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, has Paxton, the mental marvel. . . . The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

Russian Motif—Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is agreeably romantic. . . . Way Down East and inexpensive: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

Note—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking, unless otherwise noted.)

Devil May Care—Ramon Novarro as a very romantic Bonapartist in the days of Elba. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Mar. 15-17; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Disraeli—George Arliss playing the great minister again, in a screen version that should satisfy the fastidious public. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

The Green Goddess—George Arliss as a suave but wicked rajah in a polite melodrama. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

The Love Parade—Maurice Chevalier in an attractive comedy with music. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 9 A.M.)

Not So Dumb—Our old acquaintance, "Dulcy," with Marion Davies and some good laughs. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., Mar. 20 and 21; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

Puttin' on the Ritz—Lively and amusing songs. Harry Richman and Joan Bennett are in it. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

Roadhouse Nights—Helen Morgan, Jimmie Durante, and Charles Ruggles in a story of rumrunners and roadhouses by Ben Hecht. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., Mar. 20 and 21; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

The Rogue Song—Mr. Tibbett of the Metropolitan in an operetta of bandits and gypsies and Russian countesses. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

Seven Days Leave—A gentle and expert screening of Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," with Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri., Mar. 14; performances continuous from noon.)

Song o' My Heart—John McCormack's talkie début. Opened too late for review in this issue. (44th Street, 44, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.)

The Vagabond King—The musical show of the poet who ruled old Paris for a week, with Dennis King. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

News Reel Theatre—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "The Bishop Murder Case," mystery and Mother Goose, from the Van Dine story; "Hit the Deck," the song "Hallelujah" well done, with Jack Oakie helping along the rest of the show; "Street of Chance," stud poker on a big scale along Broadway, with William Powell.

ART

Davies—Memorial exhibition of the works of Arthur B. Davies: Gallery D6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 10:45 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

Havemeyer—The H. O. Havemeyer collection on view at last: Galleries 20-25, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 10:45 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

Independents—Big annual show: 4th floor, Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 10 P.M.

Kuniyoshi—A comprehensive showing of one of the best young Americans: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Living Art—Permanent exhibition of twentieth-century Americans and Europeans: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

Max Weber—Retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings. Also paintings by Paul Klee, and sculpture by Maillol and Lehmbruck: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and 8 to 10 P.M.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

Josef Hofmann—Revelatory performances of music that many others attempt. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Mar. 15, at 2:30.

Copland-Sessions Concert—Contemporary compositions presented sympathetically and informally. Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57, Sun. Eve., Mar. 16.

New York Chamber Music Society—Anniversary concert. Hotel Plaza, Sun. Eve., Mar. 16, at 9.

Beethoven Association—A surprise package of stars in chamber music. Town Hall, Mon. Eve., Mar. 17.

Albert Spalding—Fine fiddling. Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Mar. 18.

Musical Art Quartet—Three gentlemen and a lady who make music unanimously. Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Mar. 18, at 8:45.

Mischa Levitzki—Another recital by this suave but brilliant pianist. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Mar. 22.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Mar. 14, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Mar. 15, at 8:45; Metropolitan Opera House, Sun. Aft., Mar. 16; Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Mar. 20, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Mar. 21, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Mar. 22, at 8:45. . . . Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall. Sat. Morn., Mar. 22, at 11.

Museum Concerts—Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sat. Eves., Mar. 15 and 22, at 8. (No admission charge.)

Friends of Music—Bodanzky conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Mar. 16, at 4.

OPERA

Metropolitan—"Götterdämmerung," Fri. Aft., Mar. 14, at 1; "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., Mar. 14, at 8; "Rigoletto," Sat. Aft., Mar. 15, at 2; "Tristan und Isolde," Sat. Eve., Mar. 15, at 8; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Mar. 16, at 8:30; "Madama Butterfly," Mon. Eve., Mar. 17, at 8:30; "Louise," Wed. Eve., Mar. 19, at 8; "Tales of Hoffmann," Thurs. Eve., Mar. 20, at 8:15; "Aïda," Fri. Aft., Mar. 21, at 2.

Little Theatre Opera—"Fra Diavolo," by Auber: Mon. through Sat. Eves., Mar. 17-22, at 8:30; Sat. Aft., Mar. 22, at 2:30. Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.

ON THE AIR

Walter Damrosch—Conducting symphony orchestra: Fri. Morns., Mar. 14 and 21, at 11, and Sat. Eves., Mar. 15 and 22, at 9, over WEAF.

Boxing—Fights from Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eves., Mar. 14 and 21, at 9:30, over WMCA.

Grand Opera—Puccini's "Turandot," with Alda, Chamlee, Baker, Davies, and others, Papi conducting: Sat. Eve., Mar. 15, at 7, over WEAF.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Sun. Aft., Mar. 16, at 3, over WOR. . . . Children's Concert, Schelling conducting: Sat. Morn., Mar. 22, at 11, over WOR.

Edward Johnson—Tenor soloist: Sun. Eve., Mar. 16, at 9:15, over WEAF.

Hockey—N. Y. Rangers vs. Pittsburgh, from Madison Square Garden: Sun. Eve., Mar. 16, at 10, over WMCA.

Emilio De Gogorza—Baritone soloist: Wed. Eve., Mar. 19, at 8:30, over WEAF.

Vincent Richards—Tennis star, interviewed by Grantland Rice: Wed. Eve., Mar. 19, at 10:30, over WEAF.

Nina Koshetz—Russian soprano; Gabriel Leonoff, tenor; and Vladimir Dubinsky, baritone: Thurs. Eve., Mar. 20, at 10:30, over WEAF.

SPORTS

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden: Tony Canzoneri vs. Stanislaus Loayza, Fri. Eve., Mar. 14; Kid Chocolate vs. Al Ridgeway, Fri. Eve., Mar. 21; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

Hockey—Last regular game this season at Madison Square Garden: N. Y. Rangers vs. Pittsburgh, Sun. Eve., Mar. 16, at 8:45.

Indoor Polo—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94—Sat. Eve., Mar. 15: Lawrenceville vs. Squadron A, at 7:30; Penn. M. C. vs. The Riding Club, at 8:30; Squadron A vs. N.Y.A.C., at 9:30. . . . Sat. Eve., Mar. 22: Harvard vs. Princeton, at 8:30; Yale vs. West Point, at 9:30.

Indoor Track—National A. A. U. Track and Field Meet: Madison Square Garden, Tues. Eve., Mar. 18, at 8.

OTHER EVENTS

Flower Show—Opens at Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46, Mon., Mar. 17, at 2 P.M., and continues daily from 10 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Sat., Mar. 22. . . . The Landscape Architects' show also opens on Mon., Mar. 17: Arden Gallery, 460 Park Ave., at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

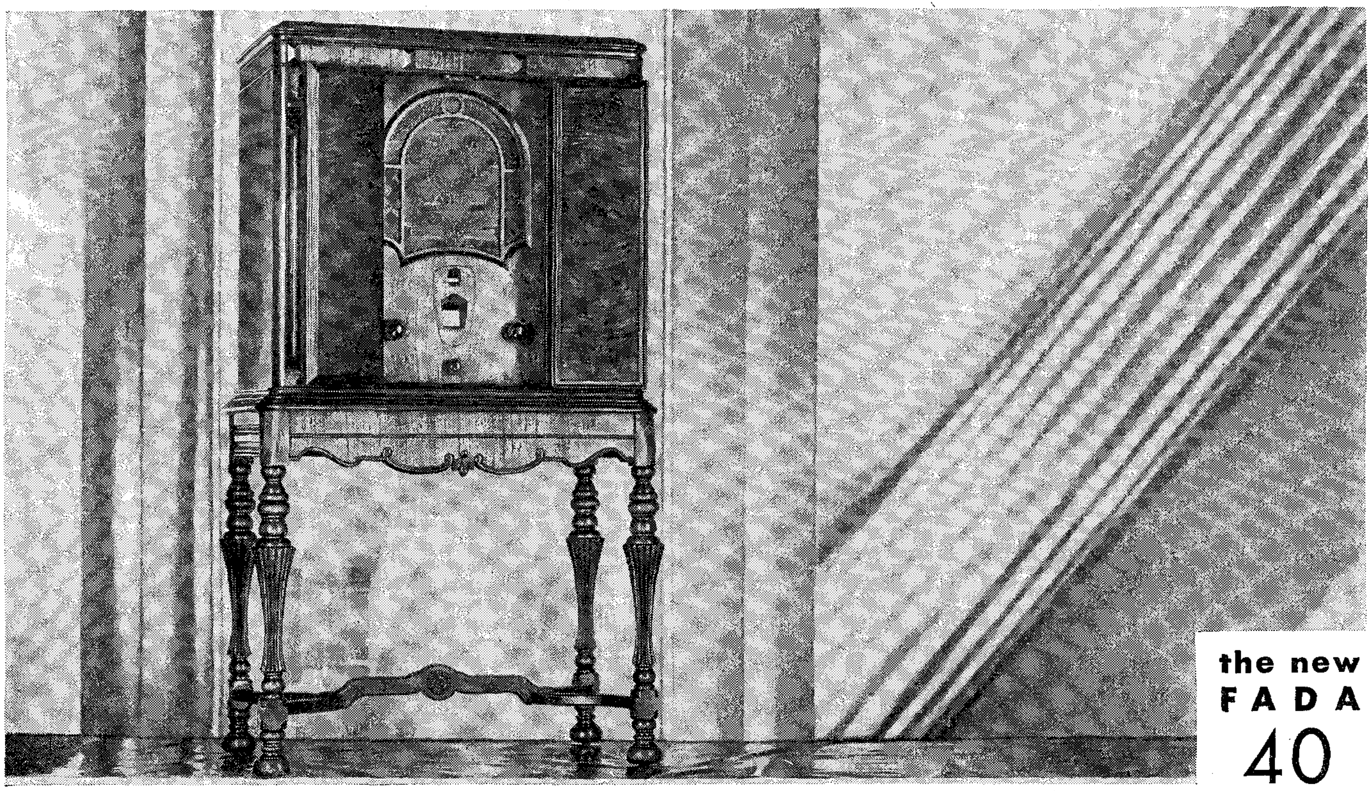
Columbia Varsity Show—"Heigho, Pharaoh," Fri. and Sat. Eves., Mar. 14 and 15, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Mar. 15, at 2:30: Mecca Auditorium, 55, E. of 7 Ave.

Debate—Sovietism vs. Religion, four-cornered debate, with Dr. Stephen S. Wise and the Rev. John Haynes Holmes vs. Max Eastman and Harry Elmer Barnes: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Mar. 16, at 2:30.

Benefit—Annual Treasurers' Club benefit. Among those announced to appear are Maurice Chevalier, Jack Donahue, Gertrude Lawrence, Ed Wynn, Lily Damita, Victor Moore, and George Jessel: Hudson Theatre, 44, East of B'way, Sun. Eve., Mar. 16, at 8:15.

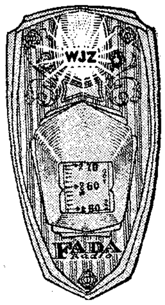
Auctions—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—Eighteenth-century English furniture, rare rugs and carpets, and valuable furniture covered in tapestry and needlework: Fri. and Sat. Afts., Mar. 14 and 15, at 2:15. . . . First editions of American and English authors. Tues. and Wed. Afts., Mar. 18 and 19, at 2:15. . . . French and English furniture of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, early American furniture, and objets d'art: Thurs. through Sat. Afts., Mar. 20-22, at 2:15.

Note—1929 Income-tax returns are due Sat., Mar. 15.



to lazy gentlemen, their friends and companions......

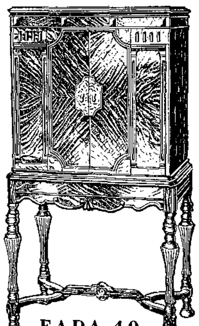
We had our eye on you when the new FADA 40 was designed. Knowing your antipathy to violent exercise while groping for stations on the dial and in your memory, we give you now the automatic station indicator. You turn the dial...a flash of light reveals the station *by name,* tuned to a hair. It's all terrifically pampering—you'll be spoiled for all other methods of station-snaring—but it is your ease-loving due. And here it is! ★ Fighting to stay non-technical, we mention another Fada development that means much to radio owners in congested areas. Fada's new and revolutionary tone-character control helps insulate reception against wild screeching, and nerve-wracking interference. Apologies to guests and diabolic interference are a thing of the past...under most reception conditions...with the new FADA 40. ★ Fires, insurance and such, are unpleasant subjects but they do happen...but don't worry...the FADA 40 is approved by the Underwriters Laboratories, and few radios are. ★ We'll say no more, except to mention screen-grid tubes, not one but *three*...as lovely a piece of fine cabinetry as you have yet seen...all that radio to date can assimilate in the interests of good reception...providing a selectivity and sensitivity of reception that we would call super, if that weren't already such an over-worked little prefix. ★ The new FADA 40 is priced at $260, less tubes, and less further comment. For folks who live in Direct Current areas the new D.C. FADA 36 console, with dynamic speaker, $175 less tubes. See FADA and buy. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies, in Canada, and for export.



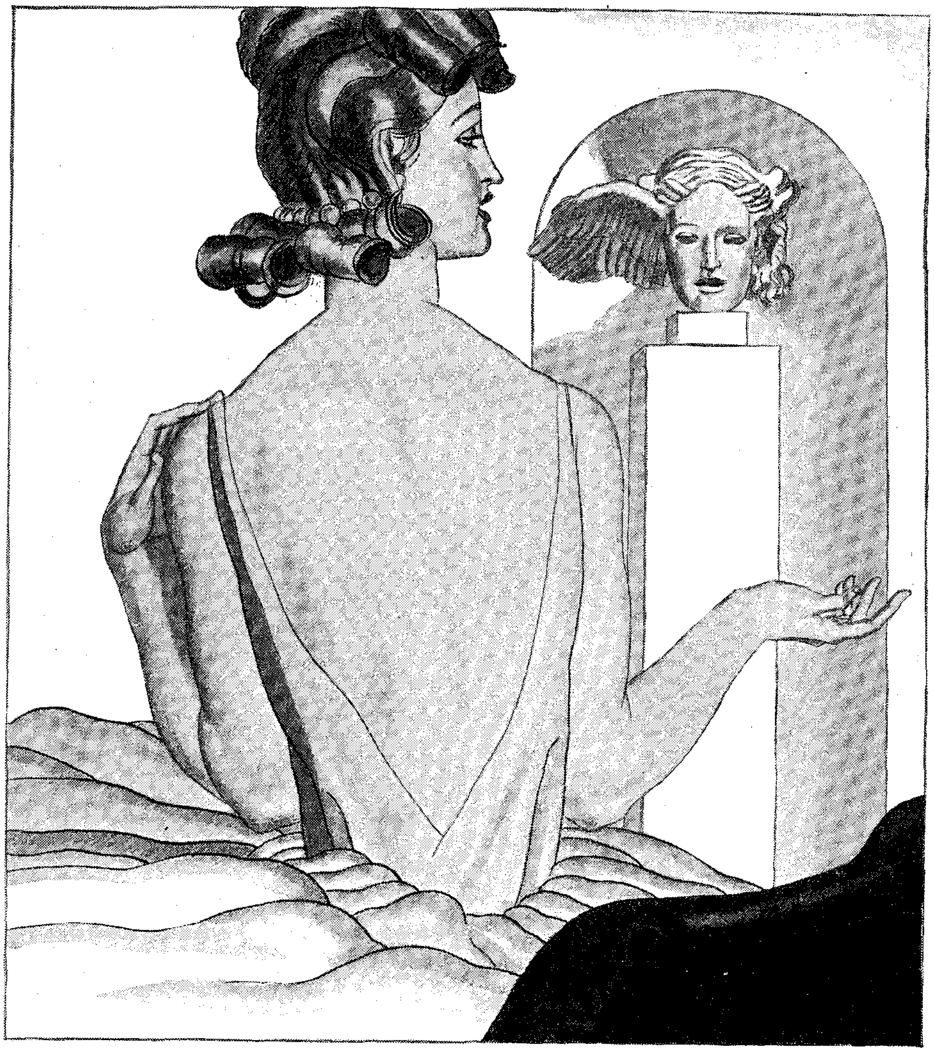
New automatic Fada Station Finder exclusive on the new Fada 40—call letters of your favorite stations flash on for you instantly at turn of dial.

F. A. D. ANDREA, INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N. Y

FADA Radio



FADA 40
Closed View



Marthe . . . ablest corsetiere in all Paris . . . is represented exclusively in New York at Saks-Fifth Avenue.

. . . her new collection is now here . . . just as important to women of fashion as the arrival of the new Paris gowns.

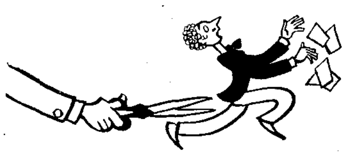
SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

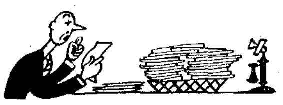
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

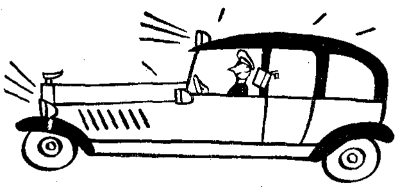
IN our morning mail comes a round-robin letter from some poets. It is signed by Joseph Auslander, William Rose Benét, Witter Bynner, and other poets, and it asks us to subscribe to a Publication Fund. It says the fund will be a "valuable aid in encouraging poets and creating for them a sympathetic audience." Since when have we favored creating a sympathetic audience for poets? The devil take such an idea. Our poets are suffering from overly sympathetic audiences—what they need is a hard, bitter, hypercritical audience. The letter goes on to say that the fund would open up for poets avenues for publishing their work "without their being thwarted by the usual magazine limitations." The devil take that idea too. Were poets not limited by space and periodicity and sour editors, were they not angered to the point of frenzy by rejection slips, there would arise in the land such a loud and uncontrolled drunken singing as would deafen us and sicken us. Poets receive far too great encouragement as it is; they grow fat and soft, with their easy dactyls. Raise funds for poets? Never. Discipline them, thwart them, pinch them hard, till in their extreme agony they sing mighty songs of blood and death and life.



THE morning mail, incidentally, is a daily index of the mad comedy of these, our beloved times. Take a sample batch. After the letter urging us to pamper poets, we open one from a firm in Richmond, Virginia, announcing the formation of the Ham-a-Month Club. For nine dollars the firm would enroll us as a member and send us, every month, a native peanut-fed Virginia ham cooked and ready to serve. Presumably if one also belonged to a book club, one might eat the ham while reading the book. Next letter—an anonymous communication beginning "Good luck in Flanders Field" and instructing us to copy the entire contents three times and send it within twenty-four hours to three other people to whom we wished luck. The chain, so the letter says, was started in Flanders by an unknown soldier. Well, it ends with us, we regret to say. And now a letter from our bank, concluding: "We shall be glad to introduce you to the officers of the Company at any time." No, thank you. It took us two years to win recognition from the paying teller—what chance would we have with an officer? So it goes—a letter from the S.P.C.A. sympathizing with us about Daisy's arrest and seeking our support for new dog legislation; a letter from Lambda Sigma Phi, a fraternity devoted to the interests of those seeking the companionship of a sweetheart; a letter from a yacht club, and will we join; a letter from a dentist appointing an hour for breaking ground on a root canal; finally (and this is where we ceased to go on) a letter from the New York Life, reporting a conversation between their Mr. Kingsley and a Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge.



OUR campaign for small inoffensive taxicabs goes right on—and we think about the situation day and night. Consider the rise to pomp and power of the present cabs. They used to be merely second-hand cars, slightly remodelled. Then Yellow began making real cabs and selling them to individuals and to companies. The own-your-own drivers bought them (on the installment plan), partly to meet competition and partly to satisfy their own desire for beauty and luxury. Then came the Luxor, the Paramount, all the others, dolled up with extra colored lights and fancy trimmings—products of the movie-cathedral-art-renaissance period. A vicious circle began to be apparent—cabs getting grander and more expensive, taking up more space, as we said last week. The more space they took up, the more acute the taxi situation, and the grander they tried to be. The luxury faction controls the streets today, complicated by the fact that the cabs are so expensive to buy and operate that the drivers drive about ninety miles an hour to try and get out of debt. The solution, if there is any, is small, inexpensive cabs, which would go less fast, take up less room, and look less beautiful.

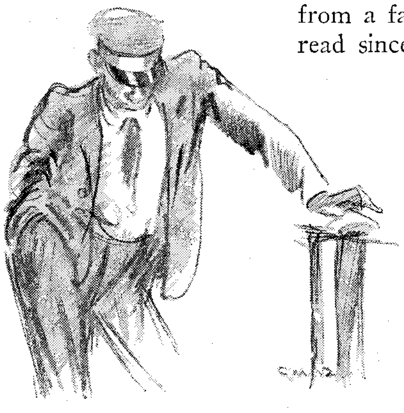


OF course everybody read in the papers that the Circuit Court of Appeals had decided that Mary Ware Dennett's sex pamphlet was not obscene. This struck us as too much intelligence for a Circuit Court of Appeals to be showing. Any right decision like that has a tendency to make the populace moody. There is no tonic in the world so good for the system as a wrong decision by a higher court. To get up in the morning and be able to make a sharp bitter remark about the Circuit Court of Appeals is the proper way to start the day. To open the paper and turn to one's wife and say: "Look here, will you look at what the Circuit Court of Appeals has decided—they're going to send Mrs. Dennett to jail! What kind of a lousy country is this we live in?"—to say that is to get in good condition for a hard day at the office. On the other hand to get up, as we did one morning last week, and discover that a higher court had made a *good* decision filled us with lassitude, and we had to go back to bed.

The Green Pastures

IT'S not true that the negro actors in "The Green Pastures" were picked from Harlem night clubs. Most of them are professional actors with plenty of experience. An exception, however, is the man who plays the Lord, Richard B. Harrison. Of summers he has been a teacher in the Agricultural and Technical School at Greensboro, North Carolina, and of winters has been touring the country giving readings and recitations in schools and churches. He turned out to be pretty hard to direct, owing to his rather excellent English diction, with no trace of negro accent. He had to be coached in negro dialect by a white man who had played negro parts.

Harrison is an octoroon, born in London, Ontario. His parents were two former slaves who had escaped and met there. As a boy he worked as porter, bellboy, dining-car waiter, and clerk. Afterwards he got into teaching and lecturing. He has a wife and two children in Chicago. The son conducts a jazz band, which he organized, and the daughter dances in a cabaret. He is actually several shades lighter in color than he appears in the part of the Lord—has to get blacked up.



Another amateur in the cast is one of the angels. Mr. Connelly borrowed her from a friend's house, where she was a maid. Most of the cast, which numbers ninety-five, have worked in the theatre before, however, many of them at the Howard negro theatre in Washington. Wesley Hill, the Gabriel in the show, played in "Porgy" and has been on the stage forty years. Daniel Haynes, the Adam, played in the talkie, "Hallelujah," and understudied Jules Bledsoe in "Show Boat." Several in the cast have other occupations besides acting. The man who plays Noah is New York correspondent for a Chicago newspaper, the woman who plays Zeba is a champion swimmer, one of the angels is a concert pianist, Haynes has a printing shop in Brooklyn.

Mr. Connelly wrote much of the play on a boat going to and from New Orleans. He went there to visit Roark Bradford, author of the book from which the play is taken. Connelly himself is a native of Pittsburgh and never lived in the South. He finished the play one evening a year ago, typing the last page at 6:55 P.M., and dashing off to dine with Jed Harris at seven and read the play to him. Harris turned it down because Connelly insisted on directing it and Harris was afraid he wouldn't have much to say about how it was to be put on. The Theatre Guild next rejected it—afraid their subscribers wouldn't like to see the Lord on the stage. Arthur Hopkins read the script three times and liked the play but said he didn't see how it could be staged. Crosby Gaige said it was the funniest play he had ever read but that he wouldn't risk money on it. Finally, a man from unimaginative Wall Street agreed to produce it, Rowland Stebbins. He had retired from a big brokerage house a year or two before and had produced two plays. He is the "Laurence Rivers" of the program. That name came from a favorite story he has read since boyhood, a ghost story called "The Gateless Barrier," by Lucas Malet.

Since the show opened no one has made any fuss about portraying the Lord on the stage, but on the other hand approval has come from many ministers. Harrison, playing that part, had misgivings, but they are gone. So far he has been cheered by the audience after every performance. Mr. Bradford, author of the stories upon which the play is based, is in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he has been held ten months by the illness of his wife. Last Saturday night he read the play to the assembled patients in the sanatorium where she is confined.

Music Lacketh Charm

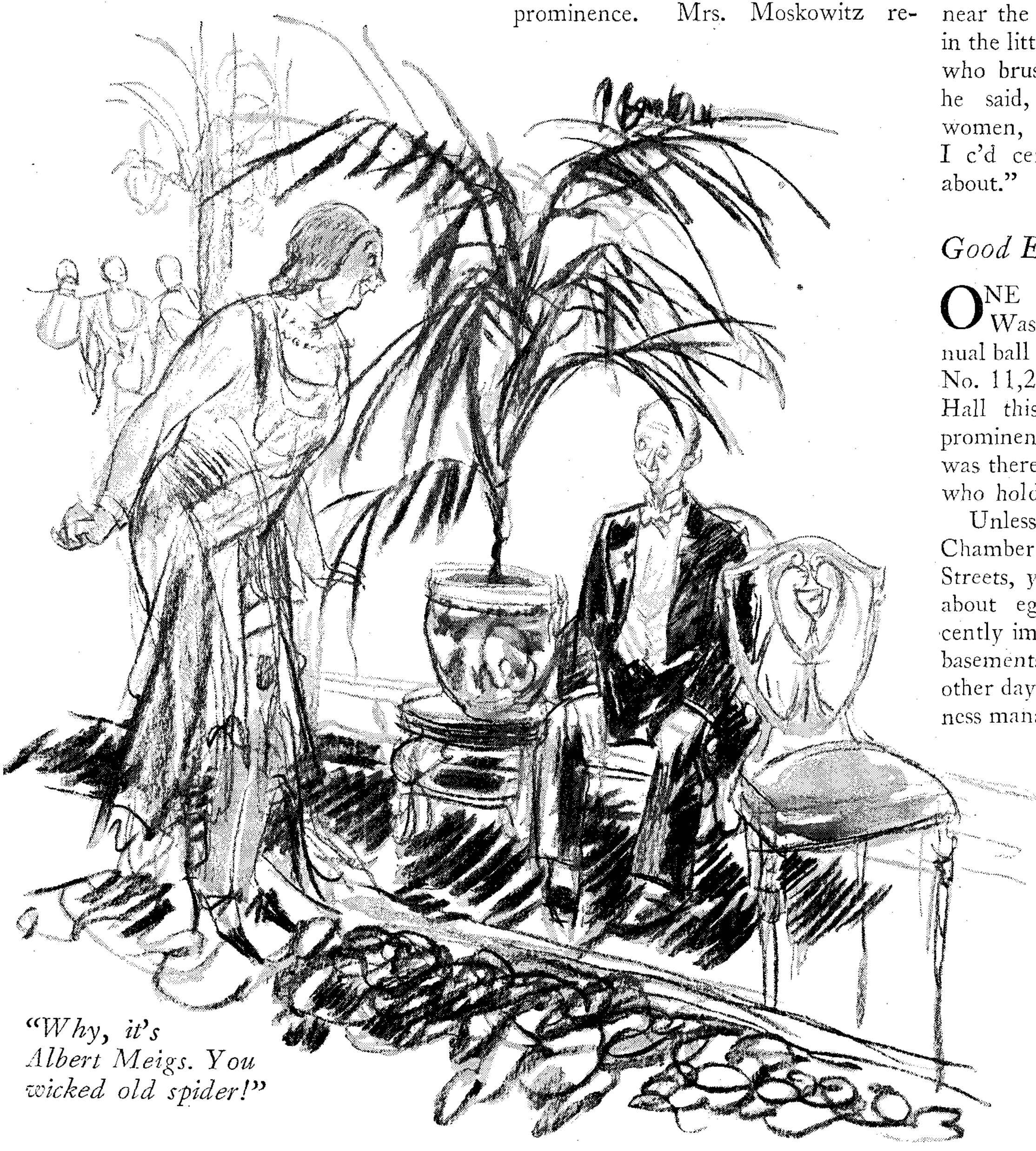
TWO people told us this story about Dr. Karl Muck, who is in Germany now, conductor at the Berlin State Opera. Herr Muck was rehearsing the orchestra one day when something went wrong, sadly wrong. With a violent gesture he brought all instruments to a stop and, waving his arms wildly, berated the offending musicians, calling the gods to witness that they were a bunch of leatherheads. After the outbreak he repented, and apologized. "I am sorry," he said. "It's because I love music so—I get carried away with it—sometimes I don't know what I do—you must excuse me, gentlemen." He then resumed the composition. A little later he noticed one of the violinists making strange little jerky movements with his bow, and heard strange jerky little sounds. He held up his hand for silence and this time kept grim hold of his emotion. He addressed the offender in sorrow, not anger. "What is wrong, sir?" he asked quietly. The fiddler gazed at him sadly. "I am sorry, Herr Doktor," he said, "but I *hate* music."

Art vs. Law

THE calm of one of the smaller art galleries in Fifth Avenue was broken not very long ago by the advent of a city marshal with a cigar, a derby, and an assistant. He startled the proprietor and a few people who were peering at faïence figurines and Burmese sculptures by announcing that he had come to collect six hundred dollars in a court judgment rendered against the place. The owner stepped forward and moaned that he could not pay the amount at once, whereupon, with very little more ado, the marshal began tossing objets d'art into an old burlap sack, while his deputy made a list of the loot. "Madonnar an' Child," announced the marshal, after reading the label on a small bit of sculpture. "In de bag!" intoned his deputy. "Head of Old Woman with Wimple," sang the marshal. "In de bag!" responded the assistant. At this point the prostrate proprietor made a proposition—he would pay two hundred dollars and give a note for the remainder, to be paid in a week. This caused the marshal to ponder. He looked about, puzzled, and finally picked on a gentleman who had been browsing around. "Hey, fella," he said. "Should I take the offer or should I take the junk? Personally, I wouldn't give twenty cents for the whole lot—would you?" The gentleman thus accosted thought a moment, glanced at the perspiring proprietor, and said no, he wouldn't give twenty cents for the lot. This convinced the marshal. He took the cash and the note, and departed, and the art dealer silently shook hands with the stranger who had saved his shop for him.

Disillusionment

OUR recent little story about how Miss Eva Le Gallienne got her citizenship papers in time to qualify for the *Pictorial Review's* annual prize for being the outstanding American woman of the year was—er—overdramatized, it turns out. Mrs. Moskowitz has called us up about it, Miss Le Gallienne's agents have called us up, lawyers—God forbid—have called us, and the *Pictorial Review* called in person. The fact is, Miss Le Gallienne didn't slip into court dressed as a beggar lady nor did Mrs. Moskowitz arrange with a court attendant to have the name mumbled. Miss Le Gallienne went into court dressed as Miss Le Gallienne, although one witness is willing to swear that she did wear an unusually large and floppy hat. She was made a citizen on October 3, 1927. The award was made on October 28, 1927. She was handily under the wire and, anyhow, it was a pretty technical matter and nobody's good faith was questioned. The *Pictorial Review* didn't have anything to do with it; didn't know about it. Neither did Mrs. Moskowitz. Someone did telephone her but merely to ask a question. He wanted to know how much publicity would ordinarily attend a granting of citizenship to a person of prominence. Mrs. Moskowitz reported that there would be considerable, she thought. Oddly enough, there wasn't any when the time came. We're sorry the subject ever came up.



"*Why, it's Albert Meigs. You wicked old spider!*"

Subway Express

A CROWDED car of a downtown express was nearing Seventy-second Street from up Columbia University way when the passengers were startled by a large, militant woman who suddenly began to address the passengers at large. "I hope you people will excuse me," she shouted, "but I have a room for rent in the Gerard Apartments on One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, near the campus."

Everybody was abashed but a gray-haired woman, seated across the aisle from the speaker. "I bin thinking of moving closer downtown from Washington Heights," she shouted, "and I'd like to talk to you." The two then got together to talk it over. When the train pulled into the Seventy-second Street station, a policeman, standing near the centre doors, who had taken in the little scene, spoke to a gentleman who brushed past him. "Well, sir," he said, nodding toward the two women, "if I was inclined to novels, I c'd certainly find plenty to write about."

Good Egg

ONE thing that happens every Washington's Birthday is the annual ball of the Egg Inspectors' Union, No. 11,254. It was held in Webster Hall this year and practically every prominent egg-candler in New York was there. (An egg-candler is a man who holds an egg up to the light.)

Unless you get down around Chambers, Greenwich, Duane, and Jay Streets, you probably know very little about egg-candling. This magnificently important work goes on in dark basements, one of which we visited the other day with Mr. Charles Siegel, business manager of the union. He took us to see candlers candling, and the spectacle was interesting. The place was pitch-black save for seven small gleaming eyes from seven candling lamps. Seven candlers, in ghostly white, stood at the long table, silently picking eggs out of a crate, holding them to the edge of their lamp, and passing them

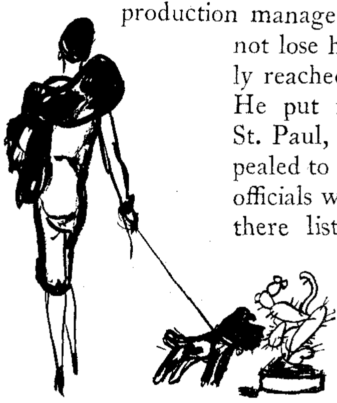
JAPANESE DAISY

along either to another crate or to a metal tray. Shadows danced on the black walls, and the air was damp and cellarish.

Eggs have to be candled—it's a law. Formerly, candles were used. Now, electric lamps are used. The idea is the same. The lamp is a small black metal box, containing the bulb. In the front is a small hole, protruding, against which an egg fits snugly. The candlers separate the eggs into four divisions: Grade A, which are perfect eggs; Grade B, which are eggs slightly shrunken inside; Grade C, which are eggs very shrunken inside; and unclassified eggs—water eggs, spot eggs, hatched eggs, sour eggs, lime eggs, grass eggs, rotten eggs. For doing this a candler gets either a minimum union wage of forty-five dollars a week or a piece rate of forty cents a case. A good candler, in a happy frame of mind, can inspect some ten thousand eggs in a day.

Rotten eggs, to get right back to them, are sold for the tanning of shoe leather. The other kinds of unclassified eggs, unfit for regular consumption, are sold to bakeries for use in cake-making, and will anybody have a piece of cake?

Just as George Washington is the father of his country, so one Adolph Liebling is the father of the Egg Inspectors' Union. He has spent his life in dark cellars, a patriarch of a silent, stoical tribe. Many of the candlers come from the Ukraine—a town called Wolochesck, which is the centre of the egg industry in Russia. One of the candlers showed us, pridefully, an egg with a double yolk. Once in a while a triple yolk turns up. Once in a lifetime (and what a day it is in the life of an egg-candler) along comes a four-yolker!



Crisis in Radio

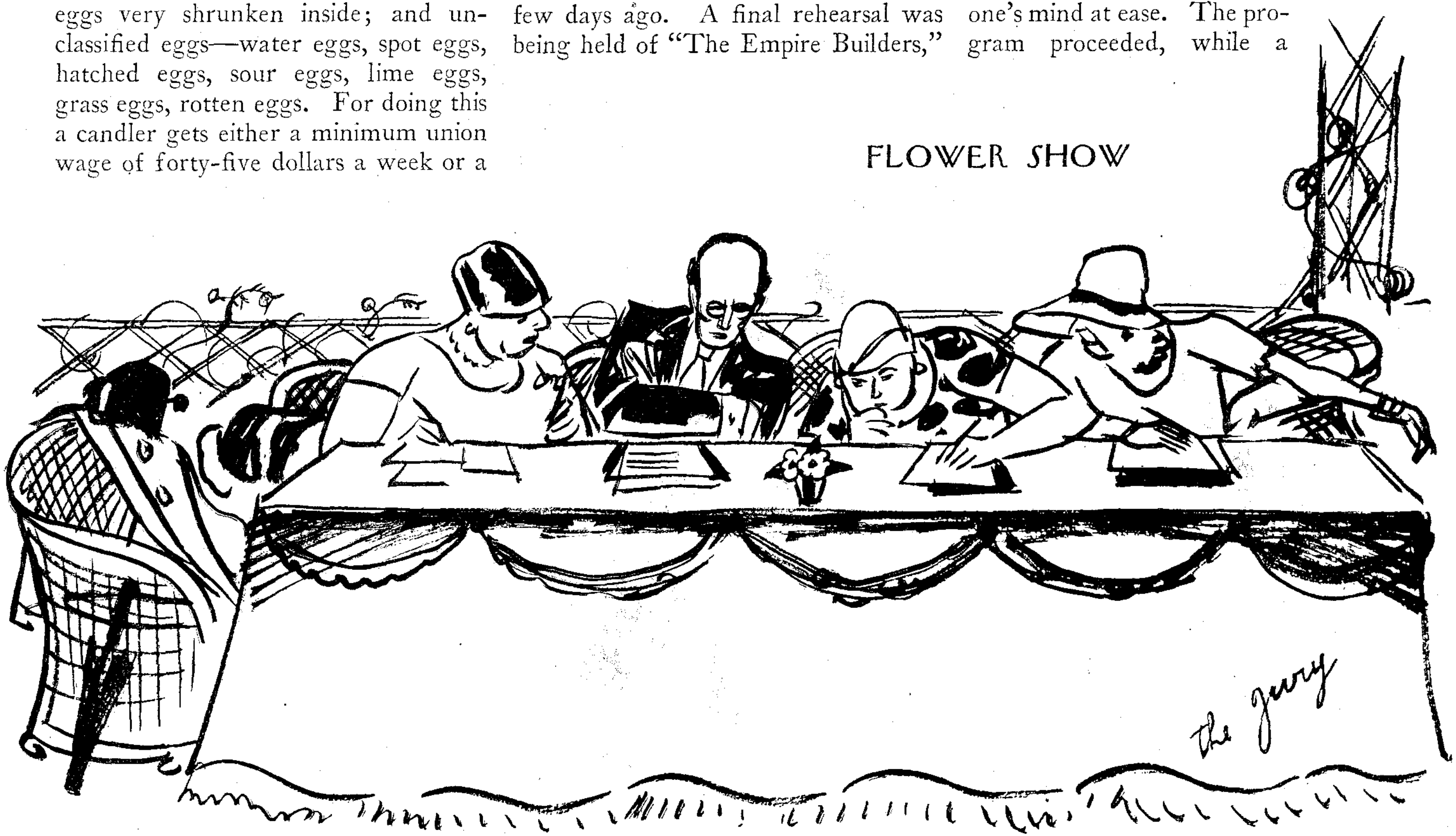
ACCURACY first, or nearly first, is the watchword of Radio. Living up to this ideal caused a tense few minutes at the National Broadcasting Company's studio in Fifth Avenue a few days ago. A final rehearsal was being held of "The Empire Builders," which is a program sponsored by the Great Northern Railway. During the course of this tryout, with the time for actual broadcasting only fifteen minutes off, someone said he had never heard a train whistle like the one they were using. This whistling noise came from a phonograph record especially prepared by the railroad people and forwarded here. Such a doubt about the authenticity of the sound, arising with only twelve or thirteen minutes to go, unmanned a lot of the personnel, but the production manager, Mr. Knight, did not lose his head. He calmly reached for the telephone. He put in a rush call for St. Paul, Minnesota, and appealed to the Great Northern officials who were assembling there listening to the final rehearsal over a special wire.

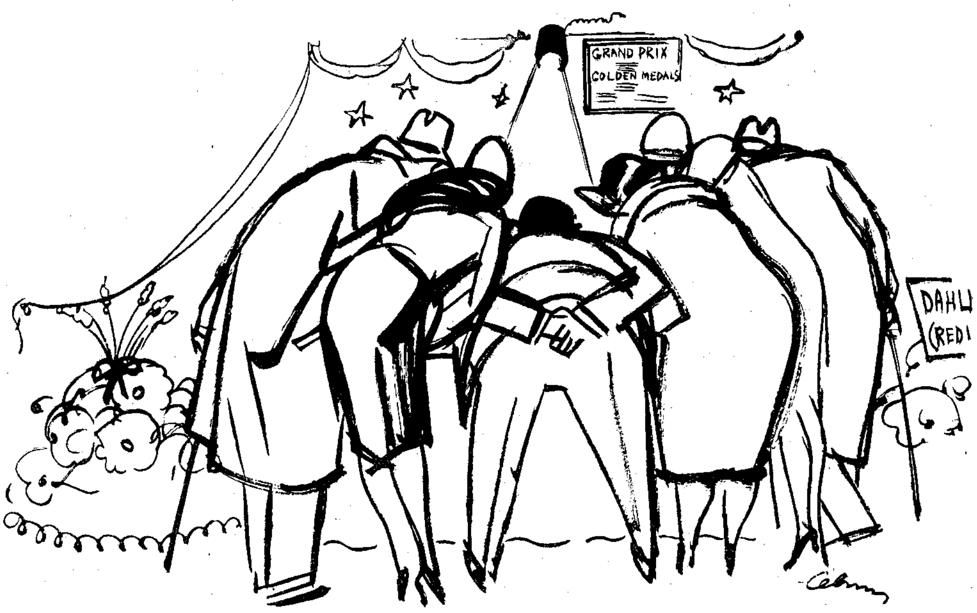
"That train whistle, just as it goes into the tunnel — was it right?" Mr. Knight asked. "It seemed shrill and funny to us here."

"The whistle is right," pronounced St. Paul, and explained: "You see, it's not a regular steam whistle. That is a work train, and it is backing into the tunnel. When a work train backs into a tunnel that's the way the whistle sounds."

This, of course, set everyone's mind at ease. The program proceeded, while a

FLOWER SHOW





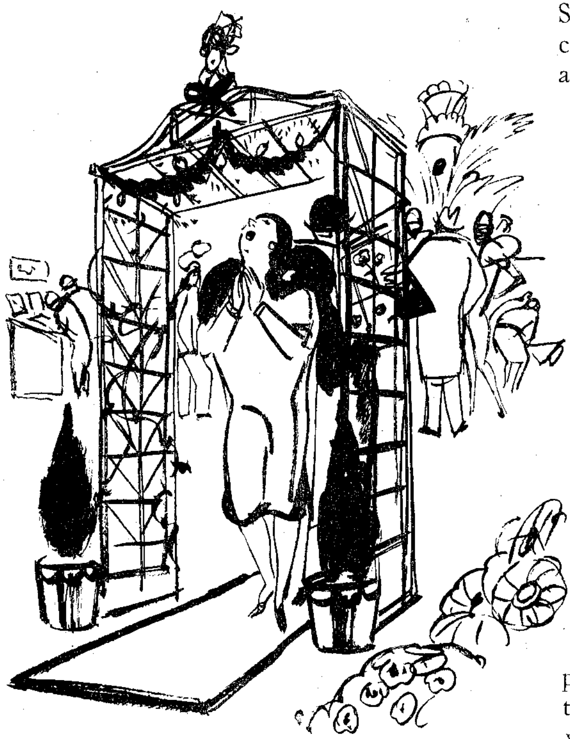
platoon of property men removed a wide variety of apparatus which had been assembled around the microphone for possible use in the event that the whistle *hadn't* been right.

•

ONE of those many little teashops which line Forty-ninth Street between Fifth and Sixth bears a charming little sign above its door which reads: "Polite tea service until 6 P.M." Just in case you want some excitement later on in the evening.

Old Clothes

WE wandered through Elizabeth Street one cold day recently and came on the old-clothes market, a melancholy and unsavory block just west of the Bowery. Bonfires built of old boxes burned in the gutters, and around them, like sad hawks, were the peddlers, bartering their plunder. Prices were ridiculously low—a pair of trousers thirty cents if in good condition, fifteen cents if threadbare.



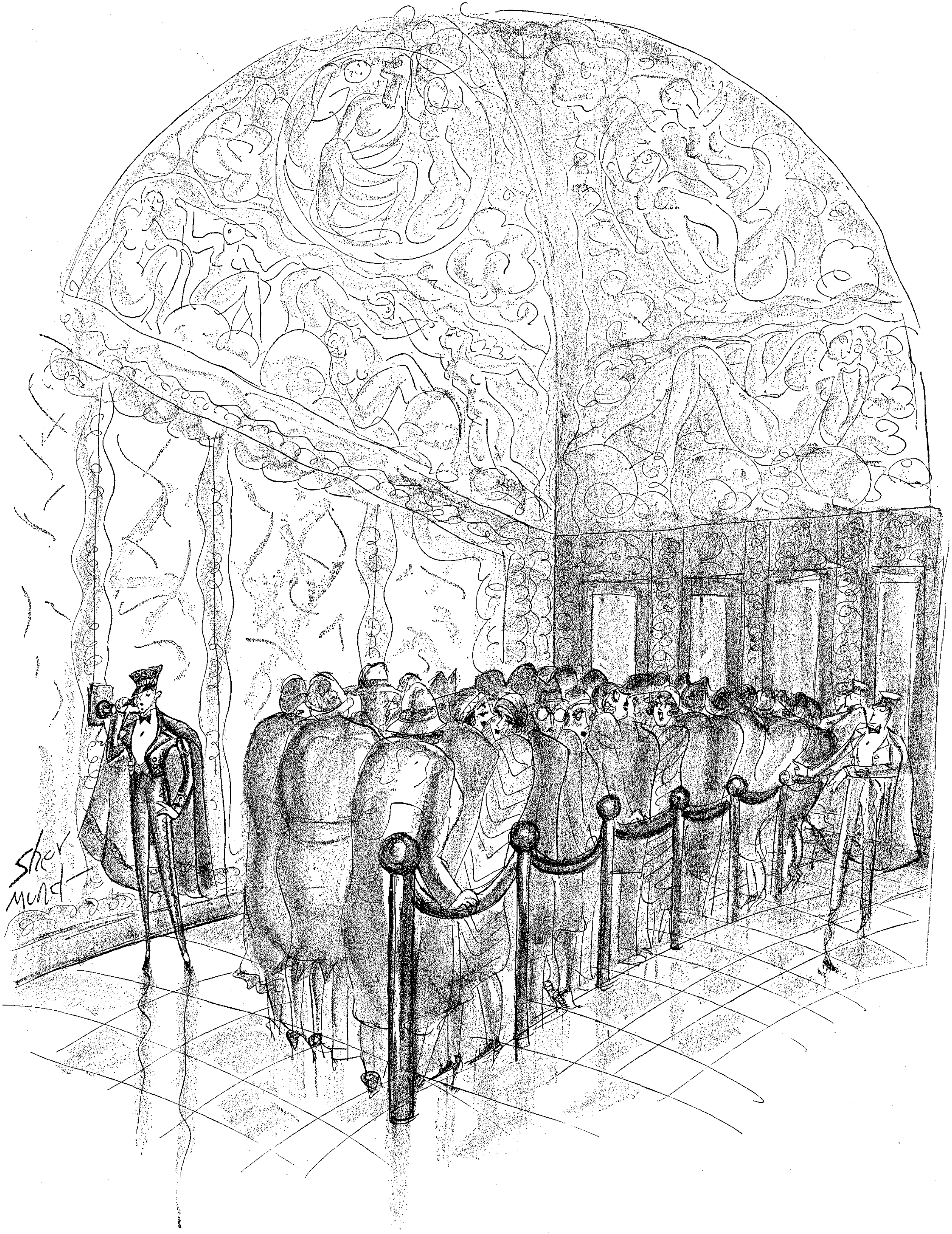
This mart is the biggest old-clothes capital of the world, even bigger than London's. We poked around in some of the warehouses and shops: some of them are great bare rooms with tidy stacks of sorted clothes piled high, others are dirty cellars where goods lie in jumbled heaps. Here, as in every business, there are specialists—men who deal only in hats, men who deal only in shoes, pawnbrokers, wholesalers, retailers, exporters. Suits that are fairly good, we discovered, go uptown to be resold for five or ten dollars in shops in Seventh or Third Avenue. Very old clothes are baled and shipped abroad, and this export trade is enormous. One concern ships about two million dollars' worth of old clothes overseas in a year, and it takes a terrific amount of old clothes to amount to two million dollars. Most of it is taken first to the Brooklyn waterfront, where it is sterilized, and then shipped from there. Some countries have very rigid restrictions about old clothes—require them to be treated with formaldehyde gas and certified by our Department of Agriculture.

One of the export men told us that since the war European old-clothes men have had a bad time of it, most people being sufficiently impoverished so that they hang on to their clothes till they are completely worn out. (The clothes, not the people.) Used garments go everywhere. Vests turn up in Bombay for a dime, coats as low as twenty cents. In South Africa, trade has been brisker lately because of village laws forbidding natives to come to town unclad. Most of the demand there, however, is for hats and coats, not for trousers.

Elysium

TWO sailors in a B. M. T. train were discussing the general situation. Said the tall one: "When I git done with this hitch, I'm goin' to git me a pair of nice light oars, and I'm goin' to sling them across my shoulder and start to walkin' inlands. When I finally hit a place where people say 'What are them things you got on your shoulder?'—boy, that's where I'm goin' to settle down!"

—THE NEW YORKERS



"Lieutenant Smith speaking."

HOW THE SOCIAL CENTRE WAS FIXED

THE exact social centre of New York was recently fixed at a point in the southeast corner of the back yard of the home of Mr. John Chandler Moore of 15 East Seventieth Street. Perhaps an explanation of just how I fixed the social centre might be in order at this time, for the benefit of those who may be curious. Maybe Mr. Moore might like to know.

Allow me to make it plain at the start that it was no simple matter. The position which I hold—that of Chief Fixer of the Exact Social Centre of New York—is no sinecure. No matter what decision I and my associates make, abuse and recriminations are inevitable. For instance, I am quite aware that my pals in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn are incensed because I could not see my way clear to placing the social centre in their district. I understand they are going around, in fits of pique, saying that I wore yellow shoes with a tuxedo at Mrs. Frank Vance Storrs' dinner in celebration of the Tacna-Arica dispute.

Well, I did. What of it? In the last analysis, isn't the correct thing that which is done by persons who *matter?* Do my friends in Bay Ridge realize that on the day following my appearance at the dinner in yellow shoes, the *jeunesse dorée* fairly stormed the John Ward shoeshops in search of yellow shoes "like Mr. Sullivan wears with his tuxedo"?

From motives of community pride, every section in the city wants the social centre placed in its boundaries, naturally. They want the prestige, the *kudos*, that accrues from this distinction. I was besieged by committees from Yorkville, Washington Heights, Harlem, Riverside Drive, Inwood, Fordham, the Bronx, Chelsea, Greenwich Village, La Cuisine d'Enfer, Greenpoint, Flatbush, and so on. It was most difficult to convince these doubtless worthy people that it did not lie within my power to dispose of the social centre arbitrarily. I tried to explain to them (without much success, judging from the looks they gave me on leaving) that the social centre is fixed by impersonal and exact scientific methods of which I am but the instrument, the applier; methods in use in this city since the first Stuyvesant decreed that at formal dinners one could eat endives and asparagus with one's fingers, but must use a spoon for mashed potatoes.

MANY questions go to make up the data on which we base the calculations that determine the centre. For instance, I must know the total tonnage of dowagers fifty years old or more, with incomes of at least fifty thousand dollars a year. There is also the question of actresses in the family. An actress in a family causes the social centre of that family to veer two and a half points off syzygy. Now, *please* do not accuse me of prejudice against actresses. I am devoted to them. My own grandmother is an actress (Dolores Van Benschoten of the chorus of the "Follies") and I myself once acted the part of Mrs. Alving in a production of Ibsen's "Ghosts" given by the third form at St. Paul's. But I must abide by the rules if the people of New York are to have a social centre honestly and accurately determined.

This year my task was at once more simple and more difficult than in other years. Park Avenue, for instance, was much easier to deal with than formerly. In other years the avenue, in addition to being a point of concentration for thousands of eminently respectable females of impeccable social position, has also been the residence of a large and puzzling quantum of blondes of—shall we say?—as yet unestablished social position. Imagine how these blondes confused my calculations.

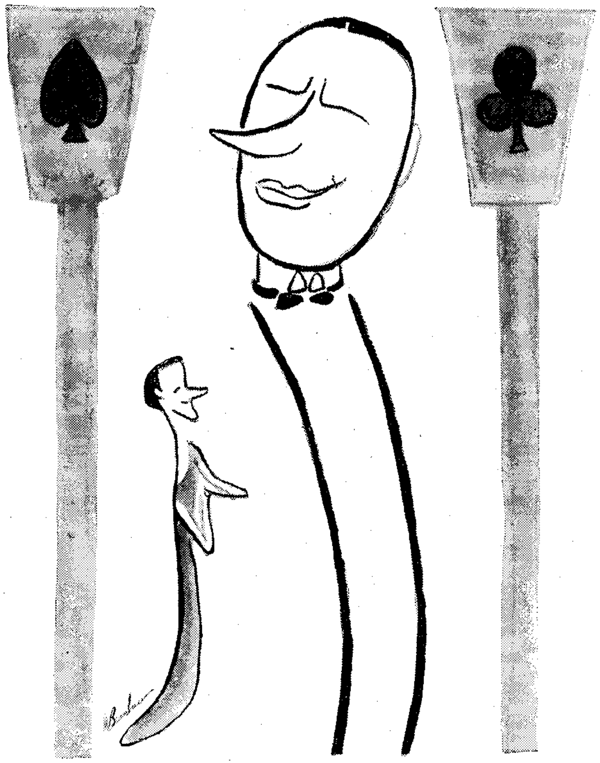
Then came the Wall Street debacle of last autumn. Well, it's an ill wind. I found, on beginning the social analysis of Park Avenue this winter, that practically all of the blondes had been forced by economic pressure to move to the squatter settlements along the Harlem River and around Spuyten Duyvil, leaving Park Avenue simon-pure from a social viewpoint.

I further simplified my task by adopting the system of pairing used on important roll calls by the United States Senate. I disposed of the Union Club and the Junior League by pairing them against each other. The same with the Colony and University Clubs.

This left me with Miss Elisabeth Marbury still on my hands, so I divided Miss Marbury by three, striking an equation which gave me her exact social centre as thirty-two feet seven inches south in Sutton Place from Fifty-seventh Street.

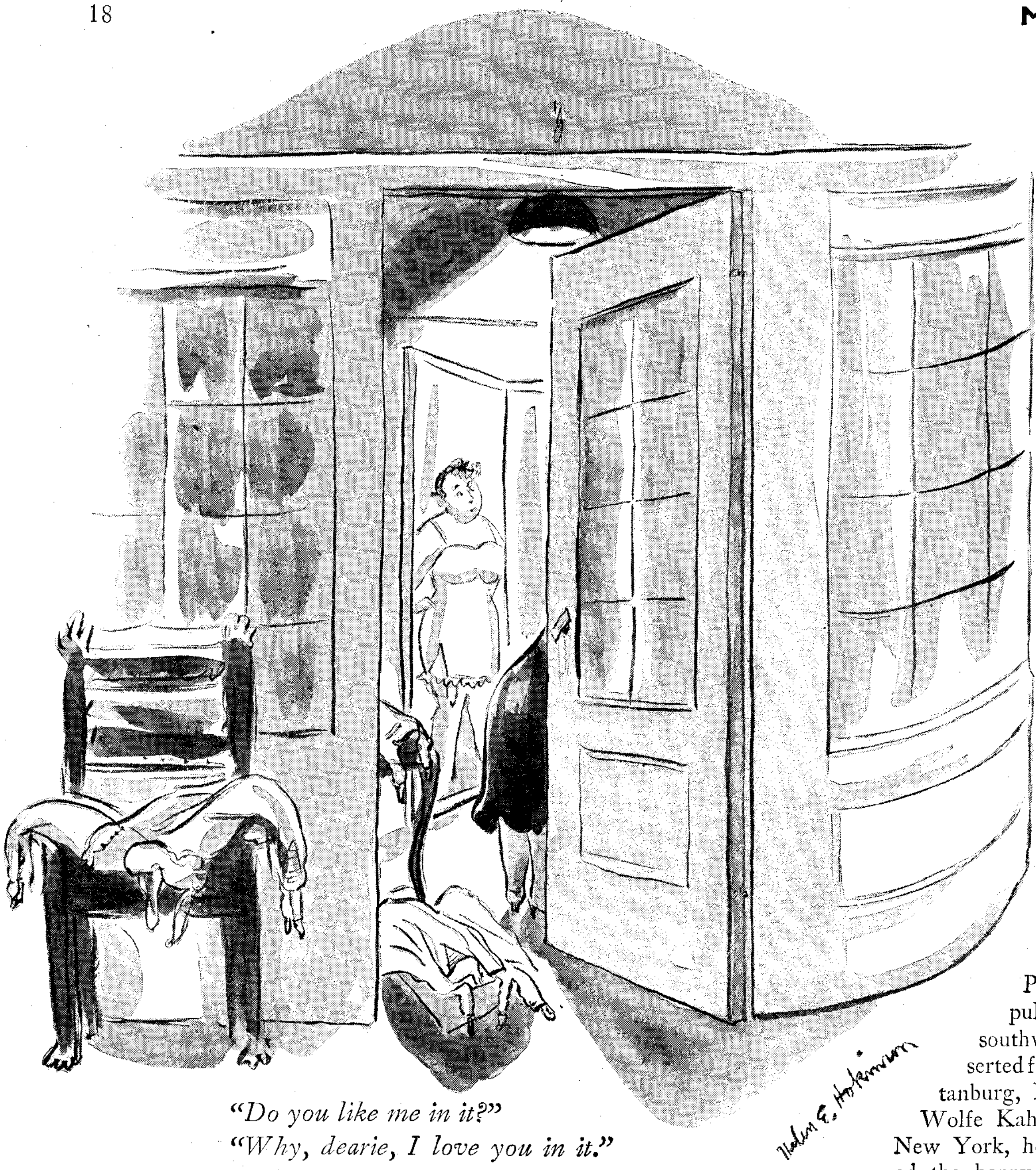
YOU see how complicated is the business of determining the social centre? You first must determine each individual social centre and then add them up, reduce the total to its cube root, and walk four blocks east. You must allow for wanderings from the norm; circumstances which deflect the social centres of important persons from their orbits.

I was figuring up the social position of a young man of very good family. I knew his social centre ought to be at a point in Sixty-ninth Street, somewhere between Fifth and Madison. Lo and behold, my calculations placed his centre in front of Yamanaka's in Fifth Avenue in the Fifties! It was baffling, until I found that for the past year the youth had been spending fourteen hours a day in a speakeasy in Forty-eighth Street. This of



RESTAURANT ROYALTY

If a certain smugness has settled upon the features of Maraschino at the Club Lido we must remember that the continued attendance of the smart and attractive people beloved of headwaiters might well justify it.



"Do you like me in it?"
"Why, dearie, I love you in it."

• •

course pulled his social centre half a mile downtown.

In the case of another young blood whose social centre should have been midway between Park and Lexington in Fifty-second Street, I found to my amazement that his centre was in the duck pond in Central Park. Something wrong here, I told myself, and investigated. I found he was spending most of his time in the apartment of a show girl named Yvonne Somebody-or-Other in upper Riverside Drive. I could go crazy if I allowed myself to be worried by snags such as these.

MY next step in determining the social centre was to tackle the Vanderbilts. You can have *that* job any day you like. They are like eels; you never know when you've got them. They were all away, scattered in every part of the globe. Those who were in New York were never at home when I called. I could locate only four Willie K. Vanderbilts out of a possible nineteen. And young Cornelius Vanderbilt—as if I didn't have enough to worry about—had gone to Iowa! Or it may have been Arkansas. No matter. It didn't take me long to strike him off my list. That pulled the whole Vanderbilt social centre twenty-two feet to the west. Iowa, indeed!

I scarcely knew what to do about Mr. James Joseph Tunney, not knowing whether to classify him as society man or *littérateur*. Of course, persons who write, or who are otherwise in trade, are not allowed in our calculations. I have no doubt that we owe a great deal to literature. I mean literature of the right sort such as Mrs. Wharton writes or dear Mr. James used to write. But if we accepted authors and columnists and suchlike socially, it would really not only throw the social centre completely off, but it would blow up my instruments. As I said, they are *most* delicate. I finally created Mr. Tunney a society man *in petto*, which means that nobody knows about it except him and me.

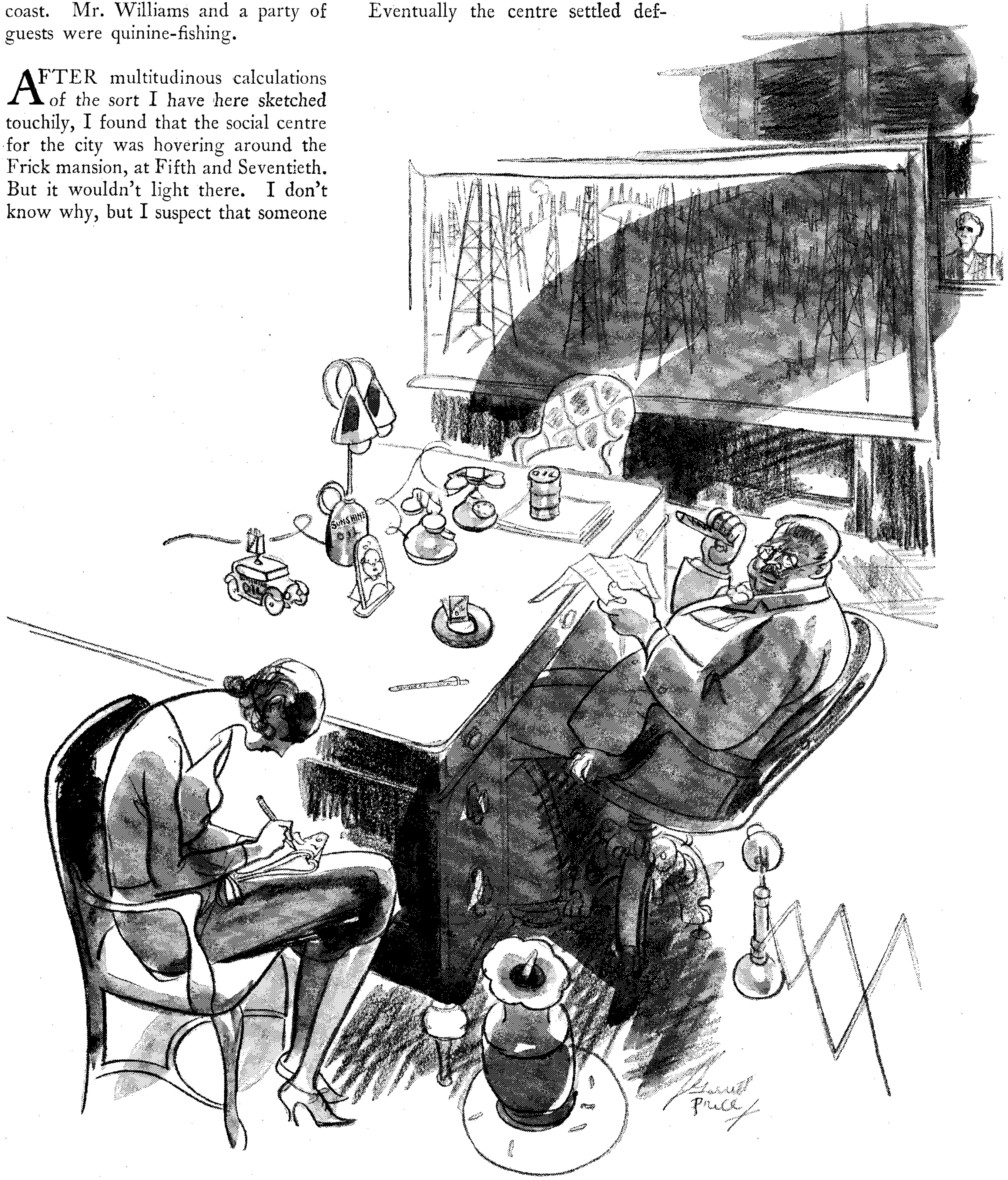
WHEN I came to Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor, I found that Mr. Astor was cruising on his yacht in the West Indies. Mrs. Astor was in Florida. This threw their social centre to a point in the Atlantic one hundred and twenty-seven miles off Cape Hatteras. Mr. Otto Kahn, I found, was in Palm Beach, and this pulled *his* social centre southward to a point in a deserted farmhouse outside of Spartanburg, North Carolina. Roger Wolfe Kahn, his son, was still in New York, however, and I conceived the happy idea of asking him to step up to Labrador for a spell. He, being in Labrador, balanced his father in Palm Beach, and it was most interesting to one of a scientific turn of mind to see the Kahn social centre slowly glide northward to its proper setting. My instruments *never* fail me.

As for Mr. and Mrs. Astor, I wired them, explaining my dilemma, and they very kindly returned to New York immediately and remained here until I had taken their bearings. Fortunately no one of great social importance is with the Byrd Expedition, although I believe Mr. Russell Owen, the New York *Times* correspondent with the Expedition, owns both a dinner coat and a swallowtail. I really am grateful that none of the Goelets or Harrimans are with Byrd, because I am not sure that my instruments could cope with the problem of adjusting the social centre of anyone so far off base as they would be were they with Byrd. My instruments are gaited only as far as Peru and I have had occasion to use them only once down there, when Mr. Harrison Williams' yacht was off the Peruvian coast. Mr. Williams and a party of guests were quinine-fishing.

AFTER multitudinous calculations of the sort I have here sketched touchily, I found that the social centre for the city was hovering around the Frick mansion, at Fifth and Seventieth. But it wouldn't light there. I don't know why, but I suspect that someone in the household must have committed some slight social breach, just enough to make my instruments shy off. Maybe one wing of a butler's bow tie was an eighth of an inch longer than the other wing. One cannot be too meticulous about these things.

Eventually the centre settled definitely in Mr. Moore's back yard, down the street from the Frick house. I was glad to be the first to acquaint Mr. Moore of the coveted honor that had come to him. He seemed quite dazed.

—FRANK SULLIVAN



"Dear Sir: We are sorry to hear you didn't like our Wagner program and that you are having trouble with your lubrication system. In this weather we suggest you use a lighter oil. We shall give you Victor Herbert on the March 20th Hour and about April it would be all right to switch to a heavier oil. Yours truly, SUNSHINE OIL COMPANY."

ACACIA ISLAND

All the island over acacia trees are blooming,
Shaking out blond tresses upon the quivering air;
The breezes stumble drunkenly beneath their load of fragrance,
The yellow starlight tangles in the tossing yellow hair.
The Caribbean albatrosses fly through cloud on cloud of incense,
Incense lifts in topaz smoke to smoky hyacinth hills.
All the island over acacia trees are blooming,
Through all our island pulses their desperate sweetness shrills.
Acacia like a whisper, acacia like a clamor, acacia on the lowland and
the salt land and the highland—
Thought tosses in the shaken mind as the trees' blond blossom tosses.
Dizzy with acacia on an intoxicated island
We plunge through clouds of perfume as plunge the albatrosses.

—Muna Lee

• •

POPPA

Y'SEE the time, Mr. Spiro? It's three o'clock—it's three o'clock right on the dot. Y'hear that phone ringing? That phone is my wife. Every day for the past three years the phone rings exactly on the dot of three o'clock. Ever since my Shirley was born my missus always calls me up to let me know how things are. Just a minute, Mr. Spiro, while I answer the phone. It's the missus.

HELLO, Yetty? Sure I know it's you, Yetty. Because it's three o'clock right on the dot. Well, honey, what's new? Nothing? Well, there's nothing new with me neither. Mr. Spiro from Chicago is here, baby. You remember Mr. Spiro? Sure you remember Mr. Spiro, baby—the man who took us to see "Diamond Lillie." You remember now? Yeah, he's here in the office. Just a minute I will.

The missus sends her regards to you, Mr. Spiro.

Well, darling, how's Shirley? Did she behave today? What did she do? She did? Well, if that ain't the cutest little thing. Hold on a minute, dear, must tell Mr. Spiro about this.

Listen to this, Mr. Spiro. That little devil of mine she didn't want to go to bed so she kicked and she kicked and her shoe came off and she kicked it right out of the winder. Waddeya know about such a little devil, ha?

Listen, honey, did some shirts come for me this morning from Fink and Sons? Well, listen, don't pay for them because I asked Herbie Fink to send them over on consignment so if there's a C.O.D. don't pay a cent for them because they're on consignment. And listen, Yetty, I paid Simon, the butcher, his bill this morning. You were supposed to pay it outa the market money but I paid it for you so when you see Simon, don't pay him again. That's all right, baby, I'll take it out of next week's market money.

Ha? Who? Milred? You mean Milred next door? When? Why do you let her do such things? You go to Mrs. Grumbinner and tell her she dassent let her Milred do that to Shirley. I know it's in fun, Yetty, but if Milred only puts in one finger today she may put her whole fist in Shirley's eye tomorrow. You shouldn't let her do that, baby. I know, darling, but out of fun some of the worst things can happen.

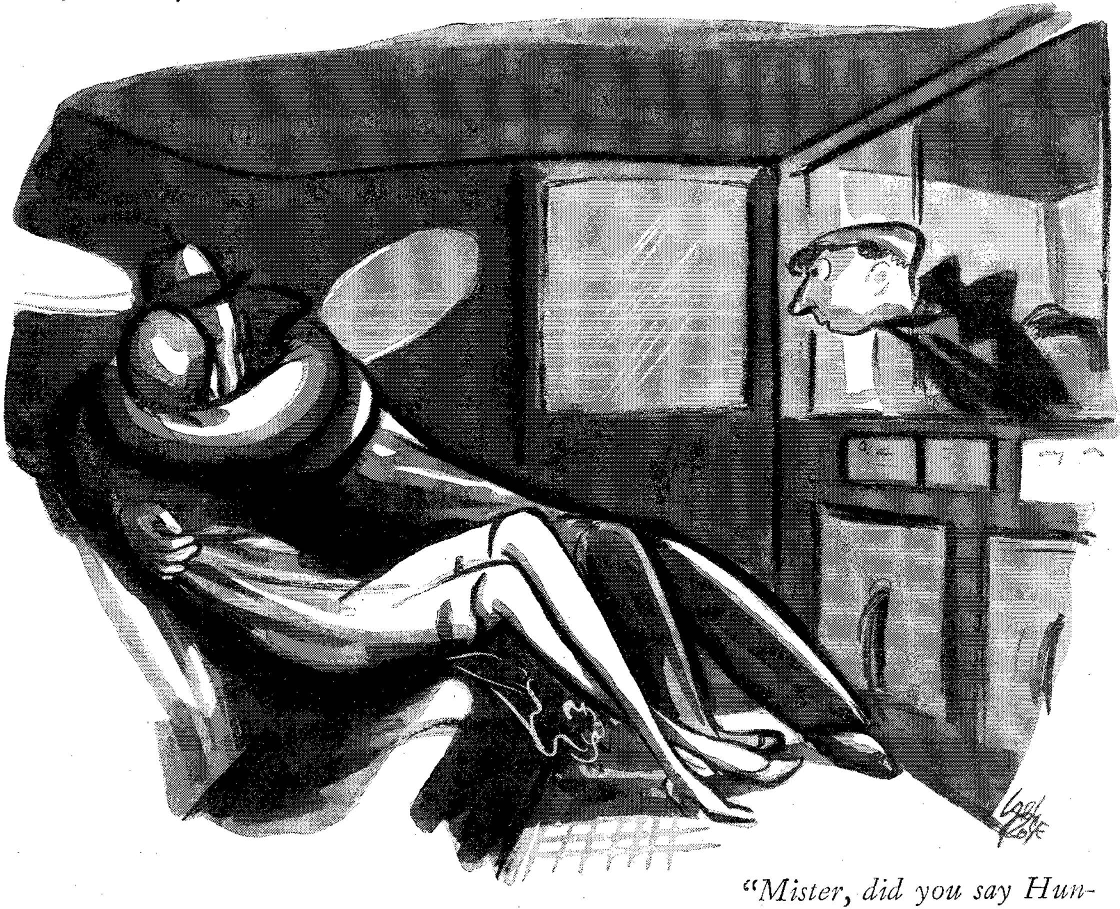
Listen, Yetty, put Shirley on the phone. Let her talk to me. Yeah.

Get this, Mr. Spiro. She's only three years old and already she's got the mind of an eight-year-old.

Hello, Shirley. Hello, baby. Hello, darling. You know who this is, baby? Who?

What a smart kid, right off the bat she guessed it!

Yeah, it's daddy talking. Say "Hello, daddy." Hello, Shirley. You been a good



"Mister, did you say Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street or Two Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street?"

little girl today? You behaved yourself? Did bad little Milred hurt you? Well, Poppa will spank Milred when he gets home. You want Poppa to buy you a doll? All right, Shirley, Poppa will buy you a doll if you promise to be a good girl. Promise? Well, then, say "I promise." Come on, Shirley, don't be a bad girl. Do what Poppa says. Say "I promise." Don't be stubborn, Shirley, or you'll make Poppa mad. Poppa don't like stubborn little girls. Say "I promise." That's a good girl. Now let me talk to Mamma.

HELLO, Yetty. Listen, before I hang up I want Shirley to say a coupla words to Mr. Spiro. Mr. Spiro, he never heard Shirley talk and I want him to listen to Shirley. So tell Shirley to say "Hello, Mr. Spiro" to Mr. Spiro. Hello, Shirley. This is Poppa talking again. Say "Hello, Mr. Spiro" to Mr. Spiro.

Here y'are. Just listen to her. She's only three years old. . . . Ha? She don't say a word? Just a minute.

Hello, Shirley? Why don't you say "Hello" to Mr. Spiro? Whatsa matter, somebody cut out your tongue? Well, why don't you say "Hello"? Listen, Shirley, you want Poppa to buy you a doll? Ha? All right, then say "Hello, Mr. Spiro." Just a minute while I get Mr. Spiro.

There she is. Just listen to that kid. She's only three years old and to talk to her you'd think you was talking to a grown person. . . . Did she say it? Wasn't that wonderful? I should certainly say, some kid! Gimme that phone again.

Hello, Shirley? You're a good girl and Poppa loves you and Poppa's gonna buy you a doll. Your hand hurts from the phone?

Oh, ain't that the cutest thing you ever heard, Mr. Spiro? Her hand hurts her from holding up the phone. Just like a grown person she talks.

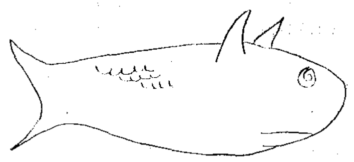
All right, baby, put Mamma on again.

Listen, Yetty, I gotta hang up. Mr. Spiro wants to talk to me about some samples, so I gotta run along. All right, honey, I'll be home extra early. Okay, baby. I'll see you later. Goo'-bye.

Now about those double "A" interlined elastic specials, Mr. Spiro. I was talking to Hirsch of Kranz, Abromowitz & Leffler, and his double-knit triple "A" extras retail at . . .

—ARTHUR KOBER

OUR PET DEPARTMENT



Q. We have a fish with ears and wonder if it is valuable.

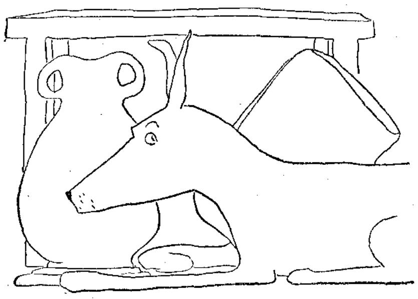
JOE WRIGHT

A. I find no trace in the standard fish books of any fish with ears. Very likely the ears do not belong to the fish, but to some species of mammal. They look to me like a mammal's ears. It would be pretty hard to say what species of mammal, and almost impossible to determine what particular member of that species. They may merely be hysterical ears, in which case they will go away if you can get the fish's mind on something else.

Q. What I can only call furtive is what my police dog now is, on account of my father coming home from work every night for the past two years and saying to him, "If you're a police dog, where's your badge?," after which he laughs (my father).

ELLA R.

A. The constant reiteration of any piece of badinage sometimes has the same effect on present-day neurotic dogs that it has on people. It is dangerous and thoughtless to twit a police dog on his powers, authority, and the like. From the way your dog seems to hide behind tables, large vases, and whatever that thing is that looks like a suitcase, I should imagine that your father has carried this thing far enough—perhaps even too far.



This department, devoted to the interests of pets and their owners, will appear in this space, or in some space a whole lot like this, from time to time. Physical ailments and spiritual problems of birds and animals will be dealt with frankly, but at no great length.

—JAMES THURBER

• •

RONDELET

"WELL, it wasn't exactly that," she said thoughtfully. "We had a quarrel that was even worse than usual." She stopped abruptly and leaned forward to the mirror with one finger raised to her lip, tracing an outline. "Anyway," she resumed, "it's a good thing for me that it's over."

"Why?"

"Everyone says so," she answered. "I spent so much time quarrelling with him that I almost lost my job. He wasn't supposed to call me up during office hours because all the lines are always busy and if I'm talking I get people mixed up anyway. I even got him on the wrong line once and he said, 'Hello, darling,' to Mr. Stein before I noticed. But we had usually had a fight the night before, and I would just have to talk to him."

"What did you fight about?"

She stopped powdering her nose and thought about it. "I don't know. We were always fighting. One evening in Childs when we weren't fighting, for a wonder, he went away for cigarettes and the waitress grinned and said to me, 'Well, you're getting along pretty well tonight, aren't you?' There was another time when we had had a fight just before we went into a restaurant, and we gave our orders separately and didn't say a *word* all through the meal, and the girl gave us separate checks."

"Did he know what was the matter?"

"No, I don't think so. We just fought. Everyone in the office told me to stop seeing him. I used to get so worried about it I couldn't enjoy anything. I feel much better now."

"You look much better," I said.

"Thanks." She frowned at the four new ridges in her hair that remembered four combs now lying discarded on the dressing-table. "Yes, it's much better this way. It used to be so terrible that we couldn't go to a dance together without having a row. If I danced with anyone else he just froze up, and after a while we would go home where we could insult each other in private. But it was supposed to be all right if *he* went with other people, and I didn't like that either." She looked speculatively at her wrist watch.

"DID you ever have the feeling," she asked, suddenly, "that if you were unsettled with one person, everything was unsettled? I never knew where I was with Carl. I never even knew if I had a date with him or not. I was supposed to take it for granted unless he didn't want a date, and then it would be all right—I mean morally—because he hadn't asked me."

"It's awful," I agreed, fervently.

She giggled. "I was just remembering once when everything was really my fault. Once at the Blackhawk I acted too smart. There was a man there that I called over to the table and I said, 'I hope you won't mind, but I wish you would go away because you have the ugliest face I have ever seen in my life, and it worries me.' And do you know, it was the house detective. He said to Carl, 'I think you'd better take the young lady home.' In a *very* nasty voice. But it was true, you know: he was the ugliest man I have ever seen."

"What did Carl say?"

"Oh, he was furious. He was raging. He wouldn't speak to me. He had met a man there who had asked us to call on him and go for a ride in his Packard, and now we couldn't because we had to go home and didn't know his address. Carl said: 'You *would* do a thing like that. I told you not to, but you would. Now we won't see that man any more, and he had a Packard, too.' I just said, with all the dignity I could: 'Did you *see* the Packard, Carl? Did you *see* the Packard?'"

She stood up and put on her hat, tucking the last scrap of hair out of sight. "Well, it's a good thing for me that it's over. Everybody is glad about it. One of the men said to me yesterday: 'Edith, I've never seen such a change in anyone. You're a new woman.' So I guess it's a good thing."

She opened the door.

"Wait a minute," I said. "If you're going over to the subway I'll walk with you."

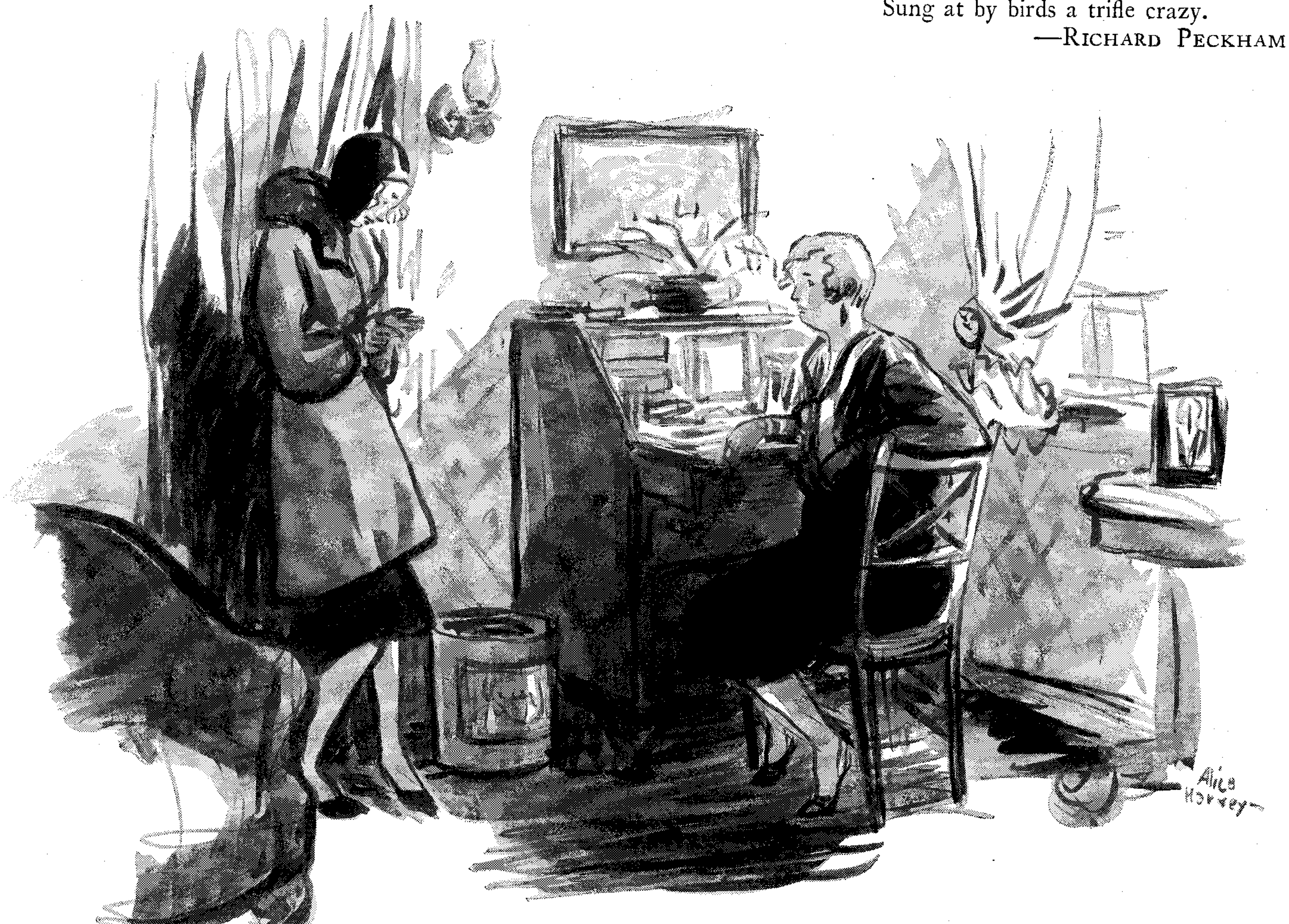
"No," she said, after a very short pause, "I'm not. I'm meeting Carl in the tearoom around the corner. You see he doesn't know yet that it's over. I'm telling him this afternoon. Those things take time." —EMILY HAHN

•

SPRING SONG

The oily air is warm and sunny
And I am feeling fine but funny.
Break out the sulphur and molasses;
The boys and girls are making passes
On buses and beneath Childs' tables.
The pigeons on their copper gables
Bellow like amorous vacuum cleaners.
Our winter fare of rolls and wieners
No longer suits. Let's have some
rhubarb.
The air today has got a new barb—
Not frost but blue and growling fire.
The veins that were as stiff as wire
Are gone as slow and soft as soup.
Leave off the coat and give a whoop.
A bowl of well-steeped calamus
Would make a dandy lunch for us.
Let's not go back to work today.
This weather takes the will away.
This is the time when girls begin
To fill their clothes as plums their skin.
O for a yard of grassy hummock
On which to lay the languid stomach.
O for a month to be just lazy,
Sung at by birds a trifle crazy.

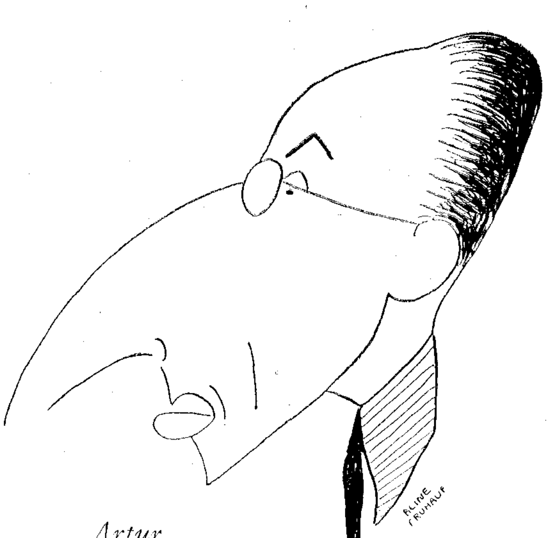
—RICHARD PECKHAM



"But, Mother! You haven't lived yet."

PROFILES

ALT WIEN



Artur Bodanzky

"IN leaving the Metropolitan," remarked Artur Bodanzky, its departing conductor, on April 13, 1929, "I am leaving the greatest opera house in the world after spending with it fourteen of the best and pleasantest years of my life. I shall not say that I am sorry to give up opera. I have made my decision. I know my own mind and my work in future lies elsewhere."

Seven and a half months later, having spent a summer in Europe and planned a new season for the Friends of Music as its conductor, Mr. Bodanzky was as much astonished as anyone to find himself back with his old operatic forces, directing "Der Rosenkavalier" at the Metropolitan in a triumphant return on November 26. He has been busy ever since.

Last October a crisis confronted the greatest opera house in the world. Someone had blundered. The victim of this costly *faux pas* was young Joseph Rosenstock, a demure innocent snatched, for a very modest figure, from a conductor's cradle in Wiesbaden to replace the expensive Mr. Bodanzky as the head of the German department of the Metropolitan Opera House. In this exacting position the newcomer was rudely and persistently trampled by New York's press following his Metropolitan début conducting "Die Meistersinger."

Horrible epithets were bandied about by irate critics. After Rosenstock's second performance Mr. Gatti-Casazza, the usually imperturbable general director of the Metropolitan, induced most of the music critics to appear one by one in his sanctum, where they individually listened to a plea for tolerance and a humble explanation of a lamentable blunder. But the hostile barrage increased. After Rosenstock's third performance—the orchestra's flooring was secretly elevated over two feet to bolster the dwindling volume of sound—Mr. Gatti pulled his nose and coughed ominously. There was weeping in the box office.

At this critical point one of Mr. Bodanzky's old friends, Herr Berthold Neuer, thoughtfully consulted the departed conductor. He also whispered to Mr. Gatti and waited for a few days. On November 15, he brought Mohammed and the Mountain together for a brief meeting. On the evening of that conference day Herr Rosenstock suffered an immediate breakdown and soon sailed for the Papaland with a generous consolation prize in his pocket. Maestro Bodanzky, returning, for a new figure, to his old stand at the Metropolitan, even consented in the grace of his acquiescence to continue conducting "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," two Wagnerian gentlemen who have bored him considerably in recent years.

THE leading conductor of German opera in this country is fifty-two years old and was born in Vienna, December 16, 1877, the son of Carl and Hanna Feuchtwang Bodanzky. He was practically cradled in the famous Vienna Conservatory which has given the world so many masters of music. His brother Robert, who died recently, was a well-known light-opera librettist and collaborator in many of Franz Lehar's best works. The family lived in an ancient house in the heart of the old city and the conductor-to-be of Wagnerian opera arrived in the midst of those violent controversies over Wagner's music which swept over Vienna until the end of the century, accompanied by fist fights, concert-hall riots, and disrupted families. Bodanzky's father, though a great opera fan, detested Wagner's music, and young Artur, at the age of six, had to slip off secretly to hear his first Wagnerian opera, "The Flying Dutchman."

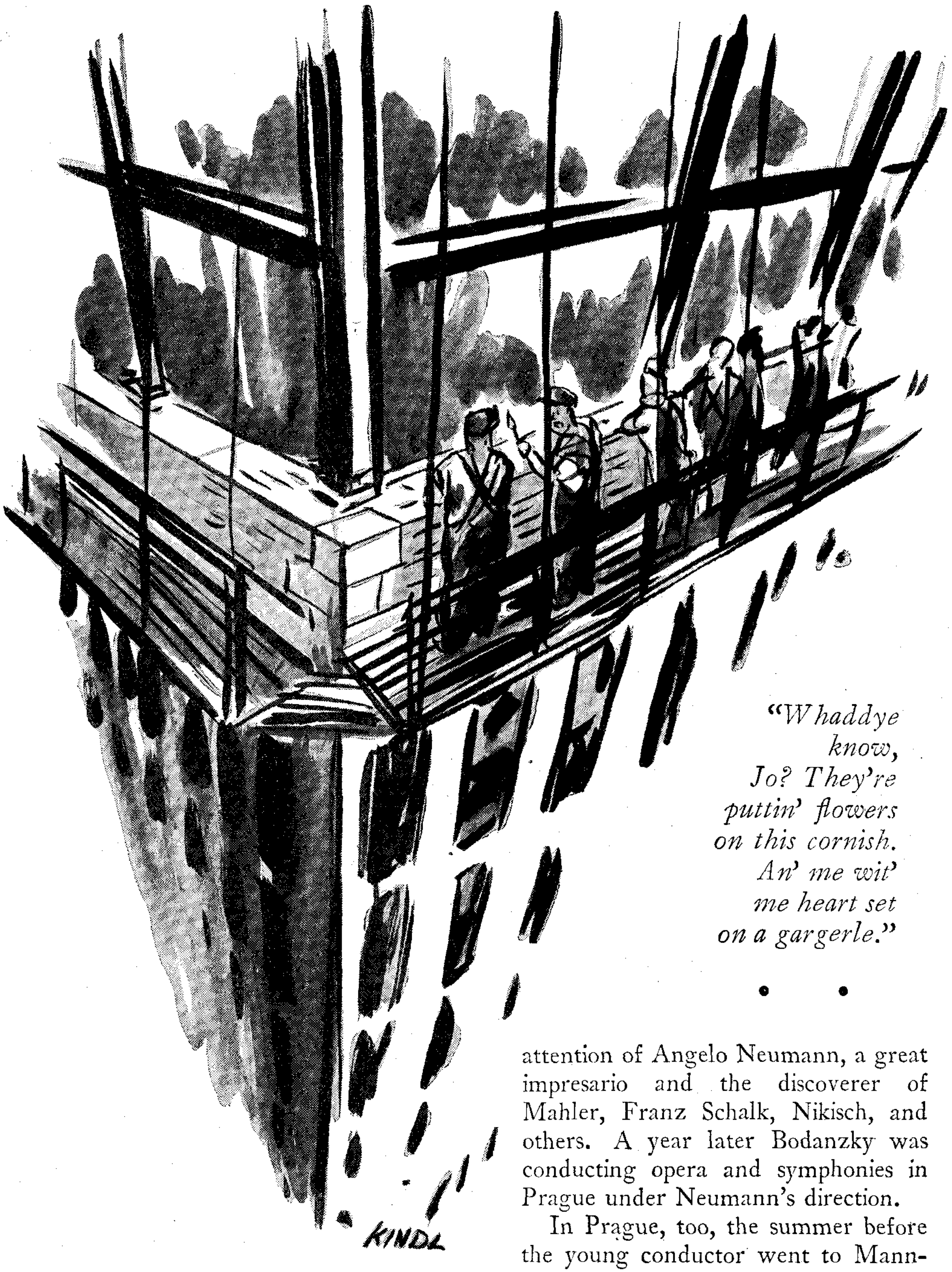
In retrospect Bodanzky's youth resembles a glittering Viennese version of "Trilby" and "La Bohème." For his first twenty years he was fortunate enough to live in a cultured city in full bloom boasting a plenitude of great men, good beer, pretty girls, and congenial celebrities. The fountainhead of this almost fabulous age was the famous old Winterbierhaus in the Bäckerstrasse, a smoky, dingy, antique gathering ground for the music world and for headliners in law, literature, diplomacy, the theatre, and a dozen minor arts. Although only fourteen or fifteen years of age Bodanzky was a frequent visitor at the Winterbierhaus. He was an attractive, lean, freckle-faced youngster and he met everyone. The lofty Brahms spoke to him and gave him a cigarette which he tried hard to preserve as a souvenir. He watched Karl Goldmark, the composer, play old-fashioned whist. When his great god, Gustav Mahler, who came to conduct at the Imperial Opera House in 1897, first shook hands with him Bodanzky refused to wash the lucky palm for two days.

Bodanzky's group at the Conservatory could seldom muster more than two dollars to spend at any time, but they sipped beer and ate cheese. They went on picnics to the country, skated in the Stadt Park, and sat on gallery benches at concerts and opera. Bodanzky's inseparable companion in student days was Hugo Riesenfeld, at present music czar for the United Artists Studio in Hollywood. The two boys studied the violin together and played in a number of musical organizations, including the venerable Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, often under the baton of Brahms himself. The youngsters also had their own orchestra, the Polyhymnia, and many members of their group are prominent in the music world today.

In 1898 Bodanzky and Riesenfeld were playing violins at the same stand in the Imperial Opera House orchestra under the baton of Mahler and it was probably at this time that Bodanzky realized he was not destined to be a great violinist. He heard Mahler conduct "Lohengrin" and his career was fixed.

"I thought I knew 'Lohengrin' by heart," he said later, "but I found I was hearing it for the first time. . . . I suddenly realized what being a conductor meant; from that moment I changed my whole plan of life and decided to become a conductor."

Mahler soon became interested in the eager young violinist and made him his assistant, later advising Bodanzky at numerous stages of his career. The latter soon left Vienna to conduct in



"Whaddye know, Jo? They're puttin' flowers on this cornish. An' me wit' me heart set on a gargerle."

• •

the Stadttheater of the ancient Bohemian town of Budweis, where he directed an orchestra of twelve men in the works of Johann Strauss, Lehar, and other light-wines-and-beer composers. He even had a chance to come to the Metropolitan Opera House in those early days as an assistant to Mahler, who came to New York in 1907 and again in 1908, but the latter advised him to wait.

In 1904 came Bodanzky's first big opportunity, when he conducted a French production of "Die Fledermaus" in Paris. He was the first conductor of German or Austrian extraction to appear in Paris after 1871, and his success was immediate and lasting. Young, eager, magnetic, and aggressive, he went to the popular Theater an der Wien as a conspicuous conductor of light opera. Here he attracted the attention of Angelo Neumann, a great impresario and the discoverer of Mahler, Franz Schalk, Nikisch, and others. A year later Bodanzky was conducting opera and symphonies in Prague under Neumann's direction.

In Prague, too, the summer before the young conductor went to Mannheim to become director of the Ducal Opera in 1909, he married Miss Ada Elisa Perutz. The couple lived in Mannheim from 1909 to 1915 and there two children, Arthur and Elizabeth, were born.

Leopold Godowsky, the pianist, has it that when the late Otto Weil, scouting around Vienna for Mr. Gatti and the Metropolitan early in 1914, asked him to name a good conductor of German opera he told Weil: "There's only one man for the job; he's a clever young chap up at Mannheim. See what you think of him." Bodanzky had enjoyed a great success with a Mahler Festival in 1912 and had just conducted the first "Parsifal" performances in London in 1914.

On November 18, 1915, Bodanzky made his Metropolitan Opera House début under most trying conditions. He followed directly in the footsteps of Toscanini and Alfred Hertz, who had left in the spring. Moreover he conducted Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," a colossal and exacting opera. He scored an immediate success, however, and clinched everyone's first impressions with an admirable performance of "Der Rosenkavalier" two days later.

Established in America, Bodanzky's inexhaustible energies soon thrust him to prominence in New York's musical life. There was a brief attack of *Weltschmerz* when he first came over. He spoke almost no English and he railed a bit wistfully at swollen wealth, politicians, and the Philistines. He was depressed by the war and the collapse of Europe's artistic world. When his family arrived in New York a year later, however, he took out citizenship papers, mastered Italian in six weeks, and was soon speaking America's argot like a native. He has conducted performances of that pioneering organization, the Friends of Music, since 1917, reviving with them many of the choral masterpieces of the past. He has arranged, edited, and orchestrated a good deal of music, including his own version of Beethoven's "Fidelio" employed today at the Metropolitan.

Bodanzky has an immense capacity for hard, driving, and continuous work. A typical day's schedule for him, represented by a certain Sunday some months ago, consists, in addition to a good deal of correspondence and a study of several choral and operatic scores, of a dress rehearsal at the opera house from 10 A.M. to 1:30 P.M., a final rehearsal with the Friends of Music at Mecca Temple from 3 to 4 P.M., and the public concert of the latter organization from 4 P.M. until 5:45 P.M. On a very recent Friday he rehearsed soloists for the Friends of Music all morning and conducted "Die Meistersinger" at the Metropolitan from 1:45 to 5:45 in the afternoon.

Il Maestro, alas, has a terrible temper. He is seldom completely satisfied with a performance, although generous enough with praise where merited. If the show goes badly the first few rows will hear him hissing madly or cursing in raucous Viennese at soloists and orchestra, savagely ripping the air with a murderous baton.

One of his consuming hatreds outside the music profession is reserved for lipstick. On the slightest of introductions he will harangue young ladies for *employing* this destroyer of natural beauty. He tossed his wife's first and only lipstick out the window.

Recently he met Vincent Lopez at a party. Lopez remarked: "I should like to take lessons from you, Mr. Bodanzky."

"Would you mind telling me," returned Bodanzky, "about how much you earn a year?"

Lopez laughed. "Oh, I suppose about two hundred thousand dollars."

Bodanzky bowed low and said sadly: "Ah, Maestro, it is I who should take lessons from you." With his present salary at the Metropolitan added to other sources of income, including various royalties, and the Friends of Music, it is doubtful if his annual earnings exceed a quarter of the sum mentioned by Lopez.

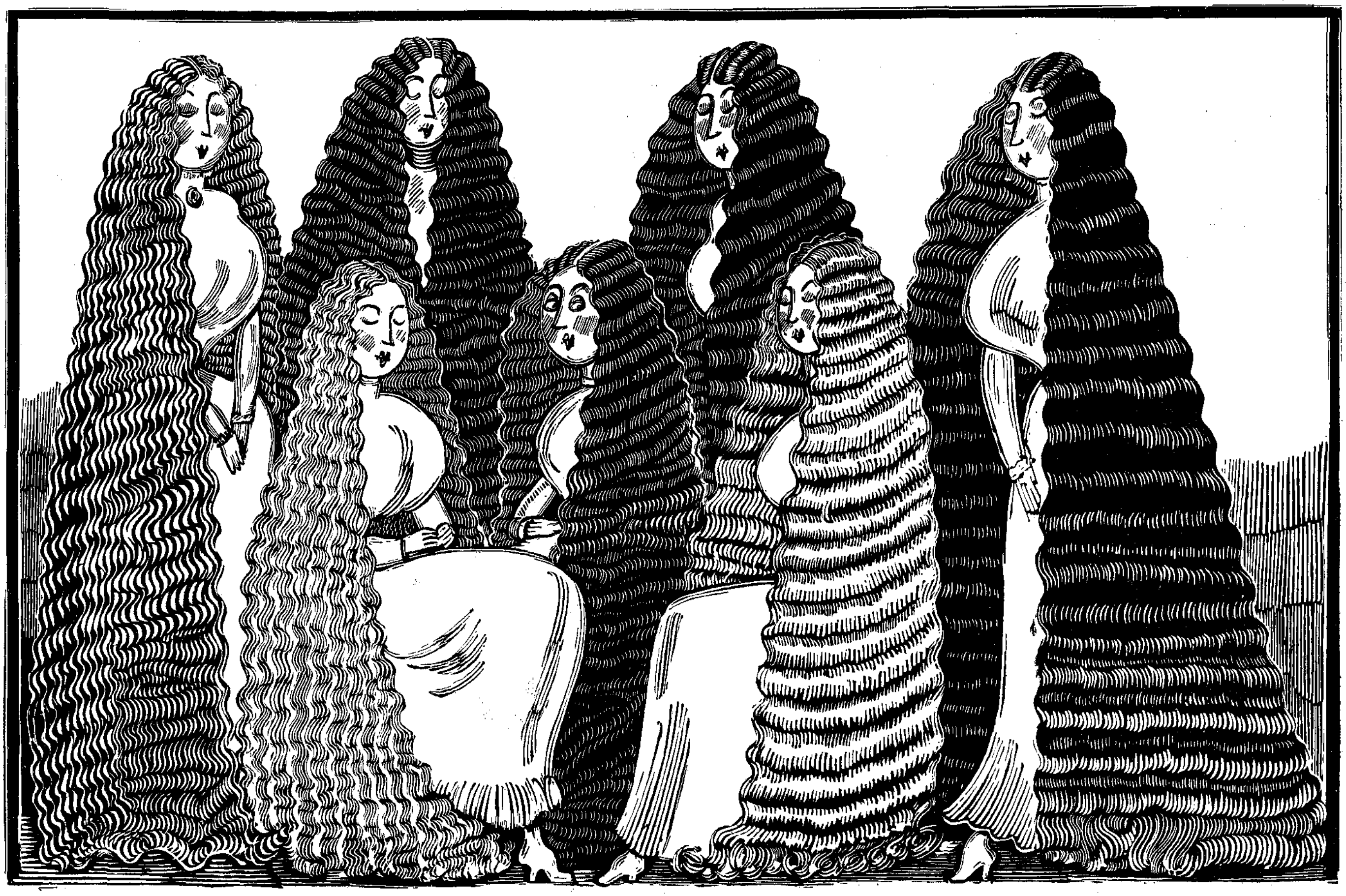
THE Maestro rides a good deal, enjoys Austrian cooking, appreciates good painting, and is a tempestuous bridge fiend. His wife taught him the game. She dealt out four hands face up on a table and proceeded to play a round, explaining the moves. Bodanzky watched for a few moments and then exploded: "My God, you're a rotten bridge player!"

This volatile, magnetic conductor has almost as large a group of feminine admirers as Farrar or Jeritza. There are at least two prominent devotees, for instance, who will only go to the opera when he conducts. Another lady is inconsolable. She held first-row seats to his performances, sold them when Rosenstock appeared, and now can't get them back again. The Maestro has always had a number of these first-row enthusiasts and is fond of recalling a large red rose he found on his stand whenever he conducted at Mannheim.

The far-reaching sensibilities of the man are admirably revealed in his literary tastes. As a youngster he absorbed the best books of England, France, Italy, Russia—in fact, all the Continental schools. Walt Whitman, Poe, Mark Twain, and Hawthorne were favorites. So were Herr James Fenimore Cooper's "Lederstrumpf Geschichten," notably "Der Letzte Mohicaner," otherwise identified as Carl May's translations of the "Leatherstocking Tales" and "The Last of the Mohicans." For a period of three years he read nothing but Goethe and Heine; today it's a mass of eighteenth-century memoirs and biographies.

Most of his summers are spent in Europe, where he loafs aggressively with both ears tuned to the musical winds. Usually declining all summer invitations to conduct on the Continent, he idles about, listening to new works or joining Mr. Gatti and his opera-house scouts for auditions in various cities. In June he vanishes to the Black Forest's playground for six or eight weeks. There he meditates upon what he has heard, and if any part of that welter of sound and fury seems desirable for his New York programs he usually goes after it, whether it's an oratorio or a baritone. This summer he will probably return with a carload of old scores and new soloists.

When he arrives on October 1, laden with spoils, rehearsals commence



DREAM GIRLS of a DIM DECADE
SEVEN SUTHERLAND SISTERS
ENG. BY JOHN HELD JR SINGER OF OLD SONGS

with a vengeance. When he rehearses an orchestra Bodanzky talks very little. "Hands are much more swiftly expressive," he says. But there is acid in this man, and during stage rehearsals he has scorched the sensibilities of almost every artist at the Metropolitan and wrung tears from many a prominent prima donna. Some of his rehearsals seem interminable. The man has an unbelievable memory for vocal and orchestral detail and during rehearsals drives home his insistence upon the correctness of these details with all the energy of a picturesque vocabulary, a stabbing forefinger, and a genuine passion for perfection.

No two critics can agree on his present position in the music world. When he is bored or upset he can put the Wagnerian gods through a celestial track meet that will slash half an hour off the official time card, much to the scandal of the Old Guard critics. Though he has his bad moments, they are never slack moments. From the first note he is decisive, penetrating, emphatic, and supremely in command. Tempestuous, electric, mercurial, he is often ruthless and ungovernable in his hard-driving tempi, but in vivid slashing strokes he can construct a colossal canvas of orchestral color.

As the foremost conductor of German opera in this country (something of an historical accident, as he has conducted a great deal of French and Italian opera on the Continent) he has not yet found his final niche. He is certainly the dominant director of the Metropolitan's staff, with the added prestige of his unexpected return. It is impossible to compare him directly with the Mengelbergs and Molinaris (we shall leave Mr. Toscanini on his lonely height) because he has not conducted symphony concerts extensively in recent years. There may be new worlds for him to conquer. Enthusiastic over possibilities in the talkie field, he has both ears respectfully cocked for the call of Hollywood. To date there has been no official summons.

If you go to a performance of German opera at the Metropolitan you will find Bodanzky weaving about on his high chair before the conductor's stand like some imperial gargoyle charged with kinetic energy. Volatile and complex, with a glittering angular surface over a quick sensitive nature, this gentleman possesses the most striking silhouette at the opera house.

He has another claim to fame. He is the only conductor in that institution who always sits down while conducting. —Hollister Noble

• •

OF ALL THINGS

The "sit and settle" policy of the American delegation at London is progressing splendidly. Before long the sitters will all be settlers.

•

In the midst of his difficulties Mr. Hoover must have moments when he looks forward wistfully to the soft job of being an ex-president. Nothing to do but play Indian and dedicate dams.

•

Tardieu's new government received a confidence vote by a majority of fifty-three. This is a fairly thin margin, and the Premier has wisely decided to stick pretty close to Paris, where he can keep an eye on it.

•

Our *Herald Tribune* says that the Farm Board is courageously wrestling with the problem of surplus wheat. It pains us to report that the betting odds are nine to three on the problem.

•

It is now revealed that Africa, also, is a land of boundless opportunity. A humble malaria bug arose by its own efforts to the top of its profession and bit the Prince of Wales.

•

Business is below par but it has one bright spot. There has been a gratifying revival of trading among the tariff-makers.

•

In the Washington debate, all the dry arguments are based upon the theory that the Eighteenth Amendment amended somebody's habits. The National Superstition Act, we jokingly call it.

•

Our little dark brothers in Haiti seem to resent the commission sent down to inquire into them. In reply will state that if they have seen only one commission, they don't know what trouble is.

•

Mrs. Dennett is handsomely vindicated in Judge Augustus N. Hand's decision. Now it can be told—even in Brooklyn.

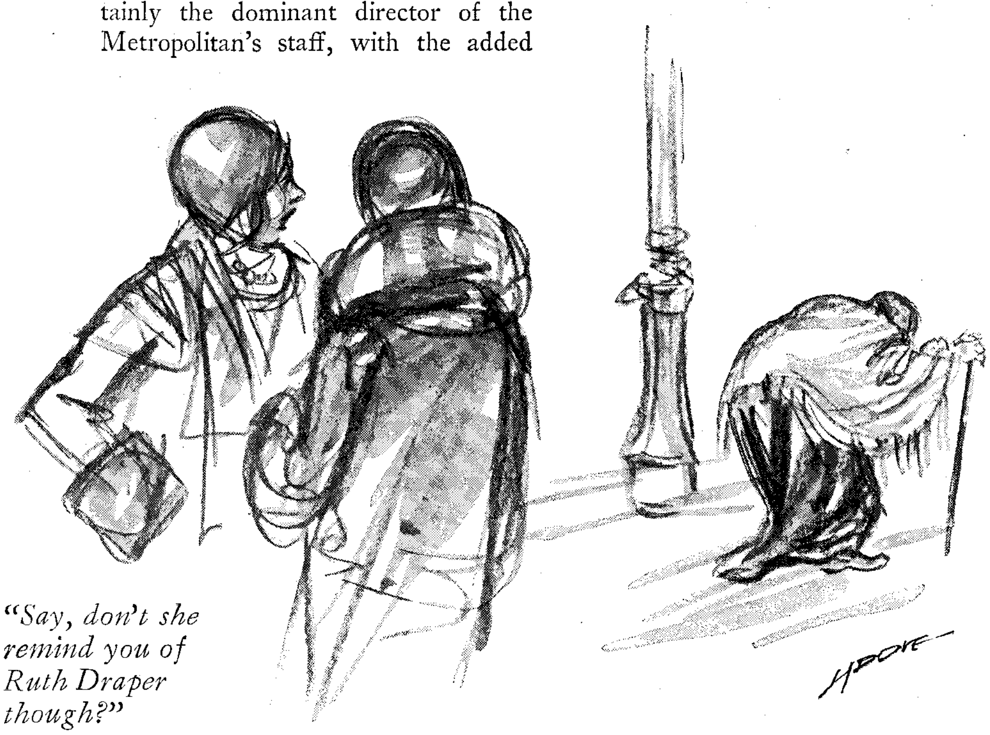
•

A professor of physics finds that there is radium in Stone Mountain. It is believed that this is the first time anything has been found there except trouble.

•

Secretary Stimson sends the cheery news that there is a good chance for naval reduction. Maybe the reducing would go even faster if we called the conference a diet.

—Howard Brubaker



"Say, don't she remind you of Ruth Draper though?"

THE THEATRE

LAHR AND SOME ART

AT the Apollo, "Flying High," by B. G. DeSylva, Lew Brown, and Jack McGowan, is the sort of musical show which gets three stars in this Baedeker, by which I mean that it's the funny brand. Moreover, it is extremely good-looking, and George White has provided a chorus which makes one feel that all that stuff about Ziegfeld's being America's foremost expert on feminine beauty is just a quaint old tradition.

The DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson songs are agreeable enough too, but in their amiability there's a hint of the Roth memory course. In fact, one catches that score reminiscing on subjects as diverse as the Messrs. Moody and Sanky and Miss Libby Holman.

There is a pretty love story, for which Grace Brinkley supplies the pretty heroine; Dorothy Hall, the soft, Angora menace; and Oscar Shaw, the aërial hero. I am bound to report that Mr. Shaw often suggests an executive worried about the overhead rather than an impetuous young pilot bent on making a non-stop flight.

All this is very minor, however, for the superiority of "Flying High" lies entirely with one person — and will the typesetter please set up his name not in ordinary print, not even in mere italics or capitals, but in red, white, and blue lights which whirl if possible?—Bert Lahr. Let us all stand for a moment with bared heads in silent reverence.

Bert Lahr has turned braying and mugging into two of the major arts. With one of his flying tackles he can make almost any polysyllable better than the best epigram. Years, nay generations, of comic strips at their best must have been before he could be. There is in him a little of Maude the Mule, of the Yellow Kid, of the strange little figures of Milt Gross, of Krazy Kat himself. . . .

Say, am I writing this or is Walter Pater? Anyway, paste it in your scrapbook under "Great Prose."

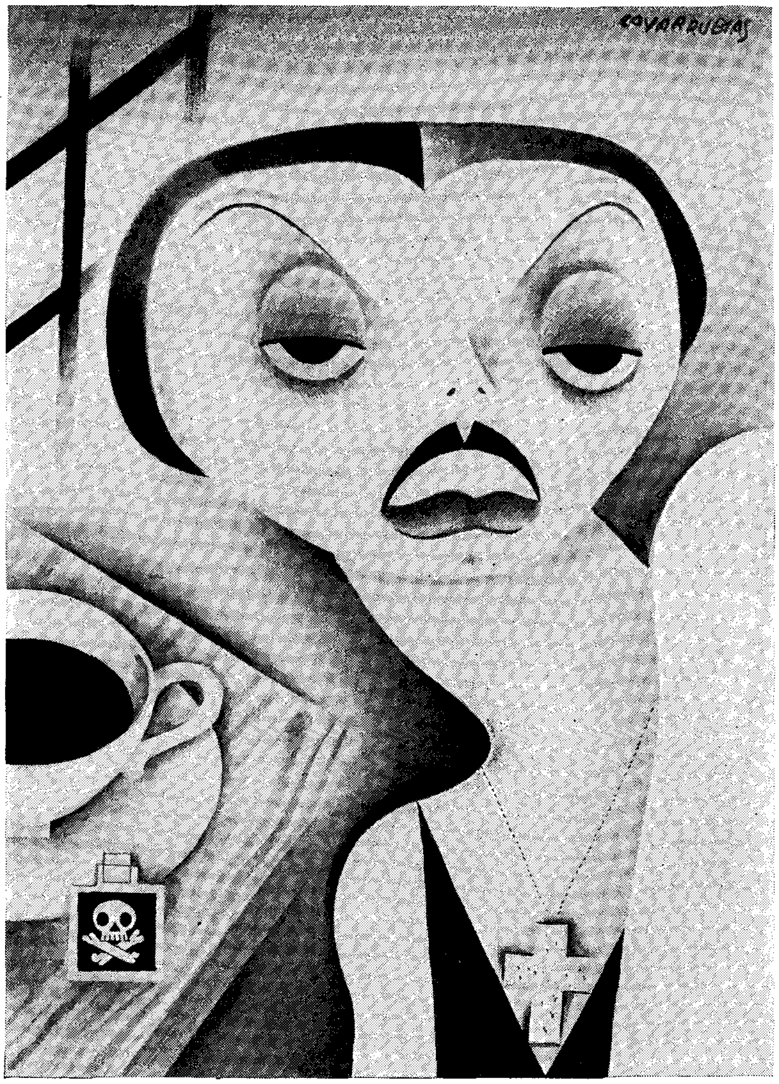
To proceed, the pretty love story is shoved blessedly far toward the back of the shelf to make room for Mr. Lahr's activities, a series of revue-like scenes ending in blackouts, of which the best is the one in which he takes his physical examination for the air service. Incidentally, you won't like it, or any of the rest of his work, if you care only for things done in the pastel shades.

Working with Mr. Lahr, and maintaining his own individual comedy with a precision which deserves commendation, is Russ Brown. Kate Smith plays opposite Our Idol. She sings well but belongs to the school of comédiennes which sponsors fat as funny *qua* fat, a dogma to be discouraged.

TO avoid an almost inevitable, but by this time pretty dull comparison, I'll content myself and probably bore you by merely describing the offerings of the Players from Japan at the Booth Theatre. It may be that something radical happened in the way of adaptation of their plays for America, but if not, you can take it from the Players that eighteenth-century Japan was the Hollywood of its epoch. The three plays on their program have all the elements of a good bill at the cinema plus a grace and dignity the cinema cannot be relied upon to supply.

First comes "Koi-No-Yozakura," or "Romance in Cherry Blossom Lane, a Lyric Dance Drama." It's all about a sculptor making a statue of the lady he loves and the statue's coming to life—a "short," you see, conceived and executed by the eighteenth-century Japanese equivalent of Director Joseph Santley.

It is followed by "Kage-No-Chikara," which I should translate as "The Perils of Pauline." In it a young woman is abducted, an old man killed, and his son aided in the task of vengeance by an omniscient and omnipresent figure in black. At its climax, just as a sword is being held at the girl's fair throat and



"DISHONORED LADY"

This is Miss Katharine Cornell who, in the melodrama at the Empire, has so much trouble keeping her lovers in line that she is forced to resort to the coffee-cup (left) with just a dash of the horrid stuff in the nearby bottle.

the choice is death or dishonor, there is a crashing sound, and through a window there leaps the hero, to be bound and held under a sword too, until his friend, the Shadow Man, leaps through another window and delivers both after a prodigious fight. Those fights are what won me to the Japanese theatre. The Occidental stage has never got the most out of man-to-men conflicts, probably because Broadway actors have a false snobbishness toward the art of tumbling. Only Hollywood, where doubles can take the punishment, has capitalized it, and—as I now discover—Japan, where the Sotherns and Arlisses have all had plenty of groundwork in jujutsu.

One could be right back in the nickelodeon except that, in place of the raw-meat flavor of the old thriller, there is that fish-food delicacy which seems to be inseparable from all things Japanese.

The players wind up the evening with "Matsuri" (Festival), an embryo Technicolor Special if ever I saw one.

Never having been able to weigh exactly mimetic values in a language I don't understand, I'll lean slightly backwards and give the Wonderful Little People an Adequate Plus on that count.

AT Jolson's, "The Serenade" is the current Victor Herbert revival. I gather from seeing part of it that Harry B. Smith, the librettist, felt an active dislike for Mr. Herbert at the time he wrote it. Mere indifference or laziness could hardly account for so stultifying a book. It has all the drawbacks, starting—at curtain-rise—with a band of robbers.

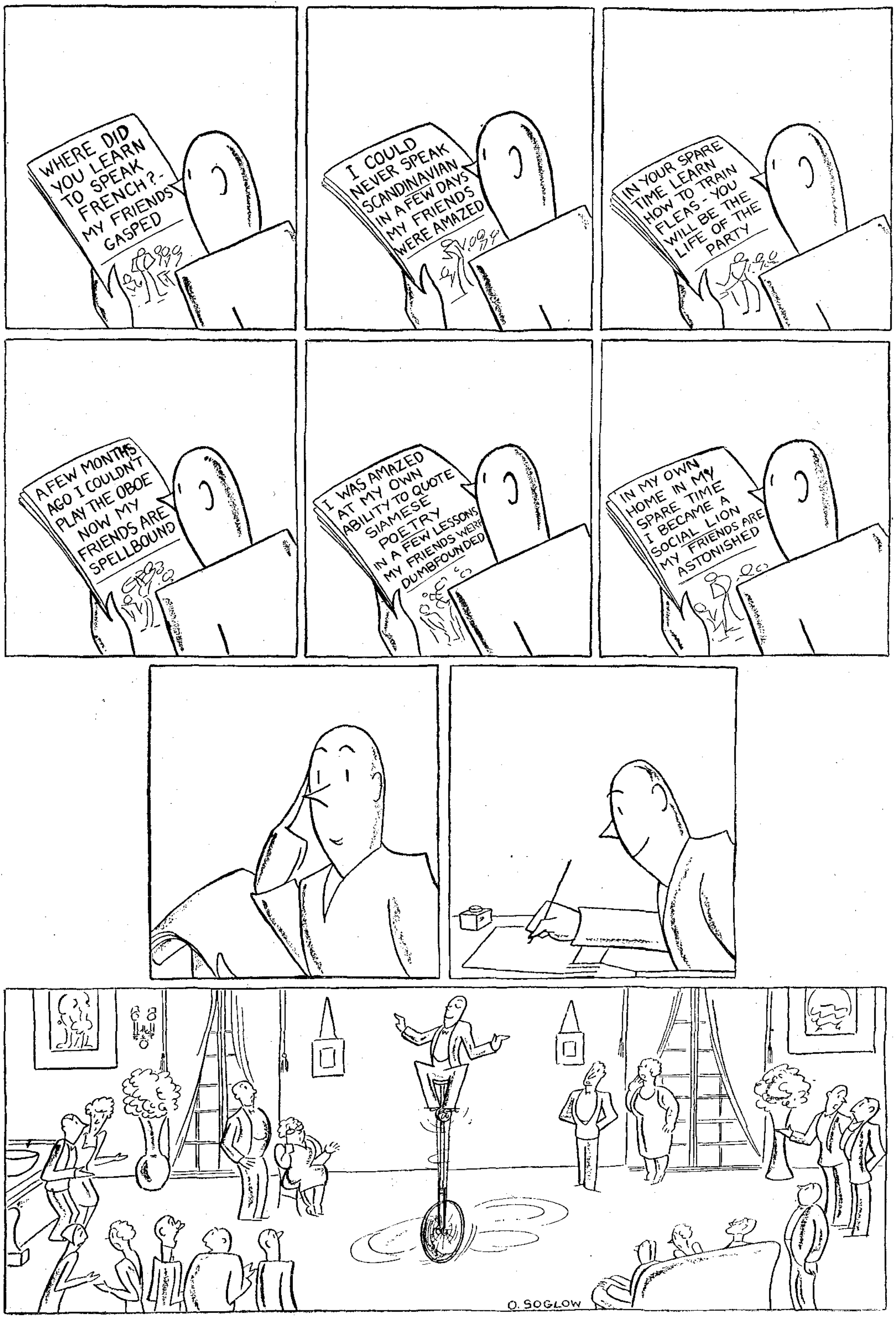
All the usual liquid and laudatory adjectives must be hauled out for the music of the first act. For the rest I cannot speak, as I couldn't have watched any more of that silliness if it had meant finding the lost chord and a sizable reward.

I TOOK my prejudice against the Little Theatre Movement over to the American Laboratory Theatre, where they are giving Scribe's "A Glass of Water," and had it reinforced so that I guess nothing will have to be done about it for years.

With the customary Little Theatre monotony and lack of tempo, a cast threads the labyrinthine comedy pointing the toe, scraping the heel, and being arch and graceful, arch and graceful, arch and graceful.

The trouble with Little Theatres is that whenever they're going to amount to anything, they always seem to have done it before I had time to drop around.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

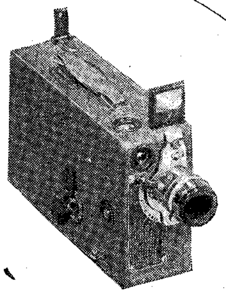

WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO SPEAK FRENCH?- MY FRIENDS GASPED
I COULD NEVER SPEAK SCANDINAVIAN IN A FEW DAYS MY FRIENDS WERE AMAZED
IN YOUR SPARE TIME LEARN HOW TO TRAIN FLEAS - YOU WILL BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY
A FEW MONTHS AGO I COULDN'T PLAY THE OBOE NOW MY FRIENDS ARE SPELLBOUND
I WAS AMAZED AT MY OWN ABILITY TO QUOTE SIAMESE POETRY IN A FEW LESSONS MY FRIENDS WERE DUMBFOUNDED
IN MY OWN HOME IN MY SPARE TIME I BECAME A SOCIAL LION MY FRIENDS ARE ASTONISHED
O. SOGLOW

•

Among the important specialties announced are Stravinsky's "Sucre du Printemps."—*The Nation.*

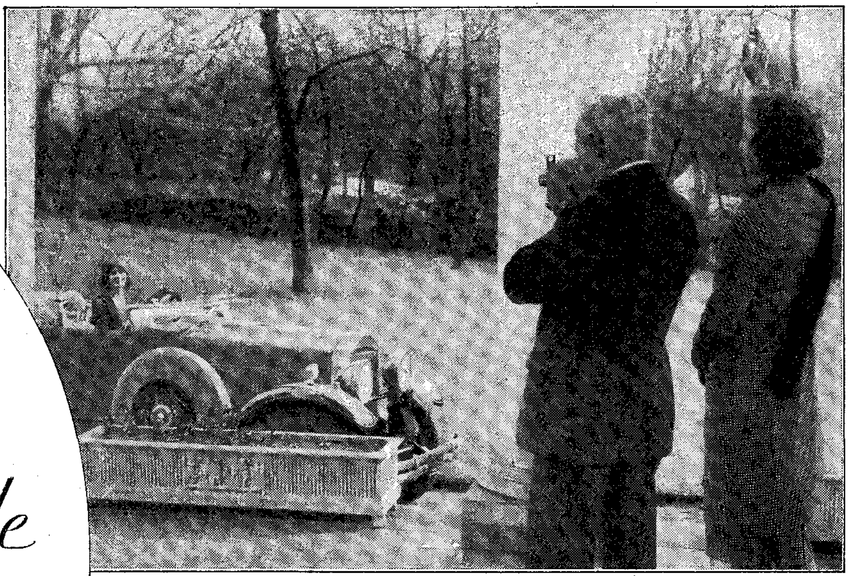
And we've asked our sucre baby to go.

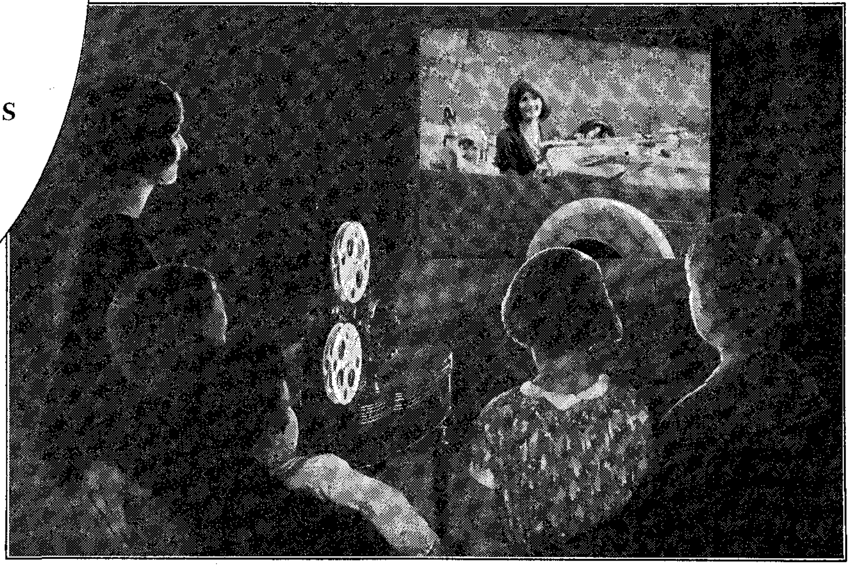
If you can press a lever you can take movies with this extremely simple little camera.



An Extremely Simple Movie Camera

that anybody who can press a lever can operate. That even the modest purse can afford!





You can get a Kodascope projector, for showing home movies, as low as $60.

Designed for amateurs, by the men who so simplified picture-taking that snapshot-making became easy enough for children

IF you can look through a finder and press a lever, you can take successful home movies, either in black-and-white or in full color, with this remarkably simple little camera.

You'll get wonderfully clear and interesting movies even if you are an absolute beginner . . . even if you've never had a camera in your hands before.

And if you can afford the ordinary accessories of modern life, you can afford a Ciné-Kodak.

Imagine the thrill of seeing your own child smiling, dimpling, walking across your home movie screen.

Think of your own loved ones, kept just as they are—never changing, never aging—in marvelous motion pictures that you yourself make.

Developed by the Men Who Simplified Amateur Picture-Taking

Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made still photography so easy have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.

That's the point to remember. You want the *simplest* movie camera you can get. With the Ciné-Kodak, all you do is press the lever and you take movies. Then send the film to any Eastman processing station. Developing is included in the price of the film.

And, with the Kodascope, you project the pictures in your own living room as easily as playing a phonograph.

With Ciné-Kodak Safety Film, regular or panchromatic, the Ciné-Kodak takes black-and-white pictures. By using Kodacolor Film and the Kodacolor Filter, Ciné-Kodak B or BB *f.* 1.9 takes beautiful pictures in full, natural color—every color that the eye can see.

Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-, 200- and 400-foot reels of cartoons, comedy and travel that cost only $7.50 a hundred feet, are available.

Any Ciné-Kodak dealer will be glad to demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak and to show you Kodacolor on the screen. To permit buying from income rather than capital, many offer an attractive deferred payment plan.

Ciné-Kodak

Simplest of Home Movie Cameras

MAIL FOR FREE BOOK

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City__________ State__________ NY 3-15

Les provisions qu'on trouve seulement chez Sherry

As the Sherry chef says, there are comestibles which one finds only at Sherry's . . . some of them everyday necessities . . . some of them rare delicacies.

EXCLUSIVE WITH SHERRY

PANIER BERGÈRE ICE CREAM . . . large basket molds, filled with Sherry's own walnut ice cream, coated with pistache, topped with fruit decorations . . . $3.25 the quart.

SHAMROCK TART . . . Madeline cake, fresh from the Sherry ovens, pistache filling, St. Patrick's decorations or individual inscriptions . . . from $3.50.

CALF'S FOOT JELLY in glass . . . made in the Sherry kitchens, in orange and lemon flavors . . . $2.50 the quart. Also port, Madeira and sherry wine flavors . . . $1 the 13½ oz. jar.

HUNGARIAN FOIE GRAS . . . specially packed in Budapest for Louis Sherry . . . a favorite with Sherry patrons . . .

FOIE GRAS NATUREL . . . $2.25, $2.50, $4.50 and $6.50, the 9, 13, 23 and 30 oz. tins.

PÂTÉ DE FOIE GRAS . . . $2.50, $3.50 and $7.50 the 9, 13 and 32 oz. tins.

MADE FRESH DAILY

CREAM SOUPS . . . made fresh daily in the Sherry kitchens . . . with pure cream and lobster, mushrooms, celery, chicken, spinach or lettuce . . . $2 the quart.

CREAMED CHICKEN with mushrooms . . . from the Sherry kitchens . . . made of white meat of chicken, fresh mushrooms, and cream . . $9 the quart (6 servings).

APPETIZERS À LA SHERRY . . . Assorted hors d'oeuvres prepared in the Sherry kitchens . . . caviar, salmon, pâté de foie gras, anchovies . . . $3 the dozen.

THESE CHEESES

BEL PAESE . . . excellent flavor . . . a Sherry-approved import . . . packed in flavor-sealed wooden boxes . . . $1 each.

PRIMULA . . . made in Norway from fresh milk . . . a favorite with Sherry patrons . . . 75c the carton of six portions.

LOCATELLI . . . grated and packed in the famous Locatelli dairies in Italy . . . a Sherry-approved import . . . 55c the 2-oz. carton (original package).

TWICE-A-DAY MANHATTAN DELIVERIES
SPECIAL DELIVERIES AT SLIGHT CHARGE

Selected displays in Madison Avenue and 62nd Street Shop. Consultation on cuisine by appointment, or telephone REGent 8530 for Sherry catalog.

Louis Sherry

TABLE DELICACIES SHOP

AT MADISON AVENUE AND 62nd STREET

Other Shops at—748 Fifth Avenue (at 58th Street) ·:· 373 Fifth Avenue (at 35th Street) ·:· 300 Park Avenue

VEGETABLE LUNCHEON

ONE dollar. With poached egg, one dollar ten.

Look at it! Puddles of green, poisonous green: spinach, string beans, lima beans, peas, Brussels sprouts. All right! add rosy beets and orangey carrots—degree in color but not in taste. All right! add a poached egg. "My dear, don't you know an egg is as stimulating as beef?" A poached egg is just a fried egg done in water color.

Regard the women who are eating Vegetable Luncheons, with or without Poached Eggs. They are all wearing blue or brown Specials at $19.49, with all-weather topcoats, equally depressing in rain or shine. They are bobbed without benefit of Charles or Pierre, and they have skins no man would like to touch. On their home-manicured third fingers of the right hand they wear Brother's old school ring. They carry a library book which they intend to read at lunch but never do, and have to juggle it on their knees throughout because they are the kind the headwaitress always herds to a seat opposite a stranger. . . . No hot biscuits; just whole-wheat bread. No coffee; a glass of milk, please.

Gone all the Vitamins A, B, and Z. They give another terrified glance at their silver-gilt wrist watches, powder their noses distractedly, draw on their chamoisette gloves, and go for that brisk, swinging walk, so easy in a New York lunch hour, that is supposed to bring them back to work tingling and clear-headed. They eat Vegetable Luncheons and stay after five daily for a slow-witted or bibulous boss, thinking they are on their noble way to becoming One of the Women Who Count. . . .

No, waitress, I want that small table over by the wall—alone! And coffee and a mixed grill—and rare!

—GRACE HEGGER LEWIS

•

The sides of the letters fashioning Mr. Coolidge's words, facing westward, will be gilded so that the setting sun falling upon them will give brilliance to the story of the United States.—*The Times.*

All Coolidge has to give it is the truth.

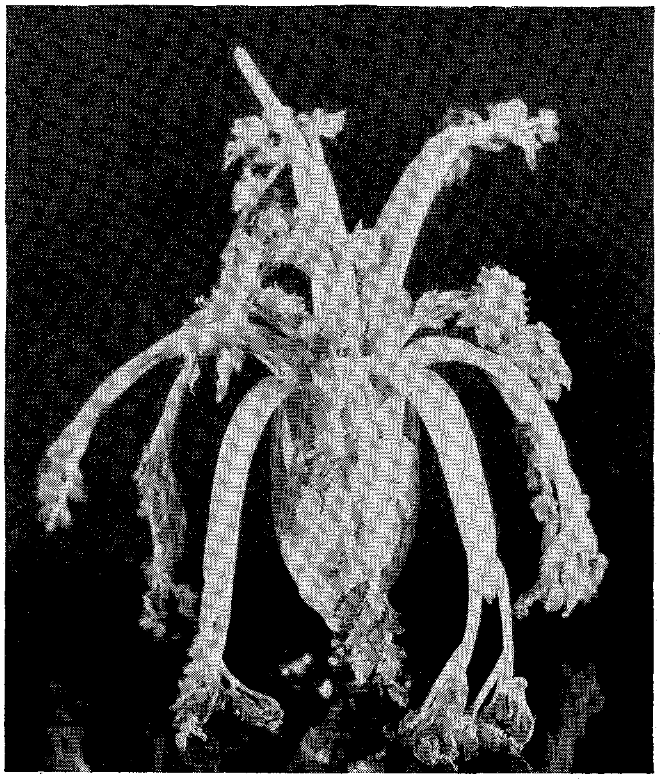
•

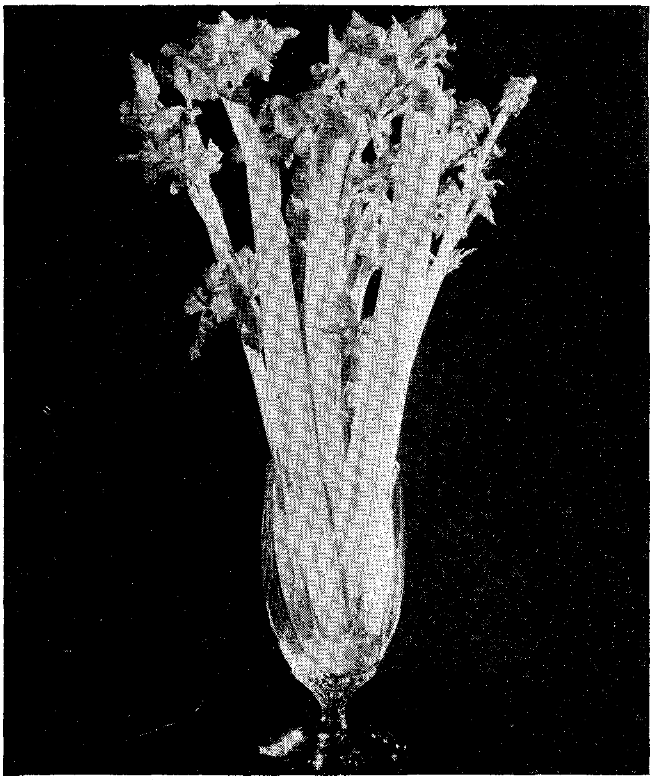
WOMEN'S POWERFUL DRY BODIES BEGIN DRIVE TO OUST LIGGETT—*Headline in the Boston Herald.*

Fair white, you mean.

Before . . .

. . and After





". . . all my life I've been a miserable traveler," writes Sally Celery, popular Senior Leaguer of East Seacaucus, whose charming, *intime* portraits we publish herewith . . . "and my last trip to New York nearly finished me. Megrims, vapours and livid boredom . . . I felt life was not worth living. Then Carol Carrot and Bill Radish, two utter Bohemians, advised me to try the new HYDRATOR treatment. I laughed, bitterly. They insisted. More as a lark . . . I consented . . . Look at me now! Need I say more . . . ?"

* * * * *

Sally, dear, you've said plenty—New Yorkers know lots about the Hydrator. . . . how it revives ailing vegetables, and keeps others in the perfect pink . . . or if they don't they're migrating to Winston Paul's marvelous Frigidaire showroom, 39 West 45th Street, where a special HYDRATOR demonstration is going on all this week.

THE NEW FRIGIDAIRE
» » » PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

WINSTON PAUL
39 West 45th St., New York

Certainly, you may send me information about the new Frigidaire equipped with HYDRATOR.

Name..........

Address..........

THE STARS OF THESE SEVENTEEN

BROADWAY and beauty...One suggests the other, so lovely are the ladies of our theater! To be consulted respectfully on the baffling subject of feminine allure!

You'll find them remarkably unanimous about one thing: *Smooth, soft skin is the most compelling charm a girl can have!*

And certainly they practice what they preach. For their own complexions, on the stage or off, are flawless!

Regular care with Lux Toilet Soap, they will tell you, is the secret. For this fragrant luxurious white cake gives just the gentle care that is required—lathers generously even in the hardest water, leaves the skin refreshed and satin-smooth.

You will want to try it for your complexion. Order several cakes and begin to enjoy it today.

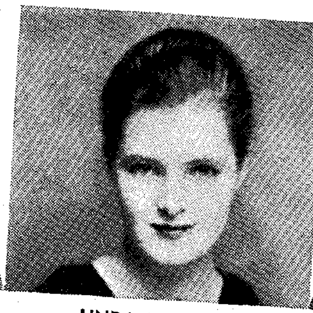
FRANCES WILLIAMS began her swift climb up the ladder of fame with a shapely foot on the bottom rung—in the chorus of *Mary.* So unmistakable were her unusual gifts, however, that in a very short time she was singing and dancing for delighted audiences in *Artists and Models.* Followed *The Cocoanuts* and then the *Scandals* for several succeeding seasons. Blonde and lovely she is, with a skin exquisitely fair. "Lux Toilet Soap gives a velvety smoothness that is a joy," she says.

HITS OF THE BROADWAY SEASON

CARE FOR THEIR COMPLEXIONS WITH LUX TOILET SOAP

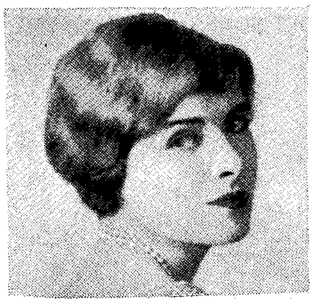
BETTY STARBUCK
Heads Up!

DOROTHY STONE
Ripples



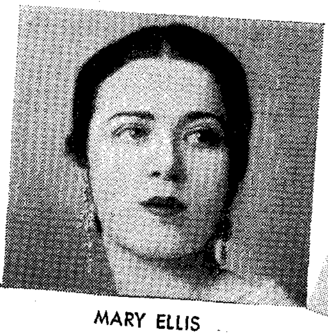
LINDA WATKINS
June Moon

QUEENIE SMITH
The Street Singer



DOROTHY PETERSON
Subway Express

EVELYN LAYE
Bitter Sweet



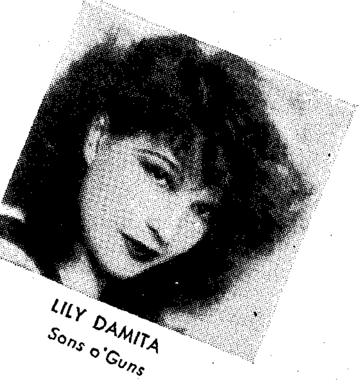
MARY ELLIS
Children of Darkness

GLADYS BAXTER
A Wonderful Night

GENEVIEVE TOBIN
Fifty Million Frenchmen

TILLY LOSCH
Wake up and Dream

HELEN MORGAN
Sweet Adeline



LILY DAMITA
Sons o'Guns

MURIEL KIRKLAND
Strictly Dishonorable

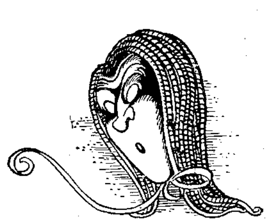
JUNE WALKER
Waterloo Bridge

MILDRED McCOY
It's a Wise Child

IRENE DELROY
Top Speed

First Sweeping Hollywood—
then Broadway—and now the European Capitals 10¢

SHOUTS AND MURMURS



MISCELLANY

EVERY now and again, in the theatre and out of it, one is reminded afresh that the artist's business is the truth as he sees it, the effect on mere onlookers being none of his business at all. Consider, for instance, Eugene O'Neill's "Diff'rent" with its ghastly colloquy between the amorous old maid and the young soldier lounging insolently on her sofa. To many in each audience, that is a scene scalding in its embarrassment. To some it is enormously funny. I suppose the actress who plays that scene is always vaguely affronted by any rowdy guffaws, but she has no right to be for each playgoer is inalienably entitled to his own reactions and the guffaws, of course, are really a comment less on herself than upon those who emit them.

These edifying reflections are prompted by a stray anecdote about little Morris Mogilewsky being led through a museum and pausing long before the celebrated canvas of the Roman arena with the lions devouring the early Christian martyrs. The lad was more visibly moved by the picture than the dead-and-gone painter, in his wildest dreams, could have foreseen that anyone would ever be.

"Look, Mamma," he cried tearfully, just before she gave him a *schlag*. "That lion over there in the corner—he hasn't got any Christian."

"YOU have not traced the story of the girl and the dead man in the subway back far enough," writes my precious leader, Edmund Pearson, who is shortly to be recalled to Harvard to occupy the Chair of Murder. "In its earlier version it was (pardon me) a better yarn. Finley Peter Dunne *fils*, who thinks that you and I are the two nicest old gentlemen in New York, with the longest memories, and that we used to walk down Broadway in the mellow twilights of 1815, chanting glees with Washington Irving and Fitz-Greene Halleck—Mr. Dunne, I say, would be shocked that you did not recall the grimmer story which came out in *The Bookman* about 1902 when, under the editorship of Harry Thurston Peck and Arthur Maurice, that was a most readable magazine—as it is now again in 1930.

"This story was a corker. There was the old, horse-drawn 'bus, toiling slowly down Fifth Avenue in a blinding snowstorm. Everything silent, since the snow was already four or five inches deep. The middle-aged couple lived in Washington Square and had been at the theatre—way up town, say at Thirty-eighth or Fortieth Street. They enter an empty 'bus—you remember those 'buses in the days when *Life* was constantly caricaturing them and their lean horses. They had straw on the floor; a driver on the box; a smoky oil lantern at the front; a tin box in which you put your fare; and a door which the driver opened with a string when you signalled that you wished to get out.

"The 'bus, with the man and his wife, goes slowly through the snow down as far as—well, Twenty-second Street—when three other passengers get on, two young fellows supporting a third, whose heels drag. They address him as Jim, and tell him to buck up. But Jim is far gone in liquor; or, as they said in the sprightly 80's, he has a jag. He can do nothing for himself. A few streets below, one of them again tells Jim to buck up, slaps him on the back and gets out. A little later, the other one repeats the advice to Jim, and he, too, gets out. Jim is still silent; still sullen; and still slumped in the seat. Then the man leans forward and takes a look at Jim. Instantly he gets up, pulls the cord, and says to his wife: 'We get out here.' And out he gets, followed by his indignant and scolding wife. They stand in the drifting snow, near the corner of Fourteenth Street, and the wife wishes to know if her husband is crazy. Seven blocks still to go, and get her out in this blizzard—what does he mean? Her husband says: 'Did you see that young man?' No, she didn't. What has that to do with it? 'Well, I did, and his throat was cut from ear to ear.'"

IT is a chastening thought for your correspondent, that the item which has provoked more comment by post and telephone than any printed in these encyclicals within the past twelvemonth, was written by someone else. I refer to the blunt epithalamium recently quoted here from the Fountain Inn *Tribune*. Judging from the freshet of correspondence on the subject, I appear to have been the only literate person in the country not previously familiar with that most engaging South Carolina journal.

"I doubt whether the wedding story is real," observes James A. Hoyt, from the safety of the lower Broadway canyon. "I used to write up weddings and murders for South Carolina newspapers, and had to suppress the desire to write realistically, else I would not have lived to my present not yet ripe old age. On one occasion I did write—and print—the story of a widower's courtship of his second wife at his first wife's grave, but found it convenient to leave town for a few days."

Of course I have also been showered with other paragraphs from Mr. Quillen's newspaper, the most recurrent clipping being his item which recently set forth the following singularly vital statistics:

> Born, on Monday, January 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Jim Daderight, a son. The little fellow has the community's sincere sympathy. On his mother's side are three idiots and one jail bird of record, and nobody on the father's side of the house can count above four. With that start in life, he faces a world that will scorn and abuse and eventually hang him through no fault of his own.

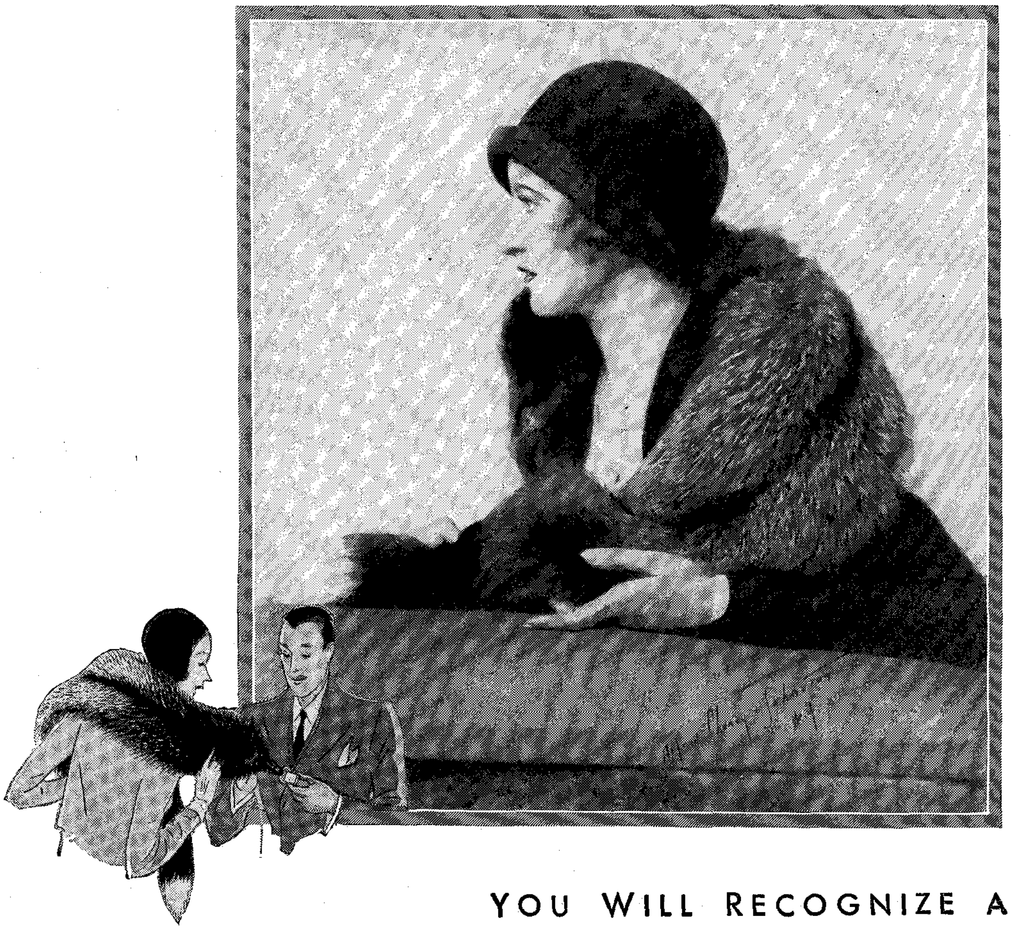
THEN from Deems Taylor comes the following music note:

> I meant before this to comment appropriately upon your remarks about "Peter Ibbetson" and my alleged addiction to changing my mind hebdomi—what the hell's that word?—about librettos. As a matter of fact my newest libretto is a great secret; and I'm sure that *this* time I am making no mistake. I am setting an adaptation (my own) of Beman & Smith's "Plane and Solid Geometry."

With a sinking heart I seem already to envisage the première at the Metropolitan, the perennial Galli bounding through the Dance of the Rhomboids.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Fur Experts call them
THE MATCHLESS 4000



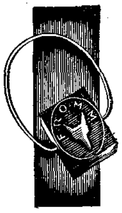
YOU WILL RECOGNIZE A

FROMM PEDIGREED SILVER FOX

. . . BY THE TINY MEDALLION . . .

TWENTY-ONE years ago the Fromm brothers commenced breeding silver foxes in a snow-swept clearing in northern Wisconsin. The result of all the years of painstaking, scientific effort is evident in their present crop. The full-furred, silky, perfectly marked beauty of these pedigreed pelts has won for them acclaim among fur experts as The Matchless 4,000. For there are only 4,000 of these perfect pelts available this year.

Every genuine Fromm Pedigreed Silver Fox bears a Medallion, attached to the pelt at the furring ranch. Be sure this Medallion is intact on the scarf you buy. You remove it—and return it to Fromm Bros. for pedigree certificate, a transcript from stud book, describing the scarf you have purchased.



THIS COUPON BRINGS YOU A FASCINATING BOOKLET ON THE STORY OF FROMM. SEND THE COUPON . . . NOW...FOR THIS INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE BOOKLET.

FROMM BROS · HAMBURG · WISCONSIN

FROMM BROS., Hamburg, Wis. N-Y-3-15-30

Gentlemen: Send me booklet on Fromm Pedigreed Silver Foxes. This entails no obligation on my part.

Name ....

Address ....

Now

IN NEW YORK

THE LIQUID CREAM THAT WOMEN GO TO PARIS TO BUY—

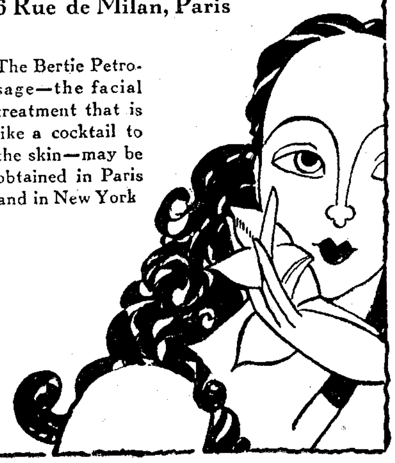
LAIT D'OESYPE—the bedtime complexion treatment of all smart continentals and *now* of New York moderns. It cleanses and develops suppleness in skins that are delicate and dry, and imparts the velvety, line-free texture of youth. It is the *only* preparation necessary at night.

At smart shops along the Avenue and throughout America. $2 and $5

Bertie

695 Fifth Ave., New York
6 Rue de Milan, Paris

The Bertie Petrosage—the facial treatment that is like a cocktail to the skin—may be obtained in Paris and in New York



THE NEW TELEPHONE CORDIALITY

IT seems to me that if department stores and business houses are going to be cordial over the telephone they might as well go ahead and be awfully cordial. A little cordiality may, after all, be worse than none. I am just as anxious to be treated nicely by big corporations as *you* are, but I want no halfway measures. I'm perfectly willing to call up, say, Sims & Sims for pleasure and companionship. But if they are going to go in for intimacy, I don't want them rubber-stamping me. If their telephone girl is going to be *my* girl, I want her to be *all* mine for the twenty minutes or so that we are kidding each other over the Sims & Sims line. If Sims & Sims are willing to go the whole hog, they might well prepare the following routine dialogue for the use of their telephone operators:

"Goo-ud morneeeng. Guess who this is."

"Is this Sims & Sims?"

"Of course it is, big boy. Good morning. A lovely morning, isn't it?"

"I'd like to talk to Mr. Jackson of the scooter department."

"Who is this, please, on this lovely morning?"

"This is Don Herold. I'd like—"

"Oh, Mr. Herold! Mr. Frank Sims wishes you a good morning, and so does Mr. George Sims, and so does Mr. George Sims, Junior. How is Mrs. Herold and how are the children, and how is your golf game, now, Mr. Herold?"

"Oh, pretty good. I'd like—"

"Hope you weren't hit too hard in the Wall Street crash, Mr. Herold."

"No, not so hard."

"Has Mrs. Herold been having the old headaches lately? Sims & Sims sincerely hope not, this fine morning."

"No, they're better."

"Sims & Sims hope you'll have a happy Easter, Mr. Herold."

"That's nice."

"And they wish you many happy returns of the day on your birthday."

"That's nice. It's not for four months, but it is nice of them."

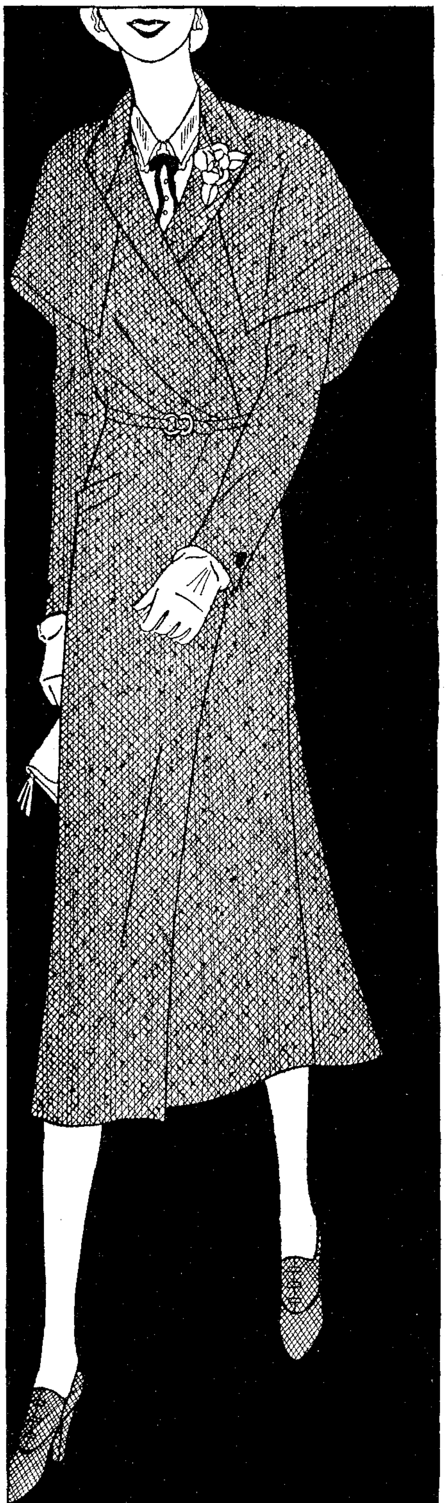
"And they hope you and Mrs. Herold and the children escaped the flu this winter."

"That's awfully, awfully nice of them."

"Are you going to be able to make it to Bermuda this spring?"

"No, we thought we might get to California for a month or so."

"Oh, California is wonderful. Mr.



*WHITBEY CAPE COAT

$38.75

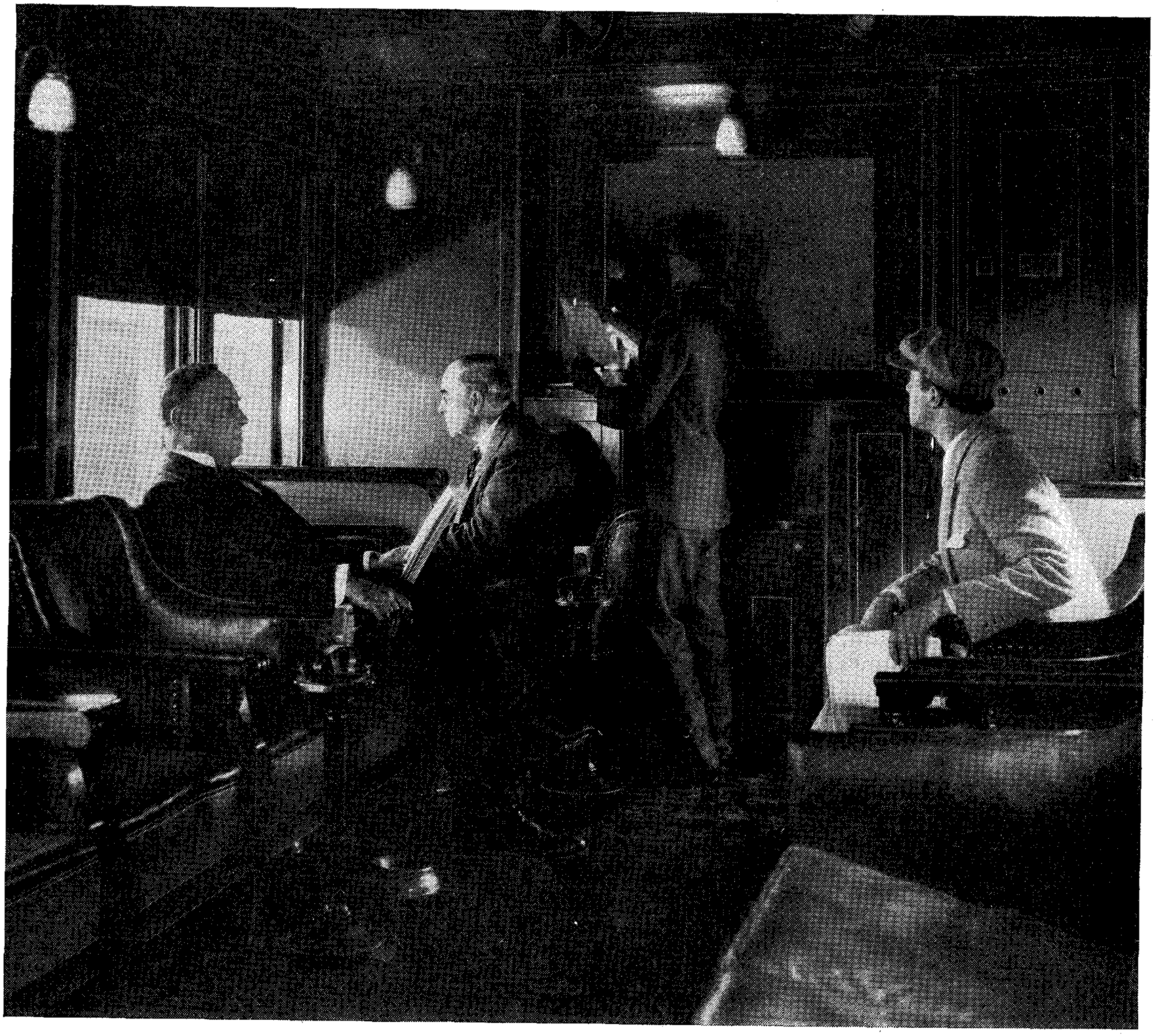
Blue, black or brown tweed, flecked with white.

Sizes 12 to 20

MACY'S

34th Street & Broadway, New York

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



2 o'clock 3 o'clock 4 o'clock

At whatever hour you choose to leave New York—2 o'clock, 3 o'clock, 4 o'clock—you'll find a luxurious 20-hour Pennsylvania train to Chicago. Each carries the very latest equipment—modern club car, attractive diner—wide, airy observation car. Each sets a new standard of personal service with train secretary, skilled ladies' maid, expert barber. And each, whether THE PENNSYLVANIA LIMITED at 2, the BROADWAY LIMITED at 3, or THE GOLDEN ARROW at 4, travels the shortest route to the West—over one of the smoothest roadbeds in America.

20-HOUR PENNSYLVANIA SERVICE
TO CHICAGO

Frank Sims was there in 1924 and Mr. George Sims was there in 1927 and Mr. George Sims, Junior, has just returned from there. They all like it, and they hope you will enjoy your California trip, every minute of it."

"It's not certain yet."

"Well, Sims & Sims hope that nothing will come up to prevent your California trip."

"That's nice."

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Herold, Mr. Frank Sims—no, Mr. George Sims—well, perhaps I had better say Mr. George Sims, Junior, wonders if you could play golf with him at his club, a week from next Friday. Sims & Sims would be delighted."

"Yes, I think I can."

"That's fine. Sims & Sims will be delighted. Sims & Sims send their love to Mrs. Herold. What is her first name?"

"Katherine."

"Well, Sims & Sims send their love to Katherine and the kiddies."

"That's nice. Now, could I speak to Mr. Jackson?"

"Certainly. Sims & Sims will be delighted to have you talk as long as your little heart desires to Mr. Jackson. Just a moment, Mr. Herold."

She tries Mr. Jackson in the scooter department.

"I'm sorry—that is, Sims & Sims are sorry, Mr. Herold, but Mr. Jackson has just this minute gone out to lunch. Will you phone again at one-thirty?"

"Like hell I will."

—Don Herold

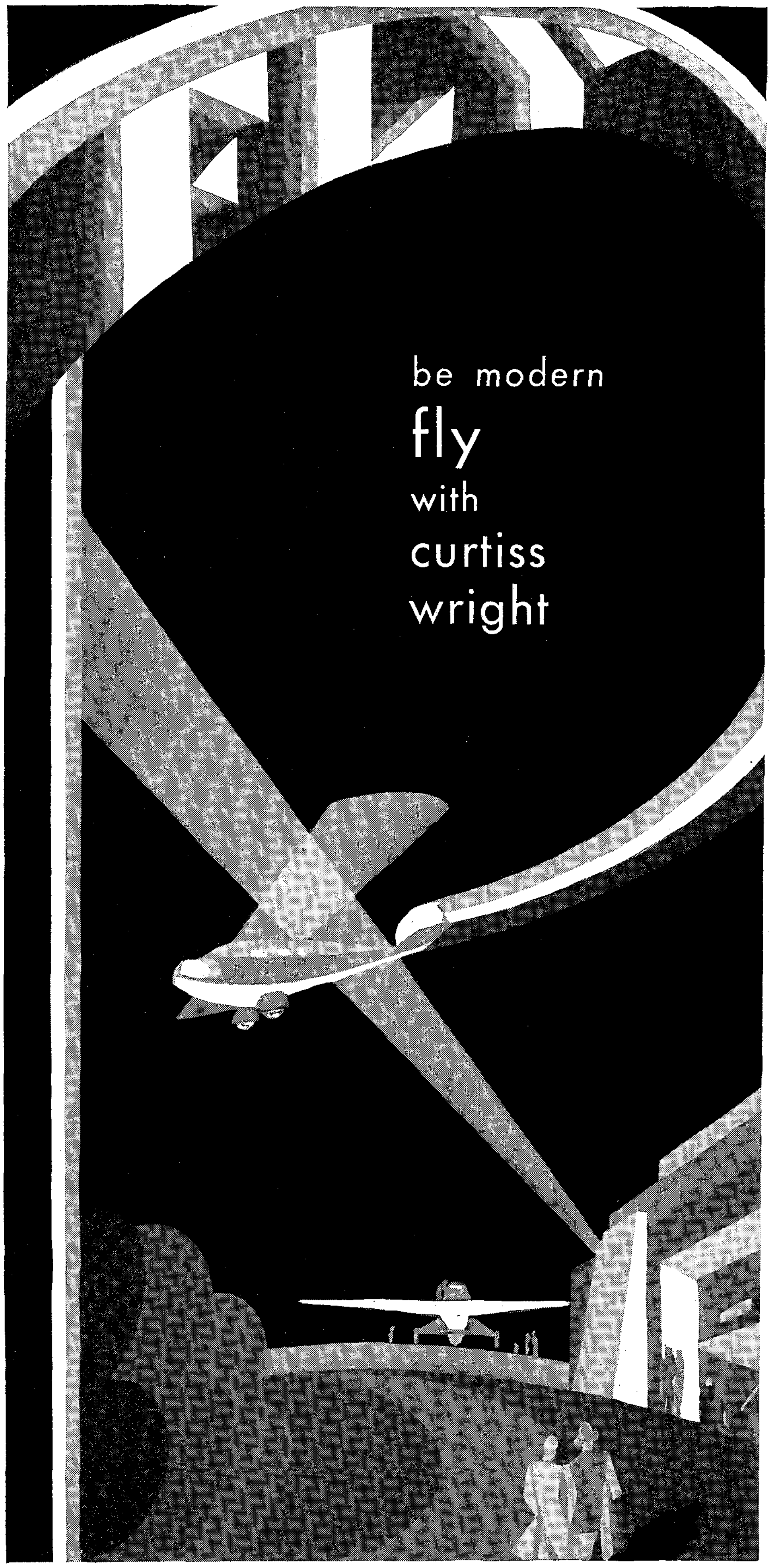
◆

PLAINT

There was never any reason
Why I, for one ecstatic season,
Should not love you; yes, and love
The tricks you're *quite* unconscious of—
Your rumpled hair, your nervous hand,
The way you walk, the way you stand,
The way you look at me to show
We two know well the things we know!

And there are many reasons why,
Since you are you and I am I,
And love is always best that's brief,
And bravest souls can thrive on grief,
I should cease to love you now,
Call love a bird upon a bough,
And let some other lips supplant
Your lips—but damn it all, I can't!

—Frances M. Frost

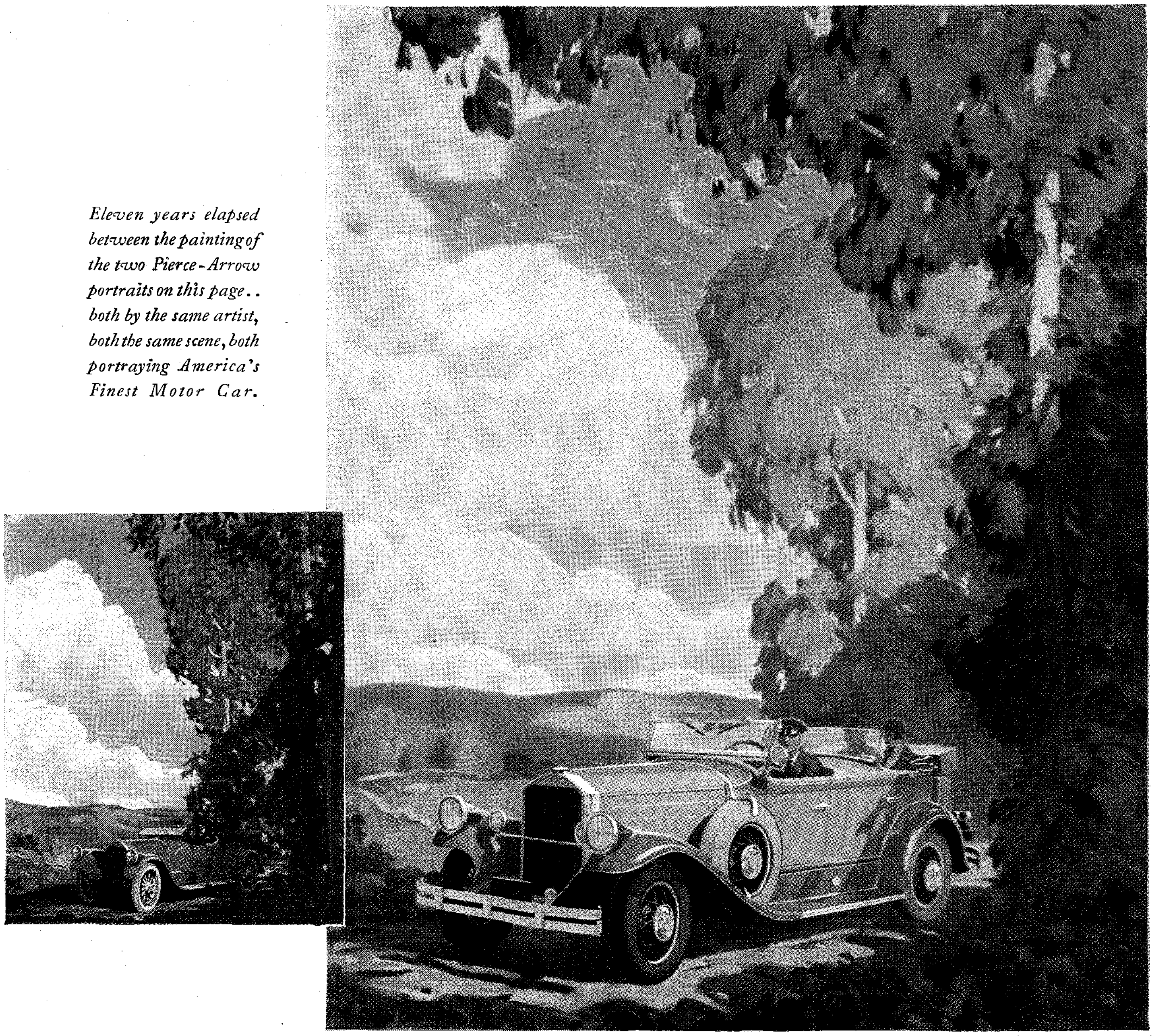


curtiss-wright flying service

27 west 57th street • wickersham 9600 • new york

forty bases in the u.s.a.

Eleven years elapsed between the painting of the two Pierce-Arrow portraits on this page.. both by the same artist, both the same scene, both portraying America's Finest Motor Car.



The Tyranny *of* Tradition

ONLY the stern mandate of very great pride .. and no lesser legislation on earth . . may command always the finest a man or an organization has to give. Such is the tradition which governs the creation of *America's finest motor car*.

No rules ever conceived could be more exacting than the set of ideals which freely operate in every phase of Pierce-Arrow manufacture.

There is in Pierce-Arrow precincts an always-burning fire of determination never to depart from a principle which puts *fineness eternally first*.

In every car of this patrician line is expressed a courage which scorns the accepted standards of excellence as commonplace, compared with Pierce-Arrow's own.

And there is ever present a pardonable disdain of any process less fine than the hand-craftsmanship which has always distinguished Pierce-Arrow motor cars.

It would be far easier to build Pierce-Arrows of average quality, and infinitely more profitable to produce them in greater numbers. But the tyranny of tradition forbids.

THE NEW PRICES

$2695 to $6250.. *at Buffalo*

(Custom-built Models up to $10,000)

In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance on a good used car usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY • BUFFALO, N. Y.

PIERCE-ARROW

—AND ARROW BROADCLOTHS ARE NOW GUARANTEED TO FIT AND FIT AND FIT FOREVER

Golden Arrow Collars

Very popular: Hampton. Feather-light, with deep points. 35 cents; 3 for $1

BARONET - 5.00
CLARIDGE - 3.50
TRUMP - 1.95
TRUMP IN COLORS - 2.15
PADDOCK - 2.50
MAYFAIR - 3.00

—which means that now the size you buy is the size you wear throughout the life of superb Arrow Broadcloth.

ARROW'S new "Sanforized" process of shrinking fine fabric (it's patented by Arrow) now absolutely and unqualifiedly guarantees a collar that will hold permanently its accurate fit, and a sleeve-and-body length that will stay put. Every Arrow Broadcloth, from $1.95 to $5, bears a firm guarantee-label that it will fit you throughout its life—or you get your money back at once. Arrow's broadcloth shirt collection cannot be approached in value, price-for-price, anywhere in America.

And just to make it awfully hard for you *not* to wear Arrow for life, we introduce, here for the first time, a lot of smart, becoming colors:

TRUMP	*White, Blue, Tan, Green*
PADDOCK . .	*White*
MAYFAIR . . .	*White, Blue, Tan, Green*
CLARIDGE . .	*White*
BARONET . . .	*White, Blue, Tan, Green*

— *and* ONLY ARROW SHIRTS *have* ARROW COLLARS

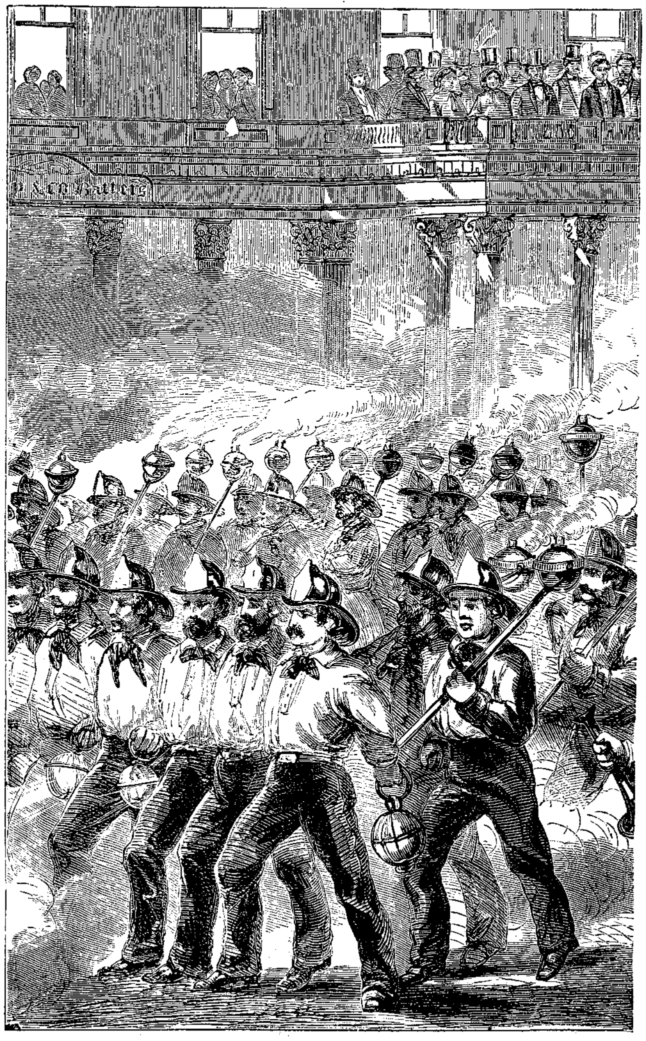
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., INC., TROY, N. Y. ARROW COLLARS, HANDKERCHIEFS, SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR

THAT WAS NEW YORK

V—TWO FAMOUS FIRE ENGINES

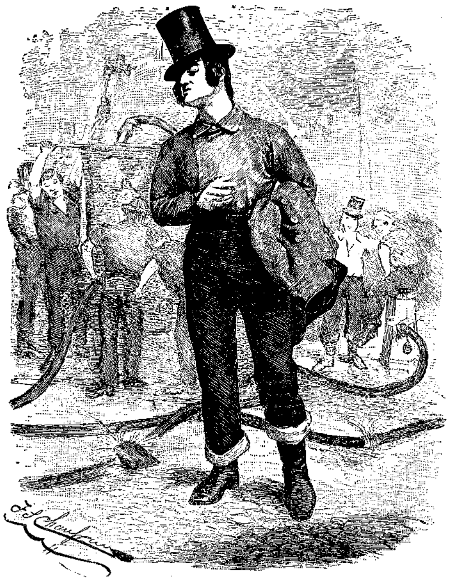
BY common usage among the old volunteer firemen the word "engine" became "en-jine," and a man was never said to be a member of a fire company but to "run with the masheen." An engine of unusual weight and power was called a "bull en-jine," but no fireman was ever willing to admit that his own engine was not a "bull en-jine," and if necessary he resorted to his fists to impress its worth upon scoffers. Out of this pride of possession, and the natural desire to be first, grew the feuds, jealousies, and riots which kept the department in an uproar from the importation of the two original New York fire engines from London in 1731 to the disbanding of the volunteers in 1865.

THE rivalries of the firemen were at their height during the great riot era of 1830-1850, when New York was so often torn by election and abolition disturbances, and outbreaks of the great gangs of the Five Points and the Bowery, that soldiers were frequently called upon to suppress the rioters. Scarcely a fire occurred at which there were not several fights between rival companies, and clashes between the volunteer runners. Fierce combats began simply because one engine had beaten another to a fire, or had usurped the only handy fireplug, or had "washed" a rival machine. This last *casus belli* arose from the fact that the old-time fire engines were not powerful enough to pump water through long lines of hose, and as a result it was frequently necessary for the engine at the hydrant to pump the water through a line of hose into another engine, which would, in turn, pump it on to the fire, or into a third engine, depending on the distance the water had to be carried. The aim of every engine crew was to pump so much water into the engine next in line that it overflowed; in which case it was said to have been "washed." Frequently the companies devoted more time to fighting for fireplugs and trying to "wash" each other than they did to extinguish the flames.



TORCHLIGHT PARADE IN HONOR OF THE PRINCE OF WALES PASSING THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL IN 1860

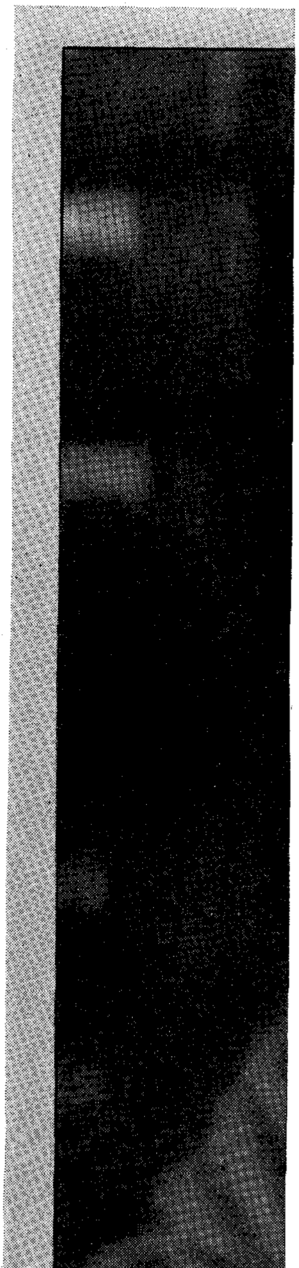
During the summer months, and occasionally even in winter, the firemen posted lines of sentinels from the nearest alarm station to their engine houses, and when an alarm came in it was relayed down the line. When the news of a fire and its location reached the house, special details of fighting men were hurried ahead to capture a fire hydrant or a cistern and defend it against other companies until their machine arrived. One of these advance guards always carried a small barrel, which he popped over the hydrant, and then lurked with his mates in nearby doorways, while scouts of rival companies scurried hither and yon searching for the fireplug. When the advance guard's engine arrived, the barrel was tipped over, the hose attached to the plug, and a great shout of victory set up as water was played upon the fire. Although the engine with the stronger men at the brakes could almost invariably wash another, it was considered the acme of humiliation for a machine to be washed, and members of some of the old companies whose engines had been so worsted wore mourning bands and flew a streamer of crape from their apparatus until they had wiped out the disgrace by daring deeds, or by washing other engines. Until an engine had been washed it was called a maiden, and a machine which retained its pristine condition year after year was finally invested with the honorable title of Old Maid, and to all intents and purposes was canonized by the firemen. Most of the washings occurred at fires, but sometimes contests of this sort were held, along with those for height and distance of stream, at the numerous Liberty Poles which had been erected throughout the city, and beneath which patriotic exercises were held. The most famous of these poles was that raised in 1834 by Tom Riley at Franklin Street and West Broadway, in front of his Fifth Ward Hotel and Museum.



CHANFRAU AS MOSE THE BOWERY B'HOY

PERHAPS the only New York fire engine that was never washed, and the most celebrated of the Old Maids, was Engine No. 15, which was organized in 1785 and assigned to

"Yeast is used constantly in my



. . says world authority on nutrition, Professor Dr. Carl von Noorden, Geheimrat

A MAGICAL NAME in medicine—Dr. Carl von Noorden! Each year hundreds of Americans go thousands of miles for his advice. He says:

"Yeast is used constantly in my clinic. Its results are astonishing. Its regular use can in a short time bring about normal functioning of the bowels. It increases secretion of the digestive juices, improves appetite. For over thirty years it has been used, with surprising results, to cure certain diseases of the skin.

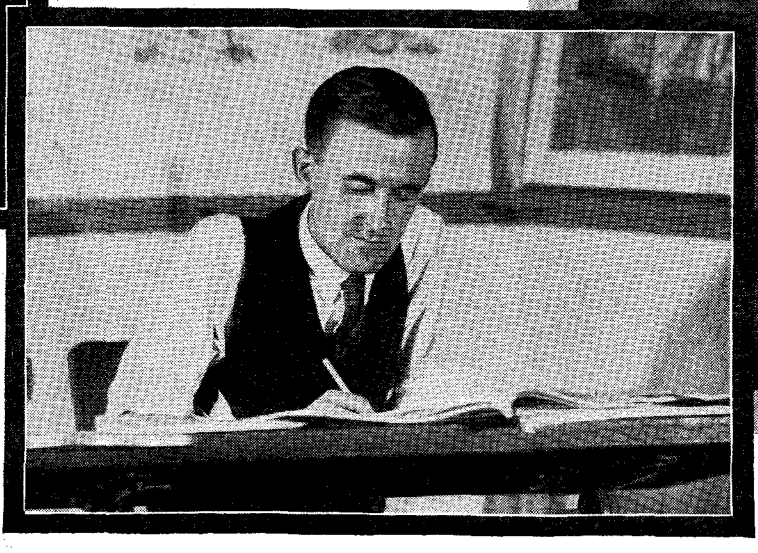
"No other food—and yeast *is* a food—is richer in vitamin B. When 'irradiated,' it contains great quantities of the 'sunshine' vitamin D. This vitamin strengthens endurance, fortifies against colds and disease. In those of growing age it builds strong bones and teeth. In expectant and nursing mothers it prevents and cures the softening of bones and teeth so common at these periods and protects the unborn or nursing child against rickets.

"Yeast has an extraordinary tonic effect on the whole system."

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, following the directions on the label. Every cake is rich in the *two* indispensable vitamins, B and D. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Let us send you a booklet giving the health advice of world-famous doctors. Address Health Research Dept. Y-0-4, Fleischmann's Yeast, a product of Standard Brands Inc., 597 Madison Ave., New York.

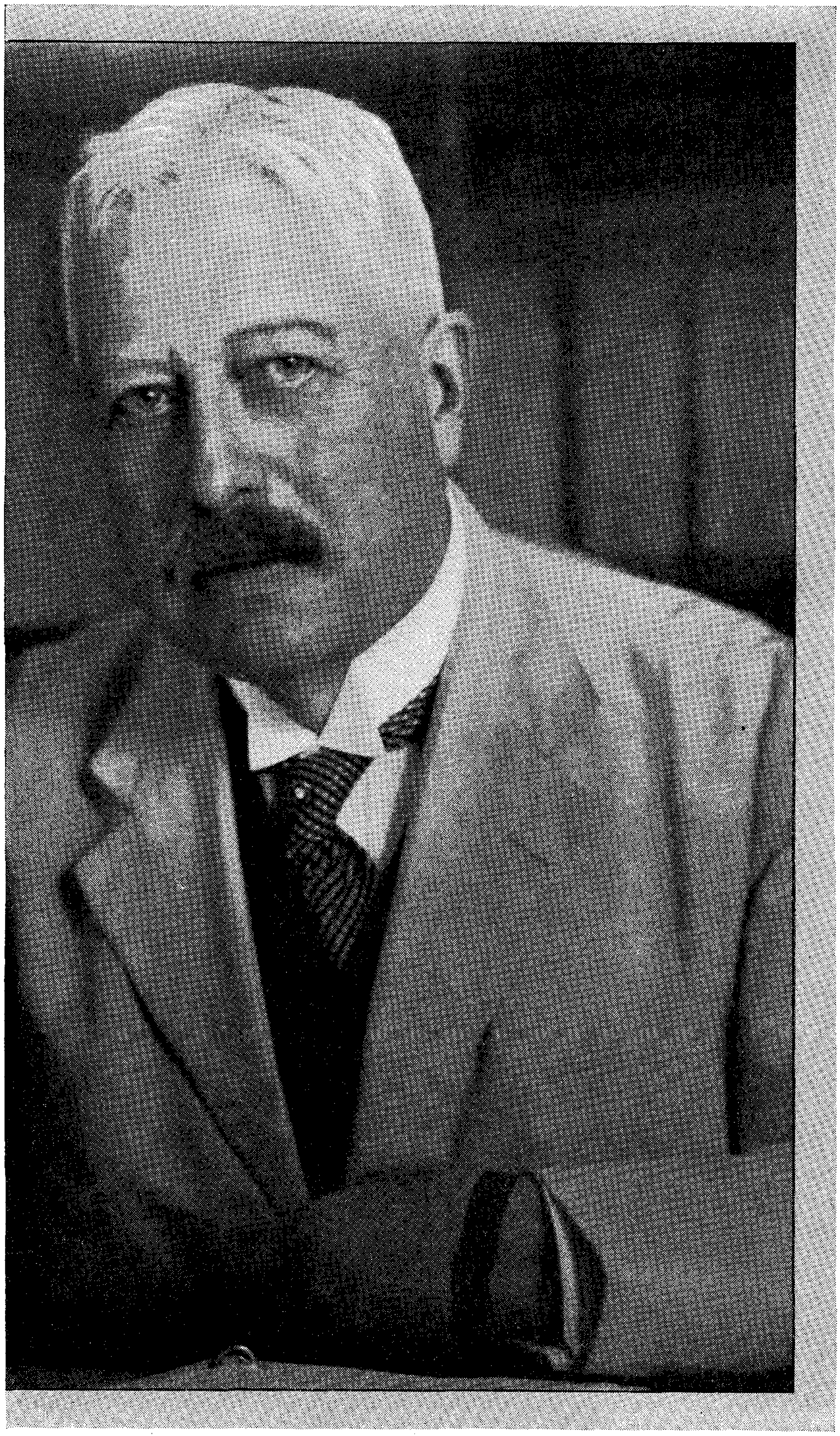
(*Above*) "How I dreaded those terrible colds and winter sicknesses!" *writes* MRS. R. F. FINNERAN *of Columbus, Ohio.* "I felt sluggish, listless—due perhaps to staying indoors too much . . . After eating yeast, my sluggishness disappeared. I had worlds of new pep. And I found I could go through a whole winter without one of those awful colds."

(*Below*) "I am a commercial artist and sometimes have to work late into the night to get my drawings out," *writes* JOHN C. PELLEW *of New York.* "A year ago I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Fleischmann's Yeast was what pulled me through. It worked wonders in my run down condition."



©1930, Standard Brands, Inc.

clinic··*its results are Astonishing*"



Founder of Europe's most exclusive clinic, at Frankfort, Germany; physician to royalty; recently appointed consulting head of the leading hospital in Vienna; author of hundreds of medical articles and books; bearer of titles from all the governments of Europe.

Famous Specialists Give Simple Health Rule!

Europe's greatest stomach specialist, DR. MAURICE DELORT, *says:* "Yeast acts as a digestive cleanser. It stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the working of stomach and intestines."

Dean of Stockholm's skin specialists, PROFESSOR DR. JOHAN ALMKVIST, *says:* "For twenty-five years I have successfully used yeast for skin troubles such as acne and boils."

Austria's great internal specialist, HOFRAT PROFESSOR DR. GUSTAV SINGER, *says:* "Yeast is the best intestinal purifier known."

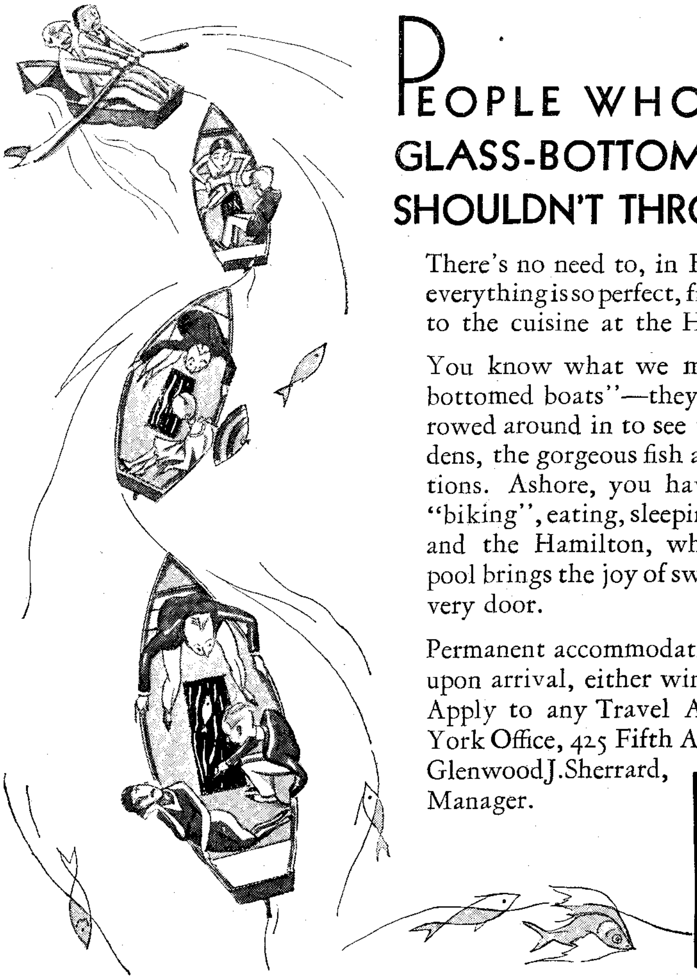
A *Perfect* Setting
for this Early American Home

One acre of well planted land, in Greenwich, overlooking a golf course and convenient to swimming pool and tennis courts. Early American house exquisitely appointed. Four large master bedrooms, two tile baths, two servants' rooms with bath. City gas, hot water heat, oil burner, cedar closets and many other appurtenances which make for comfort and convenience. Offered at a reasonable price. G 114.

94 West Putnam Ave.
Greenwich, Conn.
Phone:
Greenwich 1660

Fish & Marvin

521 Fifth Avenue
New York City
Phone:
Murray Hill 6526



PEOPLE WHO RIDE IN GLASS-BOTTOMED BOATS SHOULDN'T THROW CORAL

There's no need to, in Bermuda, where everything is so perfect, from the weather to the cuisine at the Hamilton Hotel.

You know what we mean by "glass-bottomed boats"—they're what you're rowed around in to see the marine gardens, the gorgeous fish and coral formations. Ashore, you have golf, tennis, "biking", eating, sleeping, being merry, and the Hamilton, where an elegant pool brings the joy of swimming to your very door.

Permanent accommodations guaranteed upon arrival, either winter or summer. Apply to any Travel Agent; our New York Office, 425 Fifth Ave.; or direct to Glenwood J. Sherrard, Manager.

HAMILTON HOTEL BERMUDA

quarters in Nassau Street opposite Federal Hall, now the Sub-Treasury. The first engine used by No. 15 was an old square-box machine, and was known as Old Wreath of Roses because of the design painted on the back and panels, but in 1813 the company received a new goose-neck engine and removed to a house in Chatham Square. Soon afterward the name was changed to Peterson Engine No. 15, to commemorate the exploits of the company's foreman, William Peterson, who lost his life in the great fire of May 19, 1811, which started in Lawrence's coach factory in Chatham Street and destroyed ninety houses. Thereafter, until the company was disbanded in 1849 for participating in a political parade, Peterson's portrait, appropriately entwined with flowers, decorated the engine, and in the parades was emblazoned on a silken banner.

At the height of the Old Maid's glory, during the eighteen-thirties and the early eighteen-forties, the membership of the company included some of the most celebrated fighting firemen of the period. Among them were Country McCluskey, a noted slugger and Tammany heeler; Sam Banta, who later went to California with the pugilist, Yankee Sullivan, and saw Sullivan hanged by the San Francisco Vigilantes; John McCleester, and the four Chanfrau brothers—Frank, Henry, Peter, and Joseph. Frank Chanfrau was an actor, and created the rôle of Mose the Bowery B'hoy in "A Glance at New York," which was produced in 1848 at the old Olympic Theatre. The author, Ben Baker, was a prompter at the Olympic, and one of No. 15's runners. Baker so loved the Old Maid that he used to sleep curled up under the engine tongue, so that when an alarm came in he could carry the signal lantern. He wrote "A Glance at New York" to pad the bill at his own annual benefit, and so phenomenal was its success (it ran for twelve weeks), that he immediately followed it with half a dozen other pieces in which Mose the Bowery B'hoy was the principal character. They were as popular as the first, and during one season Chanfrau played Mose in two New York theatres and one in Newark on the same night.

BAKER's play was based upon the exploits of Moses Humphreys, popularly known as Old Mose, a leader of the Bowery B'hoys and a fireman of Lady Washington Engine Company No. 40, of which No. 15 was a bitter

ORANGE Crush-Dry

"Don't Squeeze—Pour!"

SQUEEZING in the pantry isn't done any more, William! Leads to such a muss! When you want fresh orange juice today, you get the world's finest in the brilliant jet bottle of Orange Crush-Dry. You pour, don't squeeze!

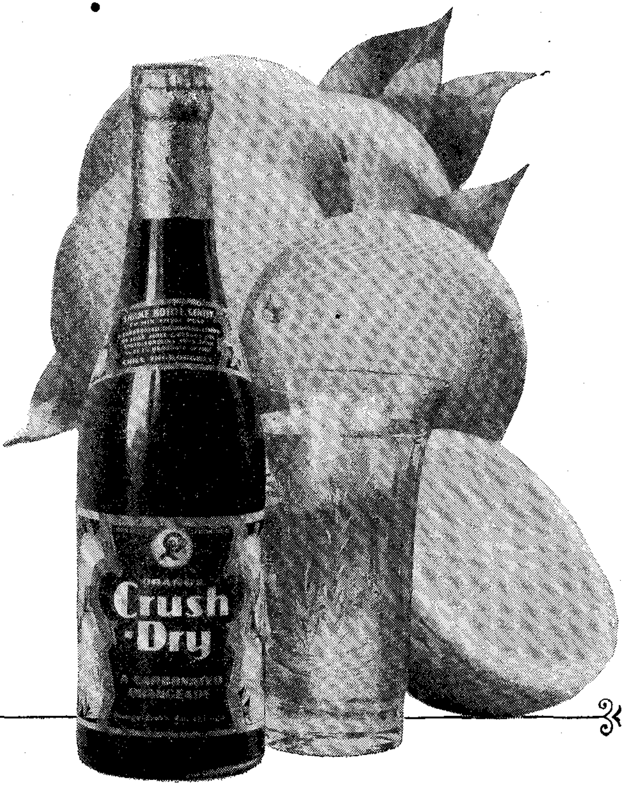
By a new and exclusive method the flatness of cooked juice is flung to the discard—now fresh, delicious juice of tree-ripened oranges, with champagne carbonation!

Contains the fresh fruit vitamines intact—the healthful qualities of orange juice—most refreshing at breakfast—children are delighted with it.

Dash of lemon and lime already added and a zippy flavor of the peel—an ambrosial blend ready for what have you, and what a drink by itself!

Orange Crush-Dry is a social conquest. Why stick around with a squeezer?

ORANGE CRUSH COMPANY
World's Largest Producers of Citrus Fruit Drinks
ONTARIO, CAL. CHICAGO NEW YORK



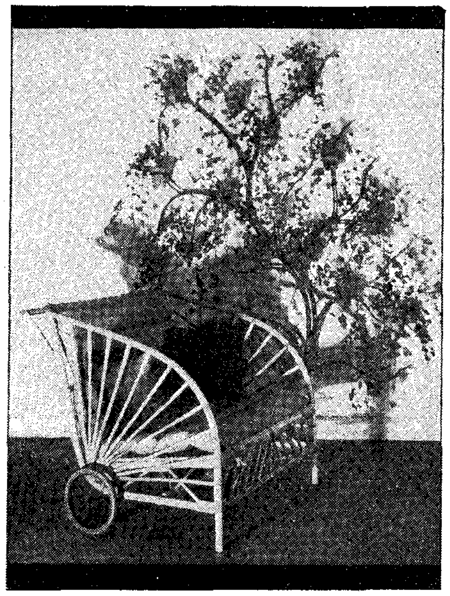
CLUBS, HOTELS, STEAMERS, GROCERS, DRUG STORES, TRAINS

RUTH COLLINS
CREATOR OF
RUTLINS GARDEN FURNITURE

It is important to know that Rutlins Garden Furniture is designed, manufactured and imported ...by Ruth Collins.

●

Among our new designs is an English Garden Shelter... And a canopy covered hammock.



Settee patent No. 79062, Tree copyright No. G1119

Malacca wheel settee with waterproof cushions. Wrought iron tree designed to fit any space.

●

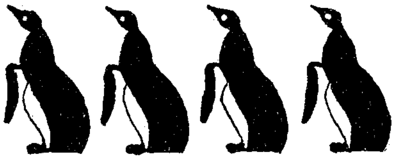
All original pieces are patented or patents applied for. These rights will be protected to the full extent of the law.

RUTH COLLINS
740 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK
AT 64TH STREET · · RHINELANDER 6600

enemy. Old Mose, a huge man, and a typesetter by trade, was probably the most ferocious street brawler New York has ever produced. If opportunities for fighting did not come to him, he sought them, and what time he was not pulling on the drag-rope of Lady Washington and leading his fellow firemen into battle, he was marching at the head of the Bowery B'hoys into the Five Points on forays against the Dead Rabbits, Chichesters, and other gangs. Only one man ever whipped him, and that man, curiously enough, was Frank Chanfrau's elder brother, Henry, himself a fighter of great renown.

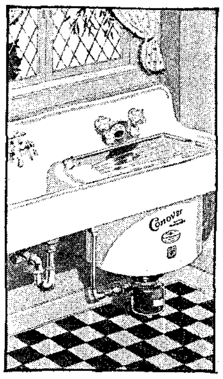
During the period of its enmity with No. 15, Lady Washington Engine, popularly known as the White Ghost, lay in Mulberry Street, and the men who pulled its rope were an aggregation of noted fighters. Most of the Bowery B'hoys were among its runners, and the company membership included, besides the mighty Old Mose, a celebrated slugger called Orange County, who had flaming red hair and wore enormous boots studded with nails so he could more effectively stamp his prostrate foes; and another, Jim Jeroloman, a shipbuilder six feet and four inches tall, who wore huge earrings that dangled almost to his shoulders.

THE fight in which Old Mose finally met defeat at the hands of Henry Chanfrau was one of the city's classic street brawls. It occurred on a Sunday afternoon during the summer of 1838, when the rivalry between the two organizations had reached fever heat. Returning from a fire in South Street, the companies, which had been taunting each other throughout the conflagration, raced up Pearl Street together, on opposite sides of the street. Each engine was fully manned and accompanied by a full complement of runners, so that there were about five hundred men and boys at the ropes, followed by a dense crowd which had deserted the ruins of the fire for the more exciting prospect of a fight. Passing from Chatham Square into the Bowery, hostilities began when the two engines were forced into a collision by the closely pressing crowd. Country McCluskey was at the head of No. 15's rope, confronted by the giant Jeroloman of Lady Wash-



The KITCHEN of tomorrow!

We're driving next year's cars, wearing next Autumn's modes, reading next month's book—always just a step ahead! Even in the kitchen, the methods of tomorrow strike the keynote. In keeping with the times, comes the smartest—the ultra-modern of kitchen conveniences—the



CONOVER Electric DISHWASHER
For Home Kitchens
washes, rinses, dries

Katie in the kitchen no longer rebels at doing dishes when there's a CONOVER on the job. Dishes are washed, all at once in the twinkling of an eye. And out they come, *scientifically clean!*

The new Sink Model CONOVER, shown above, is sold exclusively through the Plumbing Trade. It is easy to install in buildings either new or old. The Portable CONOVER is sold only through the Electrical Trade. It requires no new sink or plumbing, yet fills from kitchen faucet and empties electrically into the sink.

Write for folder on either model or both

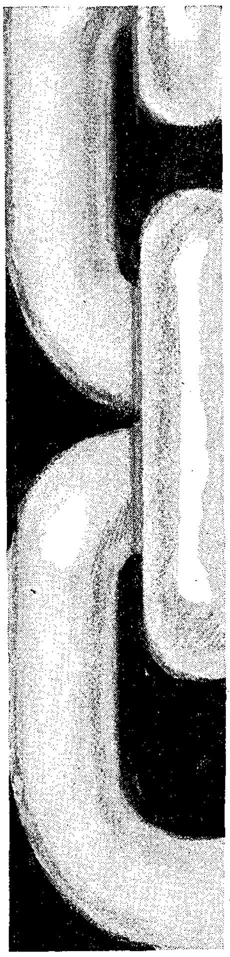
THE CONOVER COMPANY
Dept. N-31, 101 Park Ave., New York
General Offices: 140 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
District Offices: Boston, 115 Chauncy Street
Philadelphia, 1700 Walnut Street

ington, while at the end of the line Hen Chanfrau found himself face to face with the redoubtable Old Mose. The foremen, Colloday of No. 15 and John Carlin of Lady Washington, tried to prevent a fight and keep their men moving, but as soon as the companies came together Jeroloman put his earrings in his pocket and then jumped at McCluskey's throat, while Old Mose roared ferociously and leaped at Hen Chanfrau. The next moment the two companies clashed all down the line, and hundreds of men were kicking, stamping, biting, and hitting, while gleeful roars came from the crowd that now packed Chatham Square and seethed through the side streets.

THE fight surged this way and that for more than an hour, with neither side gaining an advantage, when Country McCluskey suddenly rushed head first against Jeroloman, butted him in the middle, and knocked him down. He thereupon proceeded to stamp him, while the firemen of No. 15 rushed in with renewed vigor and compelled Lady Washington's champions to give ground. Meanwhile a fireman of No. 15 named Freeland was administering a sound thrashing to Orange County, and Hen Chanfrau was nobly holding his own with Old Mose. Throughout the battle Frank Chanfrau, then but twelve years old, had watched eagerly from the top of an awning pole in front of Alvord's hat store, in the Bowery near Chatham Square, where he was employed as a clerk. When he saw his brother fighting on even terms with Old Mose he shrieked, his shrill voice rising high above the din:

"Give it to him, Hen! Julia is looking at you from the window!"

Julia was Henry Chanfrau's sweetheart. The mention of her name gave him fresh strength, and he launched a terrific blow that caught Old Mose under the chin and knocked the great fighter half a dozen feet away. Chanfrau immediately jumped upon him, and with their great champion being unmercifully pommelled and Jim Jeroloman cringing beneath the boots of Country McCluskey, the firemen of Lady Washington fled in disorder, abandoning their apparatus. Half a dozen were permitted to return and carry away Old Mose and Jeroloman, but the captured engine, beautifully painted in white and gold, was dragged by the victorious men of No. 15 to a pump, and deluged until its handsome paint had been washed off. They then



The Certainty of Speed

BREMEN
EUROPA
COLUMBUS

TO CHERBOURG, SOUTHAMPTON AND BREMEN

The "transatlantic week-end" was created when the BREMEN made her record-breaking crossing, and won her title as "The Fastest Liner in the World." She has consistently maintained and even bettered this record. And now the EUROPA... with her brilliance and swiftness... makes Speed and Luxury doubly sure in the weekly LLOYD EXPRESS... fashionably completed by the COLUMBUS... stream-lined for speed..........

The Luxury of Leisure in

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

LLOYD CABIN QUARTET: BERLIN, STUTTGART, MUENCHEN, DRESDEN
to England, Ireland, France and Germany

Weekly Sailings

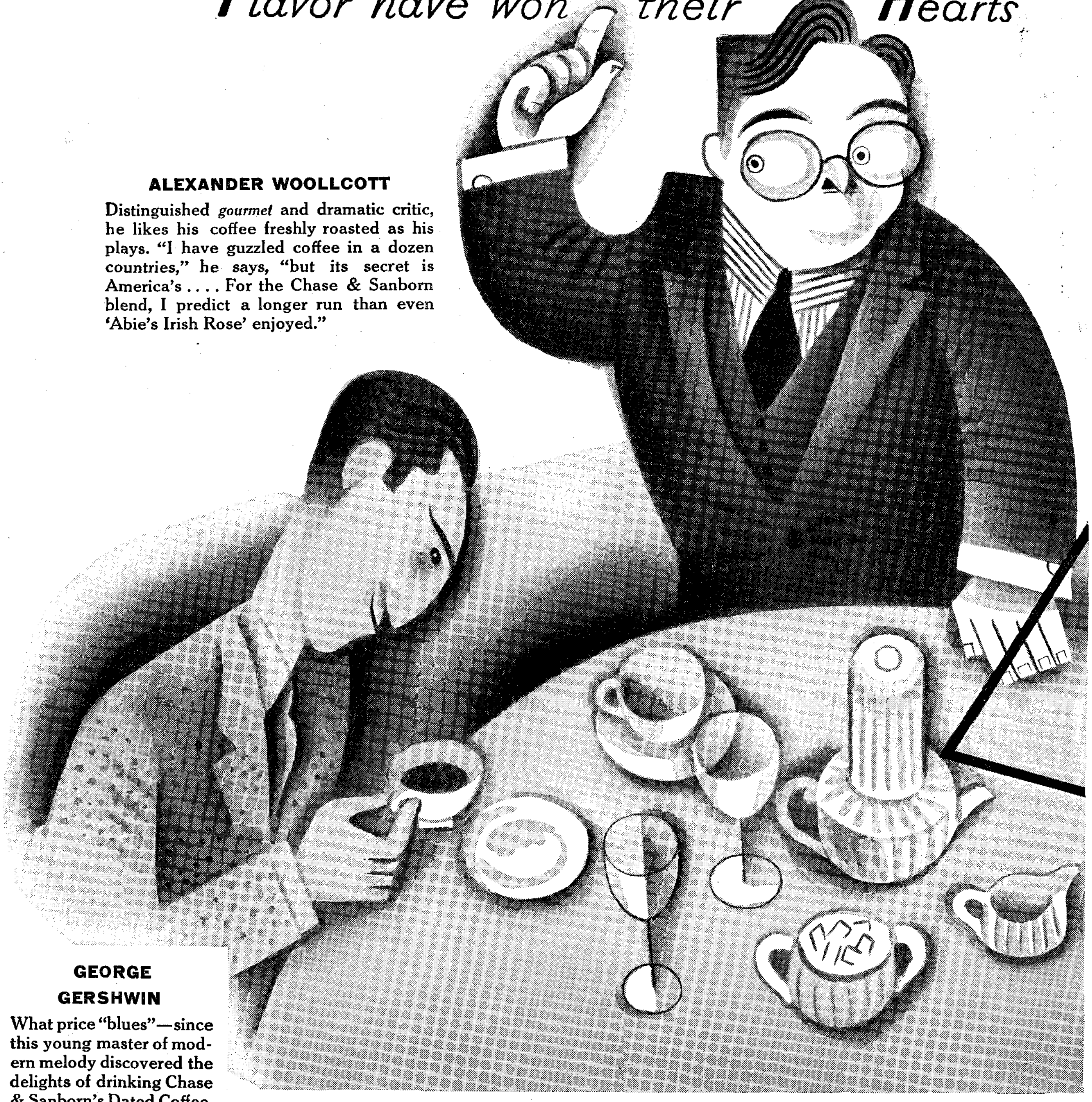
57 Broadway, N. Y. C., or your local agent

ENGAGING BACHELORS

Fresh as the Cream they put in it, its titillating Aroma and Delectable Flavor have won their Hearts

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

Distinguished *gourmet* and dramatic critic, he likes his coffee freshly roasted as his plays. "I have guzzled coffee in a dozen countries," he says, "but its secret is America's . . . . For the Chase & Sanborn blend, I predict a longer run than even 'Abie's Irish Rose' enjoyed."

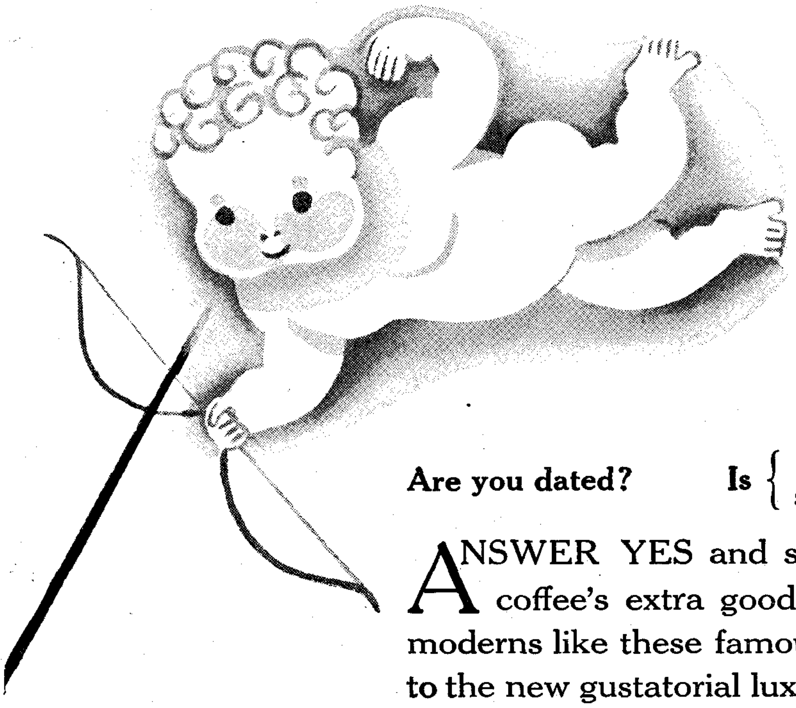


GEORGE GERSHWIN

What price "blues"—since this young master of modern melody discovered the delights of drinking Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee, really fresh-roasted! "I appreciate good coffee," he admits, "coffee with a fresh, vigorous, nutty flavor. Chase & Sanborn's is like that; is especially good."

Chase and Sanborn's

WEDDED TO "DATED" COFFEE

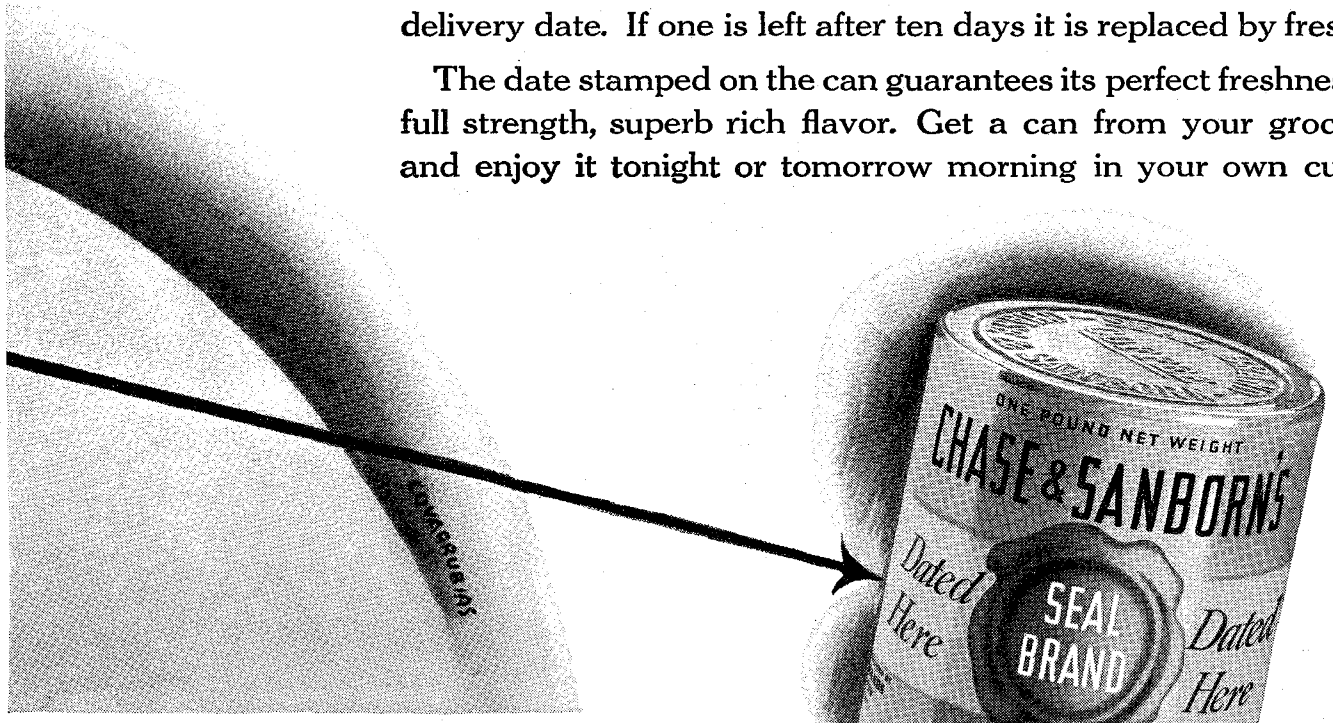


Are you dated? Is { he / she } dated? Is your Coffee dated?

ANSWER YES and score 100 . . . Then you'll know your coffee's extra good because it's extra fresh! Successful moderns like these famous bachelors are inseparably wedded to the new gustatorial luxury of this full-flavored "dated" blend.

Fresh as you like your breakfast cream, your *petits pains,* your three-minute eggs, Chase & Sanborn's Coffee comes to your grocer direct from the roasting ovens . . . by the "Daily Delivery" system of Standard Brands Inc., organized for swift distribution of fresh foods. Every can plainly marked with a delivery date. If one is left after ten days it is replaced by fresh.

The date stamped on the can guarantees its perfect freshness, full strength, superb rich flavor. Get a can from your grocer and enjoy it tonight or tomorrow morning in your own cup.



Coffee - DATED

Copyright, 1930, by Standard Brands, Inc.

No Need To Count Calories!

HONEY-MAID CANDIES

WHAT a delight to discover these delicious candies that may be enjoyed freely without the mental hazard of their producing extra pounds! The last word in variety .....and deliciousness.

Honey-Maid Chocolates

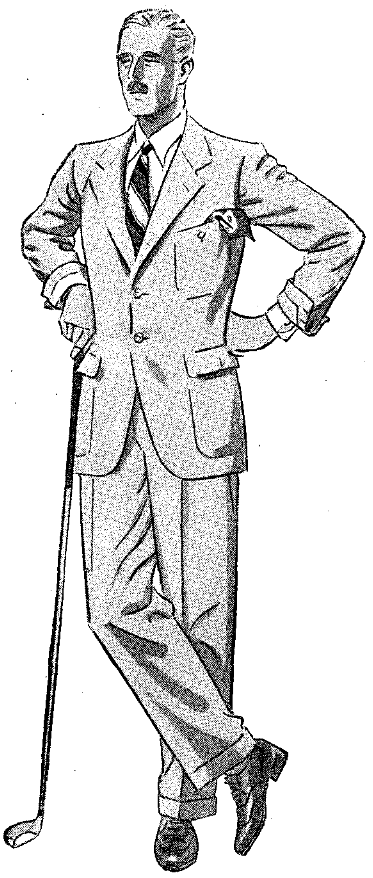
LESS FATTENING THAN OTHER SWEETS

The HONEY-MAID "Family" includes the NEW YORKER Package, Assorted Chocolates, Honey-Chews—that chocolate covered chewey candy; and Honey Kisses. All are made from pure clover Honey and therefore less fattening. At Franklin Simon and all leading dealers now.

THE HONEY CANDY CO. OF AMERICA
New York, N. Y., Buffalo, N. Y. and Youngstown, Ohio
The Albert N. Duker Organization
New York Distributor, 140 William Street

ESTABLISHED 1874
Wetzel
2 AND 4 EAST FORTY-FOURTH STREET — NEW YORK

TO HAVE served three generations of a distinguished clientele is evidence of WETZEL's ability to create good will, and to retain it.



Copyright by Wetzel

rolled the engine in triumph to No. 15's engine house, where they held it for hours, finally permitting John Carlin, foreman of Lady Washington, to haul it away at the tail of a cart.

The fight ended hostilities between the two companies, but Lady Washington never wholly survived the humiliation of the crushing defeat. The Bowery B'hoys deserted it, and many of its best men withdrew. Old Mose disappeared soon after the fight, and was next heard of as the owner of a billiard parlor in Honolulu. Later he became an intimate of the King of the Sandwich Islands, and married a native woman, rearing a family of some thirty children. He never returned to New York, but memories of him remained, and as the years rolled by enough fantastic legends clustered about his gigantic figure to place him among the folk-heroes of America.

—HERBERT ASBURY

(*This is the last of a series of articles on the history of fire-fighting in New York.*)

•

ANAGRAM RHYMES—I

[CAN YOU SOLVE THE ANAGRAMS CONTAINED IN THE FOLLOWING RHYMES? THE ANSWERS ARE GIVEN ON PAGE 77.]

I

RIDE with a "t" may be TIRED, I guess,
Which, with a "c," buys a jewel or dress,
With "e," you have done this while learning to spell,
To be this, with "s," one never should tell.

II

SORE may be bad but "g" makes it worse,
With "u," it's the lads who will murder and curse,
"M" makes the place where death meets the hearse,
And "e" makes it what you will think of this verse.

III

The CEDAR was growing when culture began,
Add "t" and "e" for what God did to man,
With "n," keep this filled at least part of the time,
With "e," this occurred at the scene of the crime.

—ALBERT CARROLL

HOCKEY

Doping the Cup Series
Giddens and Palmer—
Schoolboys in the Garden

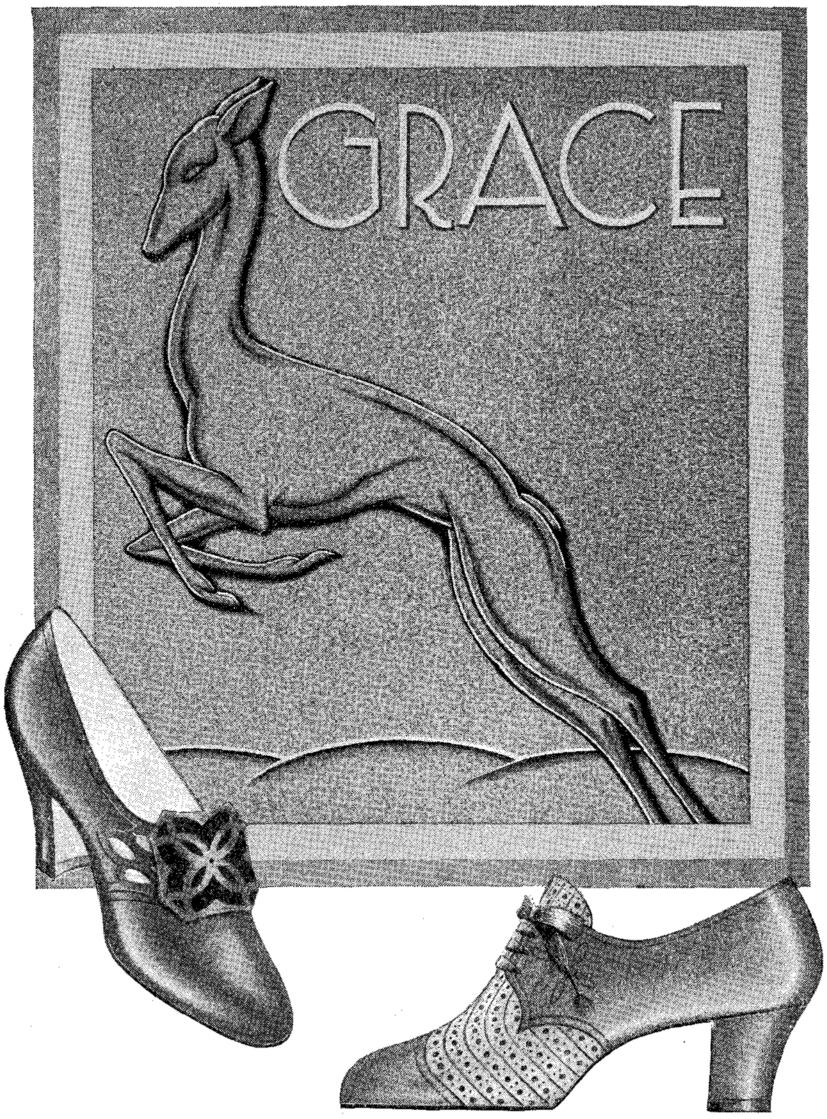
HEADLINES of last week described the Rangers' games as "contests for second place." The headlines were misleading. It is true that for quite a while the Rangers and Chicago have been running even for second place in the American group—so even that every time one of them dropped a game the other stepped up a place in the ranking—but if "contest" implies volition on the part of either team to finish ahead of the other, it is an inaccurate term. Neither the Rangers nor Chicago wants to finish in second place. Both want to finish third. However, because deliberately dropping a game would be, by hockey standards, an unconscionable blot on a team's reputation, the two teams are trying to get where they don't want to be—trying to get in second place, while each realizes that to finish there would practically remove it from consideration as a contender for the Stanley cup.

IT is a silly situation, but then the whole system of hockey playoffs, by which ten teams play all winter to bring about the elimination of four of them, and then pair off so that the championship and the big money of the final series depend on a few post-season games—the whole of this is illogical in the extreme, and has its only justification in the fact that it is the most exciting method of deciding a championship used in any sport. Hockey rooters know that anything can happen in the playoffs, but everyone dopes the Rangers as having a better chance to come through if they finish in third place instead of second. If they play off in second place and face the Canadiens, the Canadiens will be a safe bet to beat them, or at least to give them such a fight that even if they win once more they will be an easy mark for the finalists. If they play off in third place their opponents probably will be Ottawa, who should not give them much trouble, and the team they play for the right to get into the Stanley Cup series will be slowed down by having just come through a struggle. In the first playoff position, the big Maroon and

KNOX

fully reveals eyes and brows under the flattering short front brim of "Syosset." A finely woven straw of infinite possibilities for color harmony. Priced at eighteen dollars.

● Knox women's hats may be procured in Knox shops at 711 Fifth Avenue, 452 Fifth Avenue, or the Roosevelt Hotel on Madison Avenue at Forty-Fifth Street, as well as in the Paramount Theatre Shop, and downtown in the Singer Building at 161 Broadway, all in New York City; or in the more particular shops that display the Knox escutcheon throughout the country.



FOOT SAVER SHOES

fit the need, the mode and the foot

FEET that have walked not wisely but too well through the paths of fatigue, take a fresh lease on life with Foot Savers ...Twitching muscles sink into lissome calm. Taut, tired lines relax into supple grace. Pain and pressure vanish...It is as though the weary foot stretched limberly and sighed with relief, "It's good to be free again!"...But Foot Saver's talents are not limited to the patented inbuilt construction, so firmly and comfortably supporting the arch. A flair for chic is theirs, as well, and the deftest way imaginable of suggesting ankle-slimness!

FOOT SAVER SHOE SHOP
586 FIFTH AVENUE
AT 47th STREET

Foot Saver Shoes may be purchased in principal cities the country over

Boston teams will rip each other to pieces, and the survivor should be a cinch for the team that finishes third in the regular season.

MEANWHILE what is really the Stanley Cup series of college hockey has been fought out for the last two weeks in New Haven and Boston. In many ways it has been a repetition of the Yale-Harvard series of last year and the year before: every year Yale gets a championship team, and cleans up all the other colleges, and then Harvard comes along and stops them. Last year Yale nosed them out, but dropped a game; two years ago, when Yale looked even stronger, Harvard won. This year Harvard lost the second game of the series 1–3, but the fact was overshadowed, in Harvard minds, by the memory of the way they took the first game of the series at New Haven in an arena crowded with every alumnus in Connecticut and most of the undergraduates, all of whom had turned out in the firm conviction that Yale was going to win by seven goals. Only one Harvard man was regarded as really dangerous—Bobby Giddens, an Ottawa boy who plays right wing, and who made a name for himself in the 1928 series by skating off Ding Palmer. Giddens is already signed to play for the Bruins—perhaps not actually signed, but anyway an agreement has been made between Giddens and the Boston club, and he knows that a good-sized sum of money is there for him whenever he is ready to go to work. However, Giddens hasn't been able to play much hockey this year. He has been behind in his marks since Thanksgiving, and became eligible only a little while before the Yale game. He was lucky to go along with the team as a spare. The star of the present series, from a Harvard standpoint, has been Sam Batchelder, a husky defence man who can carry the puck on the attack like another Eddie Shore.

Though Ding Palmer of Yale is one of the great college players of the past decade, no professional team has been able to sign him up yet. The Rangers were after him for a while, but without success. That may be just as well for the Rangers. Not many American college stars have done well in big-time hockey. Myles Lane showed promise, but he didn't have the proper temperament; he had to stand a lot of bruising from the roughnecks of the league, who were laying for him because of the publicity he had got by being a Dartmouth graduate. When

Lane was bumped around he got sore, and showed it so definitely that he spent most of his time in the penalty box. George Owens has certainly made good for Boston, but he was not snapped up while still a senior, like Giddens and Lane; he had been out of Harvard several years, drawing big crowds in Boston with the University Club team, when the Bruins signed him.

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, which takes a hand in fostering hockey now and then, turned its ice over Tuesday to prep-school teams from Hoosac and Storm King for a hilarious and energetic hour. So few schools, especially small ones, have the nerve to bring their hockey out in public, in the city, that we are ready, proud, to make a personal admission. We went to Hoosac. We played some position, now become vague to us, on the hockey team there. Right wing, probably—the speedy Hoosac right wing. We can describe exactly how you go about hockey there. You wait impatiently for the master to let you leave the lunch table, and you run across the quad, and get your skating clothes on, and walk across the B. & M. tracks, through one short and one long covered bridge, up a hill. There is the pond, in a cup of high land, with birch and pine trees round it. Clear black ice through the fall turns white before Thanksgiving, when they begin to cut it. You put your skates on in a deserted flour mill, and in the winter, before practice starts, you usually have to help shovel the snow off the rink. We don't know how they do it at Storm King, but to anyone who has practiced on a place like the Hoosac pond, Madison Square Garden seems a stuffy place.

The schoolboys, like the collegians, are still playing the antiquated on-side rules, with no forward-passing anywhere except in their own defence zones, but pressure is being brought to bear to make them speed things up. Last week the Bruins, who are conducting a campaign to get every college in their neighborhood to adopt the pro rules, played an exhibition match with Harvard, and behaved as gently as possible so as to beat them only 7–0. Maybe some day—who knows?—the new rules will reach Hoosac.

—N. B., JR.

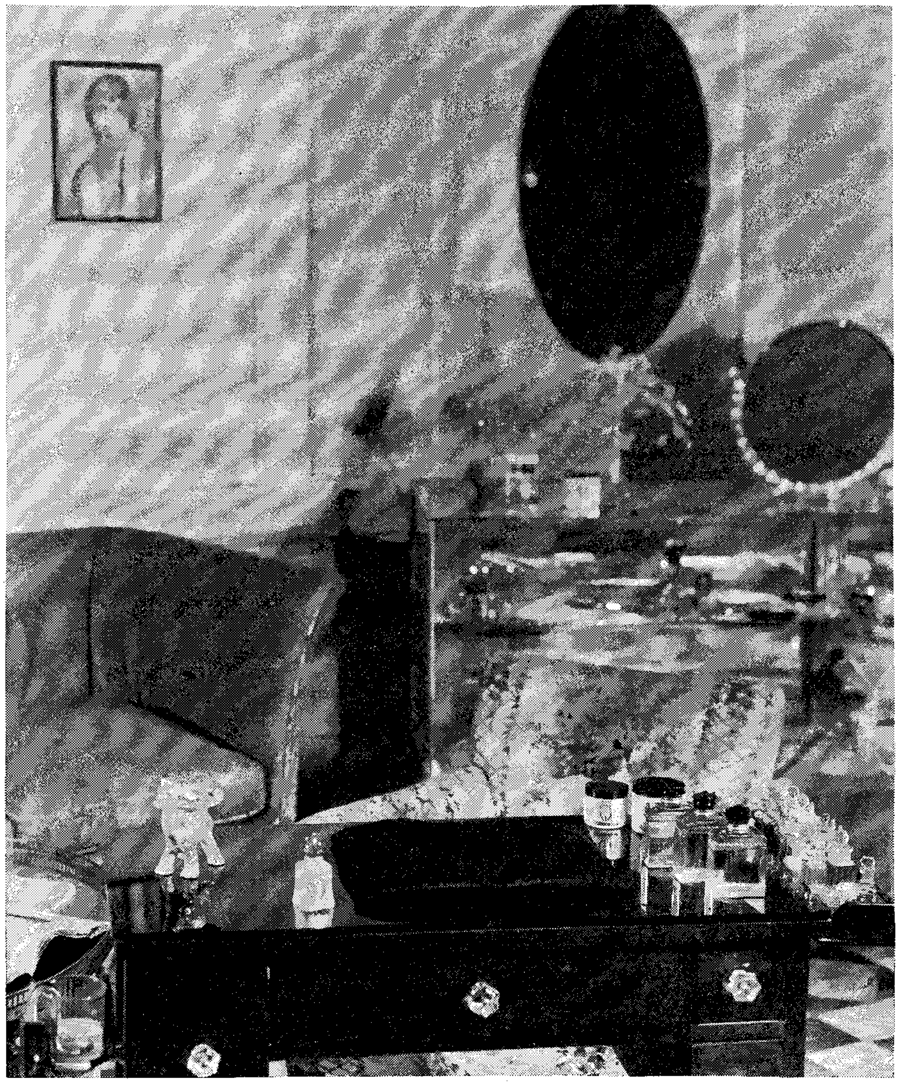
●

FLORIDA MAN OF 18,170 B.C. STIRS SCIENCE—*Headline from the Chicago Tribune.*

Imagine how he stirs California!

PEGGY SAGE . . . the town's smart salon for manicuring . . . very studied manicures . . . careful attention to the beauty of the entire hand. Other salons for the seasons . . . Palm Beach . . . Easthampton . . . Southampton . . . Appointments should be taken two days in advance (at least if you are a new customer and live in town).

PEGGY SAGE
50 EAST 57TH ST.
WICKERSHAM 5198



PEGGY SAGE has new deep colors galore . . . amazingly smart . . . especially for the evening. ✩✩ Palm Beach Coral . . . Biarritz Red . . . Lido Crimson and Blood Red. Also the rare Onyx, Pearl, Silver, Green, and other exotic shades to match your jewels. These new shades may be seen at her salons and at the smartest cosmetic counters in New York and in other cities.

PEGGY SAGE
50 EAST 57TH ST.
WICKERSHAM 5198

TO

the tennis players of America, the Dayton Steel Racquet Company wishes to announce the opening of two branch sales service offices in New York and Chicago. Better and more satisfactory service is thus offered to sportsmen and sportswomen interested in tennis, squash, badminton and archery . . . . **. . The Chicago Office is located at Room 914, Republic Building, 209 South State Street . . . . . Mr. Ellis Klingeman, Manager; Mr. W. G. Spahr, assistant manager, Harrison 8612 . . . .** Mr. Klingeman who is well known among the tennis players here and abroad, invites you to visit the sports apparel shop, and to view the latest products of the Dayton company. **The New York Office is located at 1114 Grand Central Palace Building, 480 Lexington Avenue. Mr. John F. Kiley, manager. . . . Wickersham 5225.** In both offices a complete line of Dayton steel tennis racquets, squash and badminton bats and archery equipment will be on display, including . . . . **the latest and most important development in tennis, "The Lone Eagle", world's most modern tennis racquet.** This masterpiece of the racquet maker's art is tested and approved and is now being used by champions. The Lone Eagle made its debut last year in the National Singles at Forrest Hills.

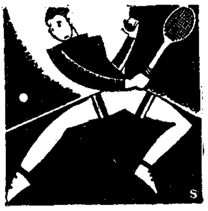
THE DAYTON

STEEL RACQUET

CO. DAYTON, O.

COURT GAMES

Standing Room Only—
Returns and Wallops—
Champion Wolf

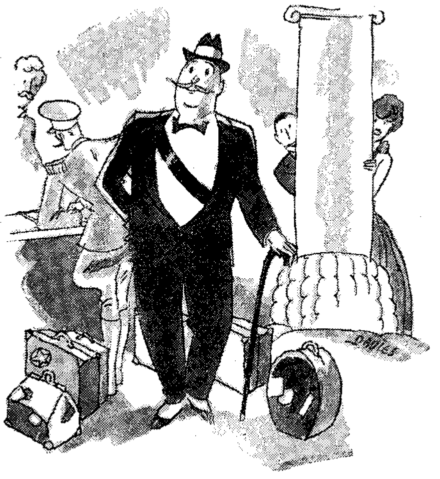


LAST week's tournament at the Yale Club provided some of the most spectacular squash tennis that has ever been played, and demonstrated clearly, in many cases painfully, how the game's popularity exceeds the provision made for seating spectators. Unless you were there in some official capacity it was practically impossible to get a seat, and unless you were a sleight-of-hand artist it was almost as hard to find standing room. On the day of the semifinals any number of people stood up four hours watching the two matches.

THE first of these was between Haines and Tom Coward. In the opening game Haines got off to a lead of 5–1 by several tremendous slams, but then Coward, using some clever corner shots and hitting harder (twice in as many minutes his ball came off the wall and hit Haines in the back), worked up a lead of 12–8. Haines proceeded to take four points to his opponent's one, and at 13–12 Coward, trying to make a kill, slammed an easy one into the tin. This apparently unsettled him, for in the game of five that followed he lost the first four points, two of them out of nervousness. Haines, as if to show that he was human, hit one into the tin, whereupon Coward won four points in succession before losing hand-in. Almost before the gallery's applause had died out, Haines delivered a final smack, winning 18–17.

The score in the second game followed much the same erratic course. Haines had a lead of 7–1 before Coward, who seemed tired, began to come up from behind. At 8–2 hand-in seesawed from one player to another eight times before Coward made his third point. Then, playing a remarkable defensive game and taking advantage of some slow balls which Haines carelessly lost, he outplayed his opponent more than two points to one and tied the score at 12–all. Exhausted, he lost the next three points.

The moral of all this is that Coward never seems to be inspired to his greatest



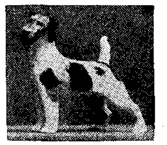
You May Not See A Prince . . .

BUT—if there's one around you'll see him at The Carlton. And we hazard, modestly, that he'll be there for the same reason respected commoners visit us—that Carlton service and Carlton luxury are well-nigh irresistible.

THE CARLTON
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Single room and bath—$4.00, $5.00, $6.00
Double room and bath—$7.00, $8.00, $10.00
Suites—$15.00 to $30.00. All outside rooms.

Personal Appearance of
RUDY VALLÉE
AND HIS CONNECTICUT YANKEES
At His Superb Supper Club
VILLA VALLÉE
"10 EAST" 60TH STREET
Supper and Dancing
FORMAL
DINNER and DANCING
FOR RESERVATIONS
Phone "Jean" Volunteer 0351

Royal Copenhagen Porcelain
INCORPORATED
155 West 57th Street
NEW YORK CITY
London—Copenhagen—Paris



Unusual selection. Charming figurines, vases, lamps, dinnerware and other decorative pieces in genuine Royal Copenhagen porcelain.

Moderately priced

Write for Illustrated Booklet

Genuine Royal Copenhagen Porcelain bears this imprint

efforts until he is behind. In the third game, having lost two and trailing at 13–7, he made what veterans in the gallery said was the greatest comeback they had ever seen. Running all over the court returning Haines' powerful shots, he tied the score at 14–all, won the three deciding points, dropped his racquet, and lay down in the middle of the court, panting. In the fourth encounter, just to support my theory, Haines was leading 10–5 before Coward was inspired to make some of his unbelievable gets. He tied at 12–all and won without requiring an extra session.

The deciding game found both men nervous and at times careless. As usual, the features were Coward's returns and Haines' wallops, some of which came off the wall so quickly that he himself couldn't get out of the way. This time Coward's moment of greatest inspiration came when he was behind 3–8. He won the next five points and tied again at 13–all, but in the extra session Haines' strength and strategy were too much for him.

ONLOOKERS had barely time to telephone their families that they wouldn't be home for dinner before the well-known comedy pair of Hyde and Wolf was in the arena. It was their third appearance this year and their technique seems to have improved. Hyde, for example, has introduced some new gags. When Dr. Mixsell, who was acting as referee, didn't call a point which Wolf hit out until Hyde returned it, Hyde turned around sharply. "Say it sooner," he called severely. "No use my wasting a stroke." Wolf gave his customary imitation of a fighting cock, waltzing around the centre of the court, elbowing Hyde out of his way, hitting him sometimes with the ball, sometimes with his racquet. Relations between the two seemed more harmon-

• •

OCCUPANCY MAY, 1930

SPACE AND A SENSE OF SPACE!

Space in terms of square feet . . . Space in terms of open skies . . . Southeast Corner 58th and Fifth . . . Commanding business and a view . . . What New Yorker doesn't know it? . . . What visitor hasn't seen it? . . . What business cannot profit by it? . . . Survey the location for yourself . . . Study the site and surroundings . . . The traffic and transportation . . . And draw your own conclusions!

A BUILDING FOR LEADERS AND LEADERS-TO-BE

32 stories high, 16 high-speed elevators...BMT Station at 59th and 5th... 3 Blocks to IRT... 2 Steps to a Bus or Crosstown Cars... Small Units, Whole Floors or Professional Units now renting at conservative figures

ELEVATORS RUNNING AND SPACE READY FOR INSPECTION

SQUIBB BUILDING

SEVEN FORTY-FIVE FIFTH AVENUE ▲ SOUTHEAST CORNER OF 58th STREET

CROSS & BROWN COMPANY, AGENTS, 270 MADISON AVE., PHONE: CALedonia 7000

ious than before, however. At the end of a long rally which Wolf won, Hyde observed that it was a good rally. "What?" said Wolf. "Good rally," repeated Hyde, impartially. Later on, in the heat of conflict, he was heard to address Wolf by his first name.

Hyde's patter with the referee, however, was not quite so cheery. At the beginning relations were quite amicable, but after a while Hyde began throwing the ball up to the Doctor, complaining it was soft, and asking for a new one. Invariably the Doctor gave him a new one, but at one time he made so bold as to remark, "They're all alike." Hyde said nothing, but there was a noticeable coolness in his demeanor toward Mixsell from then on. This was increased in the third game when, with the score 7–all, he was refused a let he asked for. He lost the next eight points and the fourth game as well, having split the first two with his opponent. It was a pity, for a Hyde-Haines finals would have been a magnificent affair both from a histrionic point of view (no one else can leap for the ball over the back of his crouching opponent, fall on the floor, roll over on his back, and look up at the referee with the same aggrieved expression as Hyde) and for the sentimental pleasure of seeing Hyde make a direct bid for the title he held for four years.

AS it was, the final round between Haines and Wolf wasn't as exciting as either of the semifinals. This in spite of the fact that it went to five games and that Wolf won the title from the veteran champion. The reason for its comparative dullness was that Haines didn't seem to be playing his best. In the first game he made six points before Wolf got one, but after that slowed up while Wolf steadied down. At one crucial point, when the score was 13–11 against him and he had got hand-in, he made a double fault. Wolf took the next two points. Haines was more his usual self in the second and third games, which he won easily, but in the fourth he seemed careless and tired out, although toward the end he made more of an effort. In the final encounter he seemed in still poorer form, at one time missing an easy ball completely. Wolf, on the other hand, made some marvellous gets, consistently used his cut serve—which bounced in along the wall, preventing Haines from slamming it—and won by a score which not even his most ardent admirers would have prophesied, 15–7. —G. T. H.

Dobbs

PAJAMAS...

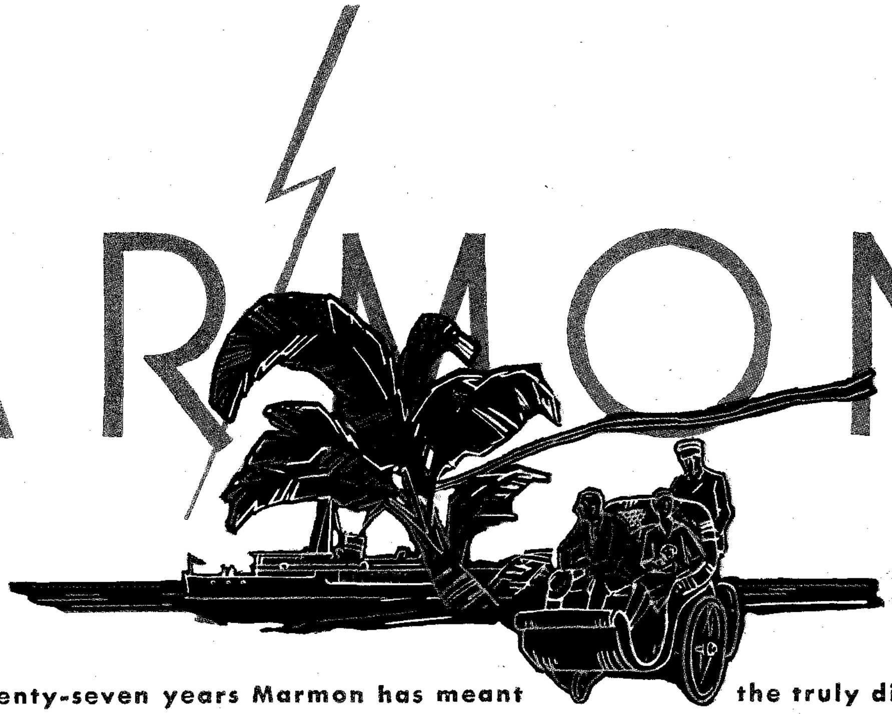
With
Wider Trousers and
Shorter Coats
Have Greater Chic

So of course this attractive new silk crepe model prescribes to these important fashion features. Besides, it has an exceedingly smart blouse and comes in those luscious color tones that identify the finer silks. Jade, acquatone, Chinese red, tangerine or black, with eggshell blouse. It is charming, comfortable, nonchalant and one of a new collection of lounging pajamas.

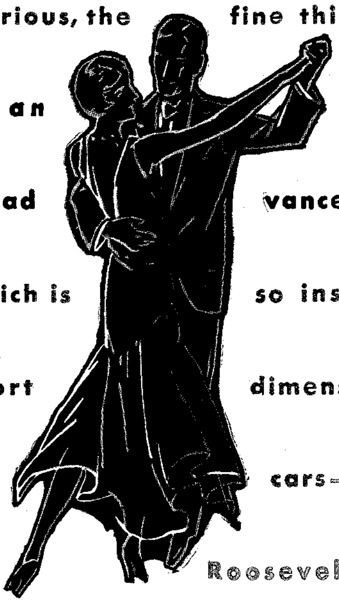
35.00

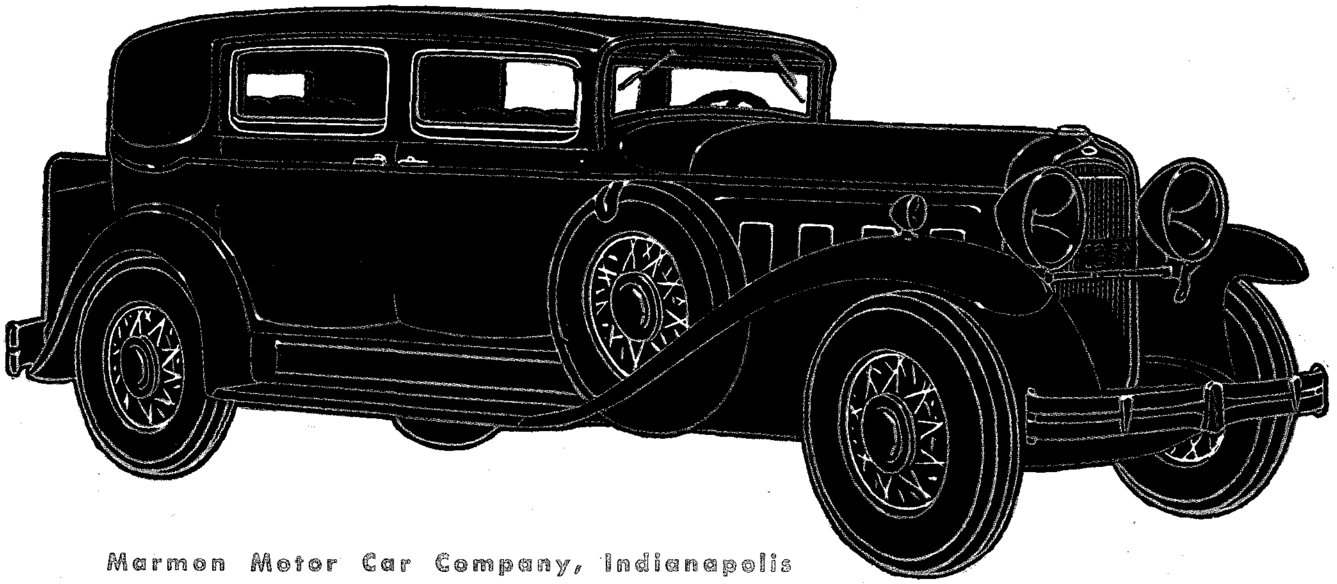
FIFTH AVENUE at 57th STREET

MARMON



For more than twenty-seven years Marmon has meant the truly distinctive, the luxurious, the fine thing well done + + + Today Marmon means all that and more with an entirely new line of cars—each a straight-eight, each abundant in advanced engineering thought—each with that charm and unusualness which is so inseparably Marmon + + + New easy riding qualities and super comfort dimensions + + + With these cars Marmon covers the entire range of fine cars—the Big Eight—the "Eight-79"—the "Eight-69" and the Marmon-Roosevelt—a car for every possible motor car need.





Marmon Motor Car Company, Indianapolis

NOW CHURCH

BATHROOM FURNITURE IS THE LATEST COLOR VOGUE

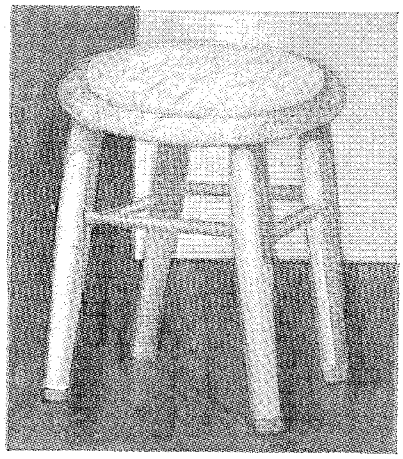
The alluring charm of color—gay color—captivating color—has become the soul of modern decorative planning in thousands of interesting homes. And nowhere has it succeeded in creating a more delightful, more fascinating effect than in the up-to-date bathroom.

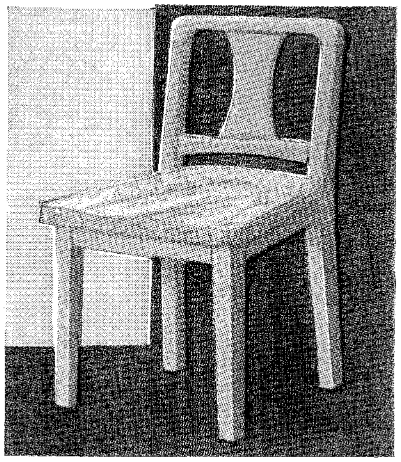
The popularity of color in the bathroom is readily reflected in the way Church Colored Toilet Seats and Bathroom Stools and Chairs have taken the country by storm. Like the famous Church Sani-White Seats, these new toilet seats designed in color can be attached to any make of bowl in ten minutes' time. They are available in a complete range of lovely pastel shades and richly lustrous sea-pearl tints.

With harmonizing curtains, and bath mats, and other little notes of color which your bathroom may already have, Church Colored Stools and Chairs will add a pleasing brightness which you and your guests will find attractive.

The entire line of Church Bathroom Furniture is covered with a solid, ever-durable material guaranteed to last indefinitely. Church Seats, Stools and Chairs will not chip, crack, nor lose their original luster. Any reliable plumbing store will be able to supply you.

We have prepared a *Color Folio* which illustrates different color combinations you are able to create. It will be sent on request. C. F. Church Mfg. Co., Dept. N-3, Holyoke, Mass.



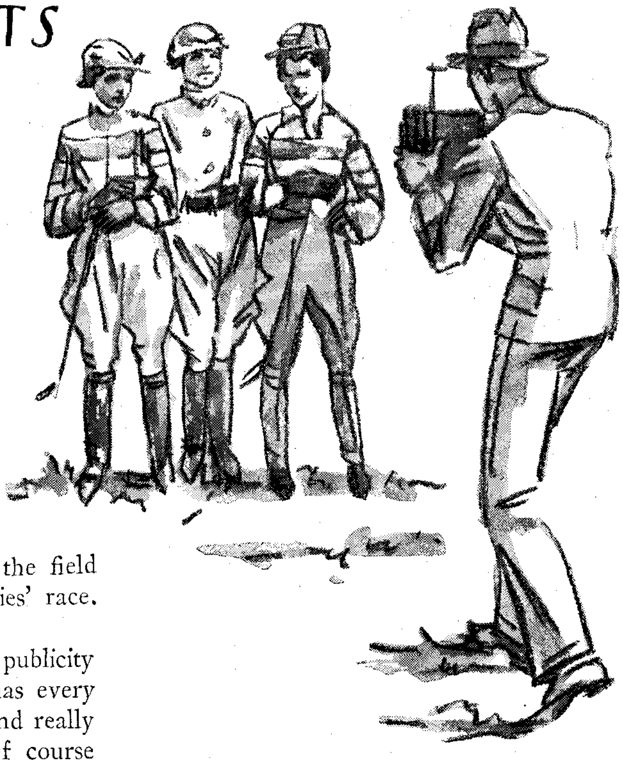


CHURCH sani-SEATS

"TOILET SEATS FOR BETTER BATHROOMS"

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Disillusion and the Aiken Drag—Lipingo Has A Full Day—The Home of the Long Shot

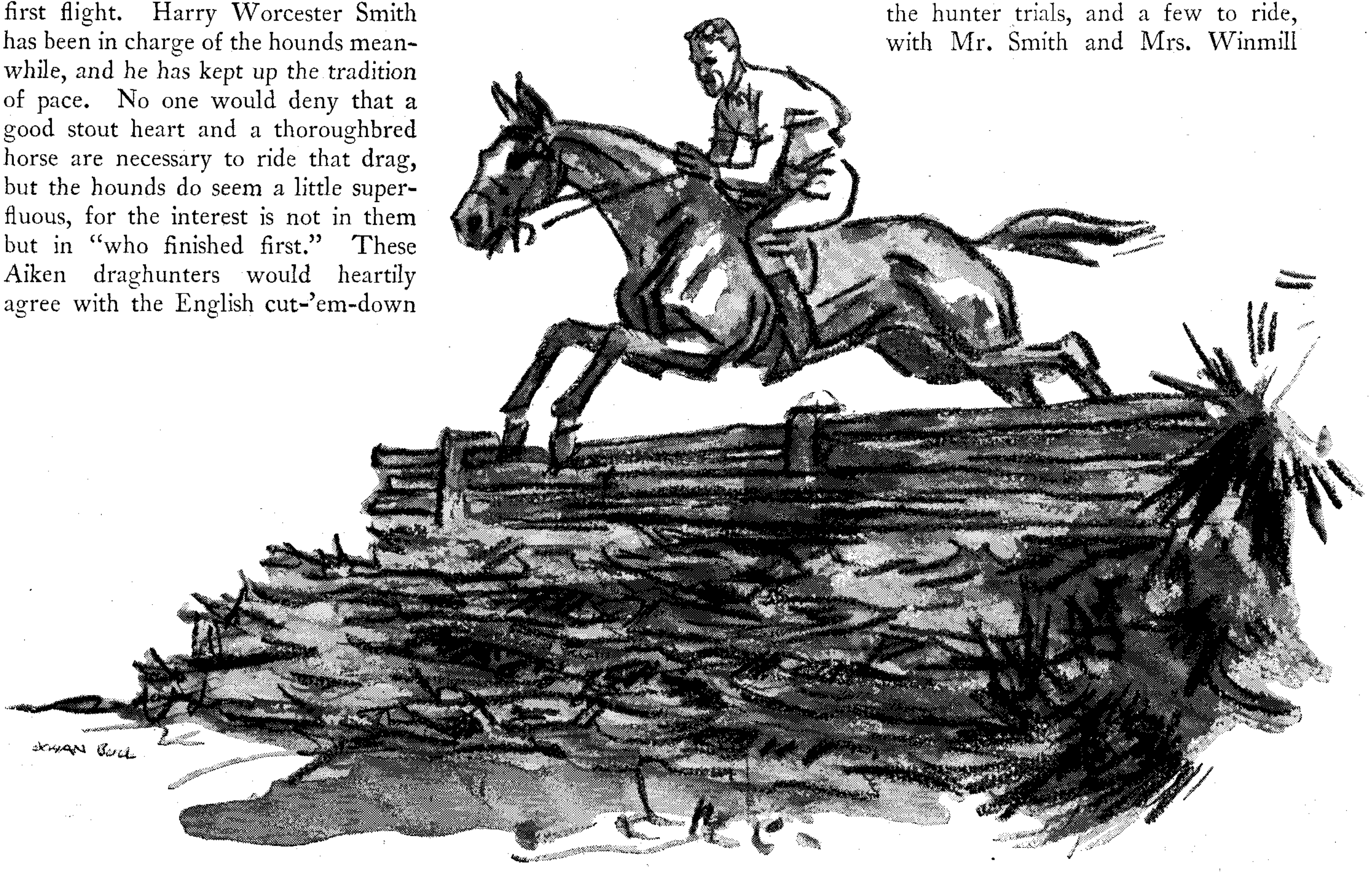


LIFE is just a bursting of one South Sea Bubble after another; and our first view of the loud-sung and oft-photographed horsemen's paradise of Aiken was no exception. The sportsman's Valhalla, upon unbiassed examination, turned out to consist of most of the famous horsey people in America gathered together in a sleepy but increasingly opulent South Carolina town for the purpose of watching the intrepid dozen or so of their number ride over the big drag twice a week. This process of watching the drag, which really is not only very fast but also high and wide, entails either hacking out through the jungle-like shiny green stillness of the Hitchcock Woods—armed, if you are at all sensitive, with a flawless explanation of your presence—or else hiring a buggy and putting up with the inalienable right of a horse to walk very slowly up a steep sandy hill while you sniff the practically extinct odor of livery-stable cushions. Mrs. Hitchcock was the one person who looked unhappy in a buggy, for she was there because of a fall which has temporarily stopped her from being the first of the first flight. Harry Worcester Smith has been in charge of the hounds meanwhile, and he has kept up the tradition of pace. No one would deny that a good stout heart and a thoroughbred horse are necessary to ride that drag, but the hounds do seem a little superfluous, for the interest is not in them but in "who finished first." These Aiken draghunters would heartily agree with the English cut-'em-down who remarked, "We would have had a jolly good hunt if it hadn't been for the blasted hounds."

Mrs. Geraldyn Redmond and Mrs. Robert Winmill, famous as master of Warrenton, more than keep up the feminine end of the drag; moreover, not satisfied with that, the latter won three classes in the hunter trials at Camden and Aiken, while the former led the field to the wire in the recent ladies' race.

CAMDEN is the stepchild in publicity and fame, although it has every natural advantage of Aiken and really more enjoyable hunting. Of course a hunt has to be a drag there, since what foxes there are in South Carolina are gray, and when they are not climbing trees they are treading lightly over swamps that would swallow a horse, or even a hound. The fences are moderate in size and familiar in shape; after one gets used to the idea of taking an absolutely unnecessary jump over an obstacle set up in the middle of a hundred-acre field, one gets the thrill of jumping *per se*, instead of the more necessitous jumping to get somewhere. Jorrocks would have loved Camden hunting, for he said, "Wot a hunter I should be if 'tweren't for the leaps," and here he would have ridden 'round them in pretty good company.

Most of Aiken came over to watch the hunter trials, and a few to ride, with Mr. Smith and Mrs. Winmill



AND

then you'll

DANCE...

when the first strains of Bernie Cummins' New Yorker music reach your ears. The languor of his waltzes... the pep of his fox trots... the charm of his tangos... are the most provocative rhythms of the day. A touch of his baton and you dance.

Bernie Cummins and his New Yorkers play nightly at dinner and supper. No couvert at dinner, $1.00 couvert after 10 P. M. except Saturdays and Holidays—then $2.00.

2500 rooms... all with radio, tub, shower bath, Servidor, circulating ice-water... four restaurants... room rates $3.50 a day and upward. 85% of the rooms are $5 or less. Suites $11 a day and upward.

EMPIRE TEA ROOM

The Empire Tea Room is the rendezvous of those who like to be seen in smart places and have a particular fetish for good food. Why not drop in for tea or luncheon?

THE NEW YORKER HOTEL

RALPH HITZ, *Managing Director*

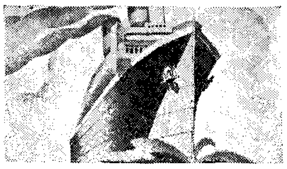
34th St. at 8th Ave., New York City

Telephone Medallion 1000

taking four out of eight ribbons. The races that afternoon, over the newly built and much-touted course, were unfortunately somewhat dull, owing to scratches. Only two started over timber—Harry Worcester Smith's versatile old Lipingo, who had been galloping all morning in the hunter trials, and Kirk's Court, from the Bedford Hills Wayside Stables, which Watson Pomeroy and his sister, Mrs. Robert Deans, run in partnership. The first turn of the field was one of the prettiest and most peaceful races ever seen. Neither horse was in a hurry, both jumping beautifully and as one. Everybody was pinning all hopes for excitement on the finish when down came Lipingo, perhaps a little weary after a strenuous week. So Kirk's Court finished alone, not worried by the determined challenge of game, riderless, old Lipingo.

The brush race had four starters, which were soon reduced to two when Harry Smith's Blockhead (stable name, Scholar) carried Tom Waller's Liroux out with him. The remaining two, Charles Cushman on his recent purchase, Markham, and Temple Gwathmey on the brand-new Fairy Lore, were having a taking-back contest, which Cushman won decisively. Fairy Lore ran out a lead of forty lengths and kept it till he cracked, and then the other horse came on and won as he pleased.

PRETTY soon the Grand National will have been run and won again, and we will all be saying, "Why I never even heard of that horse's name." It is the home of the long shot, because the unwieldy and desperate field makes the horses, good and



3 NEW SHIPS

NEW YORK TO AND FROM

California

thru PANAMA CANAL with a call at gay HAVANA

5,500 miles—13 days. Where can you find such a wonderful trip? Where can you find such liners as the big NEW turbo-electric steamers, **Pennsylvania, Virginia** and **California**—all 33,000 tons in size—offering everything you could wish in ocean luxury? All outside rooms, many with baths—built-in, deck swimming pools, etc.

Fortnightly sailings in either direction, via Panama Canal, with calls at Havana, San Diego (Coronado Beach), Los Angeles, San Francisco.

Apply to No. 1 Broadway, New York; our offices elsewhere or authorized S. S. or R. R. Agents

Panama Pacific Line

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

bad, like men in the sight of Heaven, all equal. If there is any justice, Easter Hero, Jock Whitney's game little horse, should certainly win; last year, with top weight, he was just beaten by the featherweighted outsider Gregalach, and this year he has again won enough important 'chases to make him a logical favorite. He is a public idol in England, though most people on this side have never heard of him.

THE Pacific Coast show circuit has been and gone, receiving little notice here in spite of the crack horses engaged. Nevertheless it provided one notable sensation in the defeat of Chief of Longview, Mrs. Roth's hitherto invincible five-gaited champion. The Chief has won a lot of classes on his record and his style alone; but this time, at San Francisco, Gus Thompson was brave enough to demand performance as well, and the ribbon went to Carnation Chief. More judges of that sort are needed.

MEANWHILE, the Army's horse-show team—as well as officers on various posts—unheralded by fanfare and trumpets, undismayed by the proposed and really iniquitous bill to reduce private mounts from two to one, has been preparing for the shows here and abroad. The visit of the Italian team last autumn and the presence of an American officer at the Italian Cavalry School provide us with a clear explanation of the success which that country enjoys at shows.

The Italian government, in marked contrast to ours, takes a lively and also a monetary interest in the success of its team. Officers are empowered to select any likely-looking horse, and receive in return a sum that is quite princely compared to our fantastic one hundred and sixty-five dollars. Their expenses are paid at all shows, their successes are officially recognized. Give them credit for being splendid horsemen, for having a perfected method of schooling—but also realize that method without money is pretty ineffectual.

—TOUCH AND GO

•

Mrs. Jessup was so clearly the master in the first five games of the singles match that the event began to take on the attributes of a complete rout. Miss Palfrey was obviously nervous and her shoes were not coming off successfully.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Mmm. That makes any girl nervous.

To complete and compliment your Spring Tweeds

The correct shade of brown calf, the right width of toe, the slender heel, and the beautiful balance of the new decorations distinguish this street shoe as both authentic and smart. Marion E. Taylor.

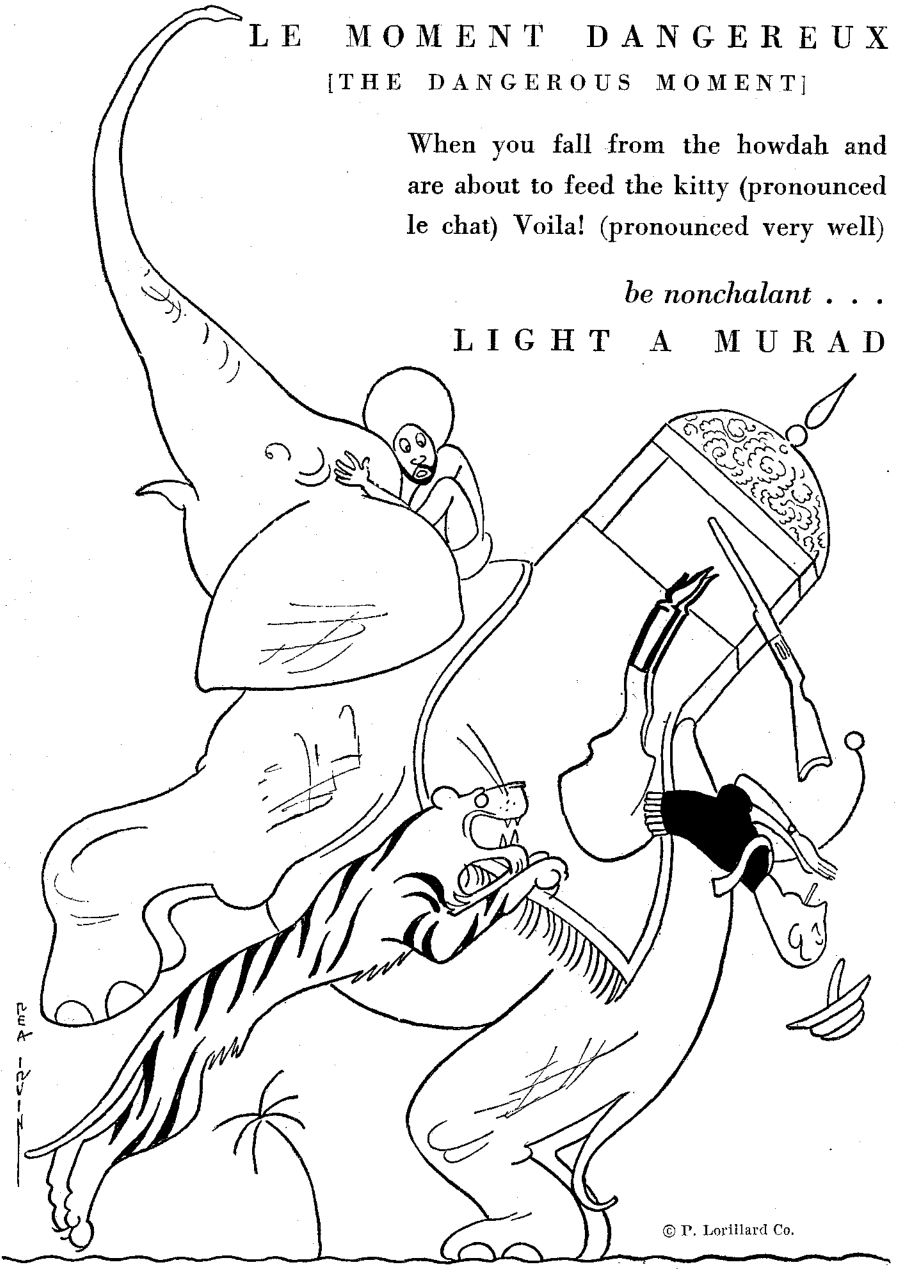
London's best . . . without a trip abroad to get it . . . this smart, graceful Stetson street shoe relies on a clever pattern of stitching and perforations to accentuate its individuality. A worthy contribution to the daytime interlude, it is a perfect choice for the soft woolens of spring. Two shades of calf—black and brown. On display at Stetson Shoe Shops in principal cities and Stetson agencies elsewhere. The Stetson Shoe Co., Inc., South Weymouth, Mass.

STETSON

Correct Daytime Shoes

Most Styles—$12.50 to $14.50

"THE MODE LOOKS TO STETSON"



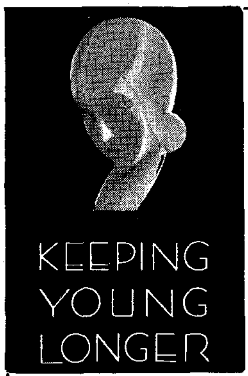
LE MOMENT DANGEREUX
[THE DANGEROUS MOMENT]

When you fall from the howdah and are about to feed the kitty (pronounced le chat) Voila! (pronounced very well)

be nonchalant . . .
LIGHT A MURAD

© P. Lorillard Co.

PRONOUNCED PERFECT BY DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS



KEEPING
YOUNG
LONGER

Only **three** preparations are necessary:

Marjorie Dork Cleansing Oil	2.00; 7.00
Marjorie Dork Astringent	2.00; 7.00
Marjorie Dork Skin Food	2.00; 7.00

In my salon
Body, Bust and Chin Reducing
Face Lifting without Surgery.

(Send for information)

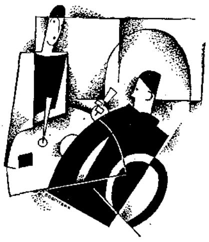
Read my book, **"Reduce Where You Need To"** before it appears in the book stores on April 1st
Price $1.00

Autographed if ordered direct

MARJORIE DORK 10 East 49 Street, New York

TABLES

On Civilization an



IN the dear, dead days of my youth, some five years ago, the crude younger generation that gambolled about the town used to dine out in all manner of places, carrying either a flask upon the hip or such a load of cocktails, imbibed before emerging into the night, that further libations were not only unnecessary but risky. This was known as one of the phenomena of the post-war generation. Although those were the barbarian days of dining (for highballs with a meal mark the darkest hour before the dawn of real civilization), they were the golden days of the *Tables for Two* department. You could discuss, with fine, free frankness, the restaurant at which you had dined the night before, without receiving enraged epistles from Your Public, which had been unable to enter without a card.

So fast does the world move in five years that you are hard put to it to drag some people to a public dining-place any more. For the new type of speakeasy is a goal of sophisticated diners-out, whether they be dignified and snobbish, or curious, or merely desirous of dining and drinking well in the Continental manner.

THE rise of the speakeasy was as rapid and as phenomenal as that of Rudy Vallée. Five years ago, the alternative to the flask on the hip was to be dragged to "the cutest little place, my dear—so cheap, and anything you want to drink." The Cutest Little Place invariably turned out to be a sordid basement room jammed with tables and serving that abomination of abominations, the Italian or French table-d'hôte dinner—you know, hors d'œuvre (deceptively lovely), thick soup, dabs of fish, hunks of anonymous meat smothered in sauce—course after course, "so much for only a dollar," and worth no part of it. After all, a dollar here and a dollar there mounts up. There were violent cocktails and that masterpiece of the vinegrowers' art, Italian red ink. The mere thought of those wasted evenings turns me a shade faint. Those places, or their like, still exist, all over town, but this piece is in praise of the swell kind. Not the places where you can't see your escort for smoke, or hear his dulcet voice for

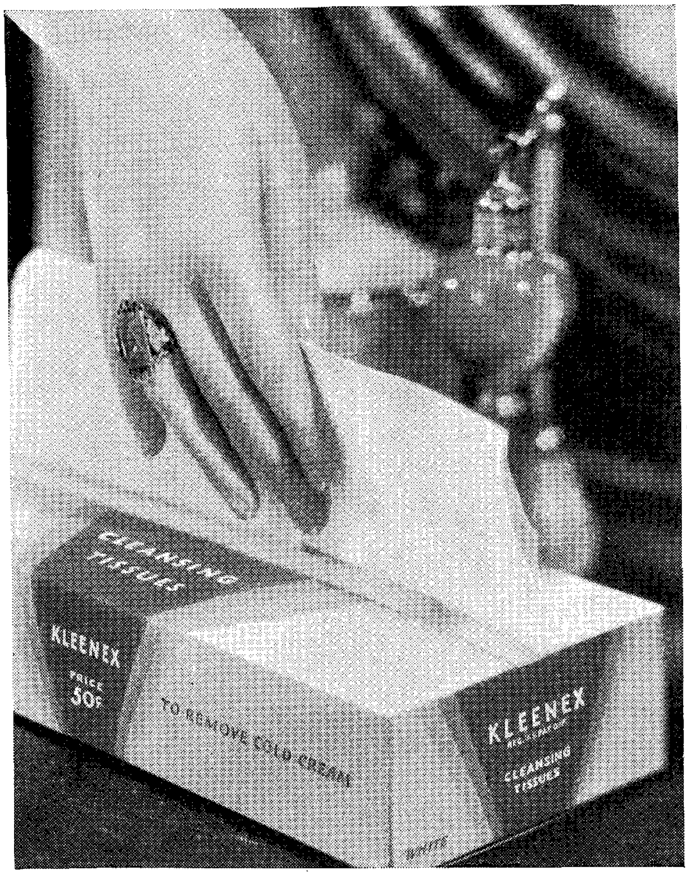
FOR TWO

he Modern Speakeasy

noise. Not the places where black-bearded strangers all but sit on your lap, and a college boy is belatedly ejected, amidst uproar, at least once an evening. Not those epicurean haunts where spumoni is considered the perfect climax to the evening meal, and the cognac explodes if you try to light it over your coffee. I mean the new kind, the luxuriously appointed places, where you drink but one or two cocktails at the bar before the meal and order the correct wines at dinner, where the food and service are considered as important as the libations accompanying it. They have become so charming, these speakeasies de luxe, that there has been a trend among the bright young drinkers toward a glass of sherry before meals instead of cocktails, a bottle of wine during dinner, port with the cheese, a liqueur with the coffee—instead of one highball after another. If things continue to progress in this alarming way, we are going to have a nation of gourmets on our hands who never heard of drinking for the effect and not liking the taste. Apparently, satiation with a hard-liquor diet can accomplish the same temperance that light-wine-and-beer laws promise to. It takes longer, of course, and you get more hollows under the eyes, but results are what count, aren't they?

THERE has been aesthetic interest in the surroundings in which you imbibe. The best places don't sling cocktails at you on an oilcloth table any more. The magnificently appointed bar has returned in droves—coëducational now, but otherwise having the correct atmosphere. Most of them are separate from the main dining-room and cultivate a wood-panelled, English tavern atmosphere. You sit around at little tables quietly having your cocktail. Some bars are done up like the old Bowery ones, with soap pictures on the mirrors, brass rails, spittoons, and all. Some are triumphs of modernistic art, with mirrors, metals, and natural woods to dazzle you. There is one in the basement of a Broadway hotel (greatly to the surprise of all) that is a knock-out.

The proprietors are of a higher type, too—headwaiters that once were famous figures about town, young men bored with the bond business, and suchlike. None of those stealthy-looking Latin thugs who used to glare and



Now in Colors—*Kleenex comes in dainty tints of pink, green and yellow . . . and white, of course, if you prefer. The box is a marvel of ingenuity which hands out 2 sheets at a time.*

try the Kleenex way
to remove cold cream

YOU know with what infinite care great beauty specialists preserve the delicate texture of the skin. No hard massage . . . but gentle *patting* . . . when creams are applied. No stretching or rubbing of the skin when creams are removed.

Instead, a gentle blotting up of surplus cream . . . with super-absorbent Kleenex.

Every woman, in her own home, should use this same scrupulous care if she wishes to preserve her skin's firmness and freshness . . . and youth. It is really so easy.

Kleenex is *so* gentle, *so* dainty. You just hold it to your face, and *blot* up the oil and cream. All the dirt and cosmetics come, too, leaving the pores really clean.

Thousands of people consider Kleenex far more sensible than handkerchiefs. It's especially fine to use when there's a cold. You use it once, then discard it. The cold germs are discarded, too . . . instead of being stuffed back into a pocket or purse. Kleenex makes it easier to keep from infecting others, and reinfecting yourself.

Once in your home, you'll find countless uses for Kleenex. It comes in dainty colors, or white, if you prefer. The package is a marvel of ingenuity, which hands out two sheets automatically.

Buy Kleenex at any toilet goods counter.

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building,
Chicago, Illinois.
Please send a sample of Kleenex to: NY-3

Name..........
Address..........
City..........

Kleenex
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

"COMMUTE" between cities on the AIRWAY

New York Boston by AIR

3 TRIPS DAILY-FARE $17.43

Modern travelers "commute" between cities, on the AIRway—reducing travel-time to a minimum—adding hours to their business day.

On the New York-Boston Colonial line, new convenience of schedules is now added to new low cost. Colonial planes now make 3 trips daily each way. The new morning plane permits an early departure—a full day for business in either city—returning in time for dinner.

14-passenger, 3-engined, cabin liners—1 hour, 45 minutes flying time—bus transportation to and from Airports provided.

OTHER COLONIAL SERVICES

Daily passenger service between New York, Albany and Montreal; and between Buffalo and Toronto. Colonial Flying Service maintains flying schools—sells and services leading makes of planes.

COLONIAL AIRWAYS

Division of American Airways Inc.
270 Madison Ave. New York

mumble through peekholes and conduct you down dark passageways and make you think of the Dorothy Arnold mystery, soon to be repeated. There is one distinguished foreigner who plays backgammon with Racquet Club clients—and a good player too, without being suspiciously unbeatable. His champagnes and brandies are probably the most authentic to be found in town—at the highest prices.

Lots of speakeasy dining-places in the iniquitous East and West Fifties occupy houses formerly owned by society folk—with marble fireplaces and enormous high ceilings (ventilation is no novelty any more) and mirrors and a spacious, leisurely feeling. The food, as I have said, is very good in most of them. I don't mean Colony-Restaurant exquisite, but well above the average hotel cooking. The result has been that you see nice people there—amusing ones, well-dressed ones, decorative ones, well-brought-up débutante daughters, with or without chaperones. The rowdy drunk must still haunt the basements, for he is seldom seen.

Or you can go to the robust Irish speakeasy with a grillroom atmosphere. Here Old Fashioneds flourish, the oyster is at his perkiest, the steaks are juicy and tender and nicely seared, there is no stinginess with the butter or paprika that adorns your steaming baked potato. And there is an atmosphere of red-blooded masculine comfort that attracts he-men from all over town. The most blatant and the largest of all of them, inhabited in the main by very smart people, occupies the site of a former fashionable night club and is run much in that manner after the theatre, with entertainment, orchestra, and all. The food is delicious, there are lots of tables around, and access is ridiculously easy.

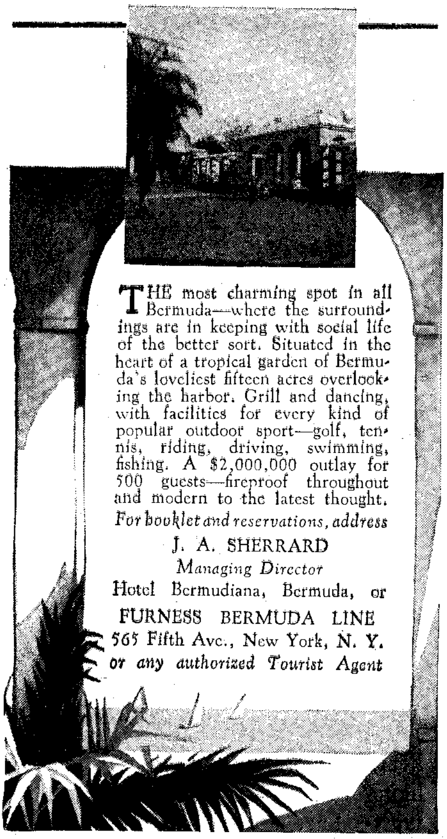
ALL of this is doing wonders for our young people. All of us are less likely to collapse utterly before we have time to be the fathers and mothers of the next horrendous generation. Better than this—however lawless the method, civilization is creeping into New York, and meals are becoming more sacred. When we have abolished using that precious lunch hour to talk business, we will really have accomplished something. —LIPSTICK

•

The price of tickets for the entire lower floor has been reduced from $6 to $6.—*The American.*

Yeah, the usual reduction.

Hotel BERMUDIANA



THE most charming spot in all Bermuda—where the surroundings are in keeping with social life of the better sort. Situated in the heart of a tropical garden of Bermuda's loveliest fifteen acres overlooking the harbor. Grill and dancing, with facilities for every kind of popular outdoor sport—golf, tennis, riding, driving, swimming, fishing. A $2,000,000 outlay for 500 guests—fireproof throughout and modern to the latest thought.

For booklet and reservations, address
J. A. SHERRARD
Managing Director
Hotel Bermudiana, Bermuda, or
FURNESS BERMUDA LINE
565 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
or any authorized Tourist Agent

THE NEW YORKER in St. Louis

You can reach him at The Hotel Coronado
SAINT-LOUIS
LINDELL BLVD. AT SPRING AVE.

"He Got the Job"

Because he was well groomed. He kept his nails always neat, clean, nicely trimmed with Gem, the handy pocket manicure. Such care *pays.* Get *your* Gem at any drug or cutlery store. Gem 50c, Gem Jr. 35c (watch-chain model).

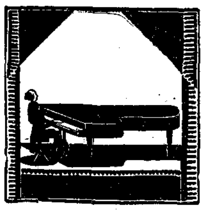
The H. C. COOK CO., 8 Beaver St.
Ansonia, Conn.

Gem Clippers

Gem Jr. 35c

MUSICAL EVENTS

"Louise" Thirty Years After — High-School Musicians—Signor Toscanini Returns



DO you remember the time when Charpentier's "Louise" was considered a strictly contemporary opera, a reflection of Paris life, a somewhat spicy extract from the biography of a bad little French girl? Even the music was held to be a trifle abstruse—and possibly immoral. There were debates concerning the propriety of putting such a tale on the boards, and dissertations about the aesthetics of setting to music the absorption of onion soup. Those were the good old days!

The recent Metropolitan revival of "Louise" serves to expose this whilom *jeune fille* of grand opera as a kittenish female, as dated as a bicycle built for two. The production is not altogether blameless. Everything is 1900, and somebody has cast a slightly humorous glance at the turn of the century. The shirtwaist and skirt, the straw hats of the ladies, and similar touches in costumery, convert what may have been conceived as realism into caricature. "Louise" has become a period piece, and its dramatic strength has been diluted by an infusion of quaintness.

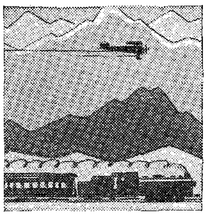
Somehow, the ethics of Louise, who left her parents to take up with the poet, Julien, seem of no moment now. The malicious animal magnetism of Paris hardly is to be taken seriously. The fine Bohemian spontaneity of students in velvet tams and the crowning of the Muse of Montmartre appear in the nature of a romp. Whether a more incisive production would have made "Louise" sound like an important opera is doubtful; time has taken too much from Charpentier's libretto.

THE best performances in the Metropolitan revival are presented by the chorus and the orchestra, playing with the euphony which Mr. Hasselmans invariably draws from a score which he has not conducted until he must be weary of it. Miss Bori, one of the finest artists in the company, loses most of her personality under the curious blonde wig with which she is

"HOLLYWOOD and HAWAII"

A TRAVEL PLAY THAT IS ALL ITS NAME IMPLIES!

THE action begins in your home, where your wife tells you that a spring vacation has been decided upon. (How much action occurs here depends entirely upon you. Long or short, the result will be — a spring vacation.) The scene then shifts to a ticket agent of superior acumen.



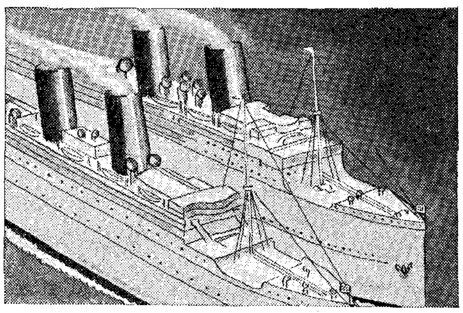
HE books you over the Southern Route to Hawaii—which puts Southern California into the itinerary without extra cost. Then comes the trip by rail, air or both, ending in such scenic effects as orange groves, flanked by snow-capped Sierras, and a city like no other in the world—Los Angeles.

DIFFERENT, among other reasons, because it contains Hollywood. Write your own continuity for Hollywood, making such use of the film stars and studios, the night clubs and boulevards as your fluency permits. Side trips to San Diego, Santa Barbara, Pasadena and Riverside may be liberally included.

YOU sail directly from Los Angeles—you are treated as the star passenger of a sumptuously appointed ocean liner for nearly six luxurious, thoroughly diverting days —and you reach Hawaii when it looks as if a volcano had been furiously erupting flowers and drenching the air with heady perfumes!

INTERESTING Honolulu—swank Waikiki—surf sports, golf, tennis—what you will! Sightseeing embraces a 3-day inter-island trip to Hilo and the volcanoes. And, to any extent you desire, you may fritter the hours away on the silken sands—which, in that lazy, seductive air, beats all other ways of frittering ever known to man.

LASSCO SPRING TOURS, specially serviced and directed by travel experts, are sailing April 5, 19, May 3, 17, 31, either on the "City of Los Angeles" or her companion in sea-going luxury, "City of Honolulu." Tour cost—from $330, Los Angeles back to Los Angeles—20 days and every necessary ship and shore expense included. *See any authorized ticket agency or apply—*



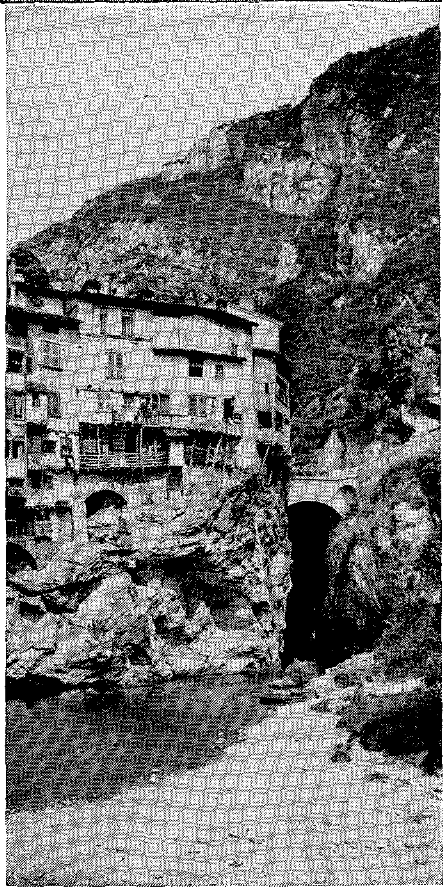
35-5

LASSCO

LOS ANGELES STEAMSHIP CO

730 So. Broadway . . . Los Angeles
521 Fifth Avenue . . . . New York
140 So. Dearborn . . . . . Chicago
685 Market Street . . San Francisco
213 E. Broadway . . . . San Diego

France



FRANCE isn't just "another country" . . . France has something besides so many miles of hills and valleys and people . . . something put in at the beginning of time . . . charming to all who know her ~ Normandy of the apple blossoms, with beautiful Deauville . . . Dives-sur-Mer, the home of William the Conqueror . . . Brittany in picture-book clothes, Mont St. Michel, wonderful as the Pyramids . . . the chateau country and Chinon where Jeanne d'Arc stood before her king . . . Biarritz and the whole Basque Coast entertaining the smart world . . . the Pyrenees with Gavarnie and its glaciers . . . Roman France and the Palace of the Popes at Avignon . . . the Cannebière and *bouillabaisse* at Marseilles . . . the sunshine of Nice and the whole French Riviera . . . up the zigzag hills of Dauphiné to Mont Blanc . . . Alsace and Lorraine where flower markets blaze with color in Strasbourg's narrow streets . . . the war country, Rheims and the most magnificent cathedral of the middle ages . . . Paris, and trace Napoleon to Fontainebleau and follow Josephine to Malmaison . . . Le Touquet and golf with the fashionable English.

Information and literature on request

RAILWAYS OF FRANCE

General Representatives

INTERNATIONAL WAGONS-LITS, 701 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK *OR ANY TOURIST AGENCY*

hampered; from her first appearance in the part, I should suspect that the rôle is not one that matches naturally with her talents. Miss Telva catches neatly the irritability of the mother, although her makeup needs attention. The whole French department of the Metropolitan—M. Trantoul and M. Rothier—emerges with honor. The new tenor is not a poetic poet (I had the impression of a floorwalker with a flair for Bohemian surroundings), but there is a distinct character on the stage rather than a tenor with a goatee and a flowing cravat. Singing with great restraint, M. Rothier does one of the best jobs of his recent career. The minor rôles, which call into service almost the whole personnel except the ushers, are not very distinct, saving a Weber-and-Fields old-clothes man by Mr. Bloch, and a striking bit by Miss Parisette.

"Louise" has the charm of a chromo, and if you don't mind looking at a chromo for several hours, it still is a pretty good opera.

ONE of the largest symphony orchestras ever exhibited came to town when the National High School Orchestra squeezed its membership of three hundred and sixteen on the stage of Carnegie Hall. The young instrumentalists of this organization were selected from two hundred and fifteen high schools ranging literally from Maine to California. Under the direction of Joseph E. Maddy, the guiding hand of the idea, they played Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, Bloch's "America," and assisted Ernest Hutcheson in the Liszt E flat piano concerto. In the symphony and "America," Mr. Maddy's young people demonstrated no little technical skill, and they obviously had a grand time of it. Mr. Hutcheson's performance of the solo part of the concerto was brilliant and glowing—an amazing exposition under any circumstances, and miraculous in view of the patently unrehearsed condition of the orchestra.

A concert of this variety calls for no critical dissection. It could have been much worse and still have been worth while, because the National Education Association, which sponsors the National High School Orchestra, is making a notable contribution to our musical development by fostering orchestras in high schools. The growth of such ensembles is, in some measure, more important than anything that the picked group introduced at Carnegie

MALLORY HATS THE HATS OF YOUTHFUL SMARTNESS

The Test Of New York Taste . . . If a hat passes the critical challenge of metropolitan eyes, it's the finest of the fine. More than 250 leading stores in New York feature Mallory Hats. Form your own conclusion about good form.

$6.50 *to* $20

Including The "Mallory Fifteen"

ESTABLISHED 1823
Cravenette
MALLORY
FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY
392 Fifth Avenue, New York

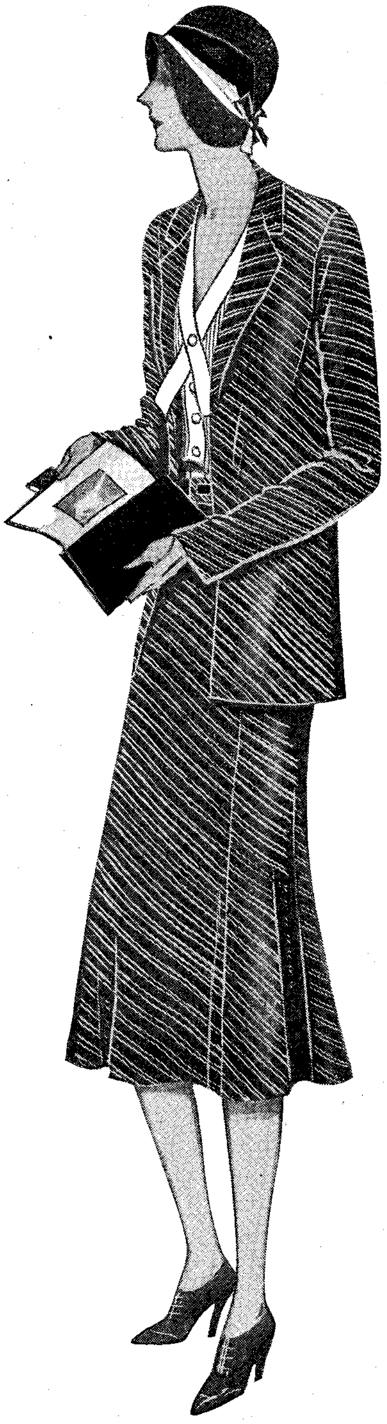
Hall could achieve. Young instrumentalists are being trained in the performance of symphonic music, and even if they acquire no great virtuosity, they at least will form a nucleus for the understanding audience which symphonic music still lacks. Perhaps they may even persuade some of our noblest citizens that it is possible to listen with the ears as well as with the feet.

SIGNOR TOSCANINI is back, and all's well with the Philharmonic-Symphony. Everything that he conducts becomes a novelty—which is about as high a tribute as one can offer to a batonist. His latest importation, Pizzetti's "Rondo Veneziano," sounded no newer than a Mozart D major symphony, the Overture and Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser," or even the cinematically exploited Polovetzkian Dances from "Prince Igor." The fault was not with Mr. Pizzetti's well-made and adroitly scored Rondo. In fact, there was no fault involved. Signor Toscanini simply has the faculty of conducting everything as if it were a new masterpiece in which he had a personal interest.

THE uncut versions of the "Ring" at the Metropolitan have proved that the complete Wagner is more satisfactory than the truncated editions, and somehow the company has shaken off its customary lassitude when Wagner is the bill. Anyone who is bored by Wagner (and there are anti-Wagnerites, even if you can't induce them to declare themselves) will find no increased fatigue at the unexpurgated shows. Those who enjoy Wagner will find them far more satisfactory than the commuters' condensations. The greatest triumph in the whole matter is that the singers no longer have to issue exactly what they have been publishing for years and have some new material to keep them alive. As for Mr. Bodanzky—he seems to be having fun out of Wagner for the first time in many seasons, and when Mr. Bodanzky is diverted by the music in hand, there's bound to be something to hear.

Otherwise, there is nothing eventful at the Metropolitan, unless it be the emergence of Nina Morgana after a stretch of inactivity. Her voice is brighter than ever and she manages to enliven the performances at which she appears.

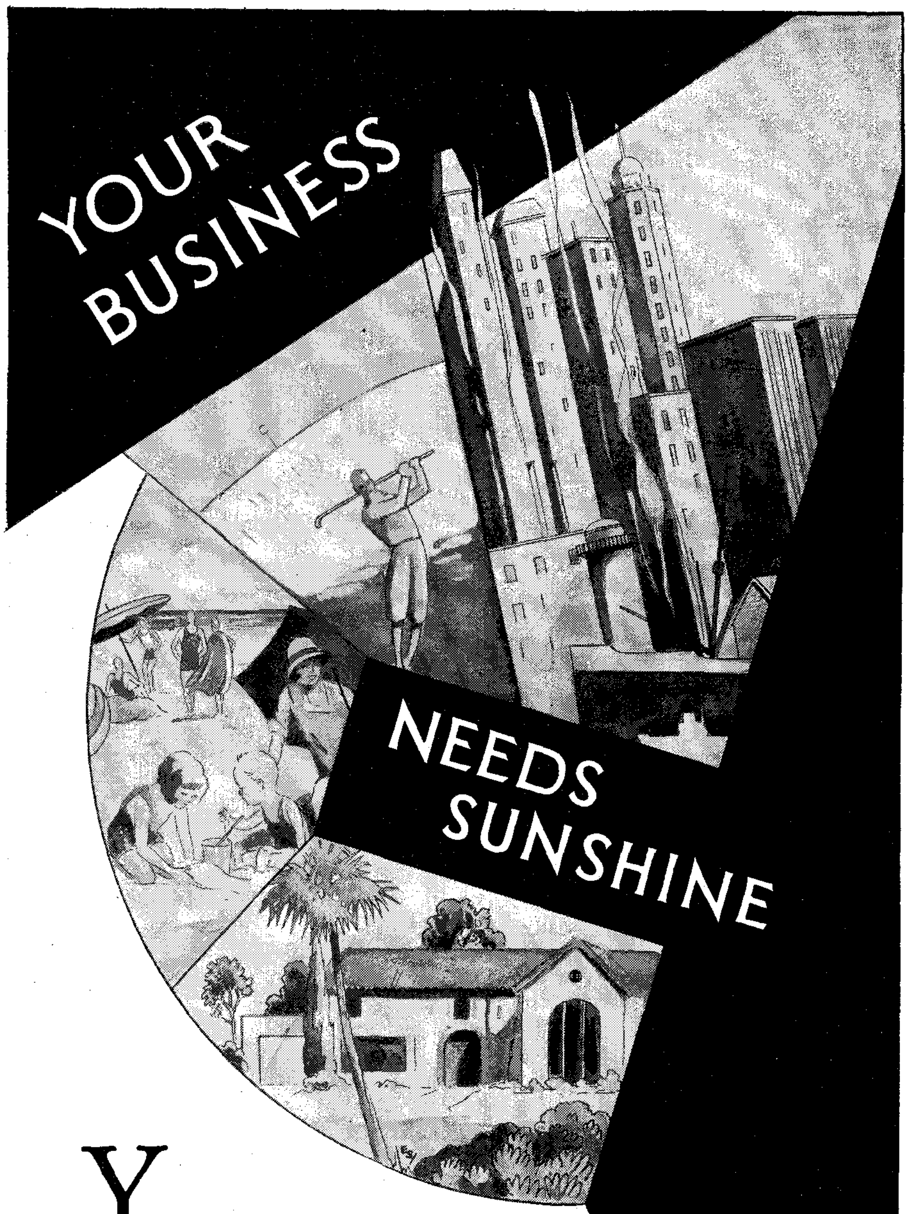
RECITALS are running chiefly to piano concerts, with a good



The Suit of
Necktie Silk

Crisp and fresh for the first warm days, this striped necktie silk jacket is so well tailored, and the skirt so well hung, that it is hard to believe it weighs so little! In light-navy or black, with a white stripe, and a white blouse both tucked, and tucked-in . . . $65.

Mrs. Franklin inc.
16 EAST 53rd STREET
NEW YORK ● PHILADELPHIA ● CHICAGO
WATCH HILL ● SOUTHAMPTON ● PALM
BEACH ● YORK HARBOR ● BAR HARBOR



YOUR business needs the stimulating influence of Florida Sunshine, the benefit of Jacksonville's equable climate with its low living costs, the strategic location as distributing center for a vast trade area and the assistance given by traffic facilities, whether land, sea or air.

As financial capital of Florida, focal point of a rich back country and ocean port for a rapidly growing foreign trade, Jacksonville is a logical site for manufacturer, wholesaler or retailer.

Jacksonville's average mean temperature over a 50-year period is 69 degrees --- ideal climate for contented living, enhanced as it is by winter sports, residential beauty and scenic environment. Your business needs Florida sunshine --- and the healthful vigor of this growing commercial empire.

Believers in Jacksonville

reappearance by Robert Goldsand, who has tempered his style agreeably, and sessions by Horowitz and Brailowsky, both expending their uncommon gifts on characteristic programs. Marian Anderson, the young colored contralto, sang in Carnegie Hall and demonstrated not only the possibilities but many of the achievements of one of the greatest voices of our time. Oddly enough, Miss Anderson is at her best not in simple music but in florid songs or airs that demand the sort of breath and tone control which is said to be nonexistent. —R. A. S.

POPULAR SHEET MUSIC

Some First Aid for the Theme-Song Collector

IT seems about time for another roundup of *leitmotifs* from sound pictures. Not all of the songs which come crackling from behind the screen are novelties; the compilers of talkie melodies are not afraid of research, and in "The Vagabond Lover," for instance, we encounter the venerable "If You Were the Only Girl in the World," still a serviceable ballad. Some classic (in a Broadway interpretation) scores have been refurbished with strange additions by writers who had nothing to do with the originals. "The Vagabond King" includes "If I Were King," which is not from the house of Friml. "Sally" has interpolations that were not fathered by Jerome Kern. "No, No, Nanette" omits much of the Youmans music in favor of more recent material.

HERE are talkies—not all of them, fortunately, but a fair slice—with a few notes concerning their musical content. Try some of them on your piano, if you still have one.

"Be Yourself"—"Cooking Breakfast for the One I Love" is a good sample of the new domestic school of lyricism. (For another specimen, see "When I Am Housekeeping for You," from "The Battle of Paris.") A good dance effort is "Kickin' a Hole in the Sky," and there is a tribute to disinterested affection in "When a Woman Loves a Man."

"Blaze o' Glory"—"Wrapped in a Red Red Rose" is smooth, effective business. The "Dough-Boy's Lullaby" goes best when good fellows get together after the cup has been passed and passed and passed.

"Cameo Kirby"—You may like the waltz, "Romance."

"Chasing Rainbows"—"Happy Days Are Here Again" is one of the best of the speedy trifles. "Lucky Me, Lovable You" also is recommended, especially for close-range vocalization.

"Devil May Care"—"Charming" is good for intimate recitals. "If He Cared" carries on the torch successfully.

"Happy Days"—"Mona," an oleaginous fox trot, deserves your attention.

"Hit the Deck"—Most of the familiar arias are there, and there is a swell new one, "Keepin' Myself for You," composed, oddly enough, by the writer of the original score.

"Honey"—Keep an eye and an ear on "In My Little Hope Chest," and the near-spiritual, "Sing, You Sinners."

"Hot for Paris"—"Sweet Nothing of Love" is one of the best featherweights of the season.

"It's a Great Life"—Take two: "I'm Following You" and "Hoosier Hop."

"Lord Byron of Broadway"—"Should I?" overshadows this opera.

"The Love Parade"—An unusually good score, with especial honors for "My Love Parade," "Dream Lover," and "Let's Be Common."

"No, No, Nanette"—Here the old tunes are the best.

"Puttin' on the Ritz"—Several hits here, but you'll do just as well by confining yourself to the name song and "Singing a Vagabond Song."

"The Rogue Song"—The "big" numbers aren't as good as the miniatures. "Little White Dove" and "When I'm Looking at You" belong on that hypothetical piano.

"Sally"—As in "No, No, Nanette," the remains of the original music are the best contributions.

"Song of the West"—"The One Girl" still is an exceptional tune, and "West Wind," composed by the original musician (the film is adapted from "Rainbow") is one of the better studies in Indian patterns.

"Spring Is Here"—The two hits have no relation to the musical comedy. They are "Crying for the Carolines" (everybody seems to like it except this listener) and "Have a Little Faith in Me," a first-rate concoction.

"Under a Texas Moon"—The title ditty is worth your trouble.

"The Vagabond King"—The Frimlings have the best of it in this potpourri.

"The Vagabond Lover"—"A Little Kiss Each Morning" is a gracious bit. "I Love You, Believe Me, I Love You" sounds like its title, and there are several revivals, including "If You Were the Only Girl in the World" and the perennially collegiate "Nobody's Sweetheart." —Pop

●

ANAGRAM RHYMES—I

[ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS PRINTED ON PAGE 54]

I

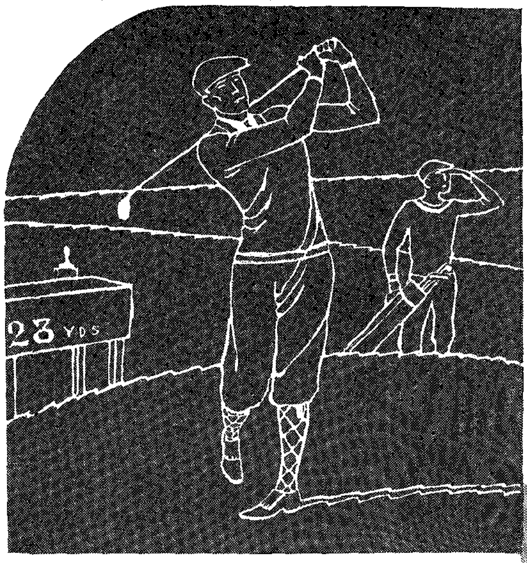
Ride, Tired, Credit, Recited, Discreet.

II

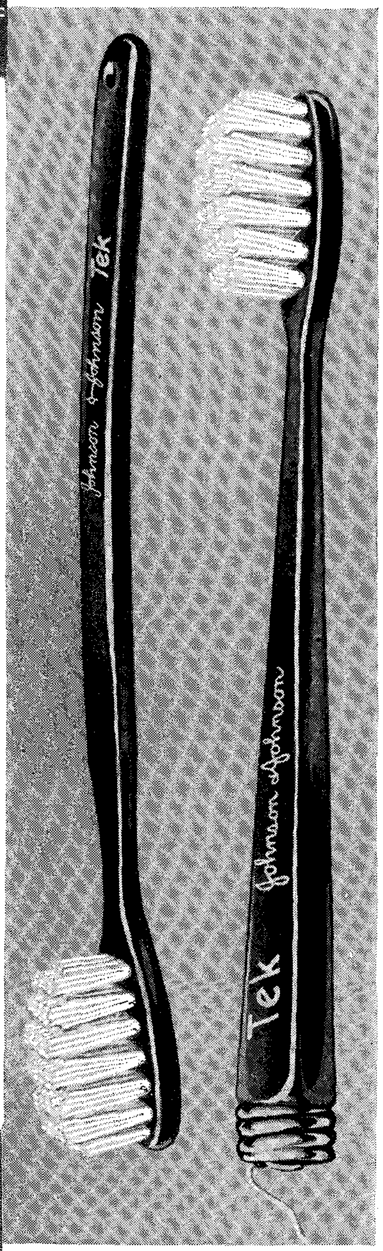
Sore, Ogres, Rogues, Morgues, Gruesome.

III

Cedar, Created, Decanter, Reënacted.



36 holes a day isn't enough exercise!



Enough golf. Not enough exercise. Fine to keep your waist-line in shape. Not specialized enough to keep mouth and teeth healthy. What they need is Tek-*sercise* with a Tek tooth brush. Here's the way:

Take Tek by the shaft. Comfortable grip, hasn't it? Start brushing. Feel the spring in the bristles. Tek is small and nimble, reaches all the teeth. Your gums begin to tingle with health. That's the automatic part of Tek-*sercise*. While you clean your teeth, the extra width of Tek's brush-head stimulates your gums.

Get a set of Tek brushes today. Perfectly matched in brushing ability. Differing only in their handles. One contains dental floss ready for use. Product of Johnson & Johnson, world's largest makers of dental and surgical dressings.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek
the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

●

You need two brushes, say dental authorities, one for morning, one for evening. This assures dry, efficient bristles. Tek handles are made in six colors, of Lucite or amber. Tek with flat handle 50c.; Tek with floss in handle 75c. Tek Jr. 35c.

●

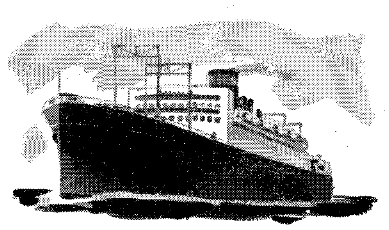
NOON TO MIDNIGHT
IN HAVANA
ON THIS CRUISE
TO CALIFORNIA

This thoughtful pause is just 6 hours longer than other California-bound ships deem salubrious, or necessary, or something.

Anyway, there you are—noon to midnight—and very good short stories have been written in a less likely setting.

However, if it turns into a serial, you may stop two weeks and take the next President Liner. For President Liners sail fortnightly from New York bound for California, the Orient and Round the World.

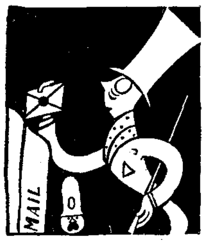
Being Round-the-World Liners, the art of keeping sophisticated travelers amused and comfortable is well understood. All cabins are outside, amidships—and a few choice ones become available in New York for California voyagers. Early reservations are advisable.



DOLLAR
STEAMSHIP LINES
604 Fifth Avenue, New York
BRYant 5900
25 and 32 Broadway, New York
DIGby 3260 or DIGby 7394

LONDON LETTER

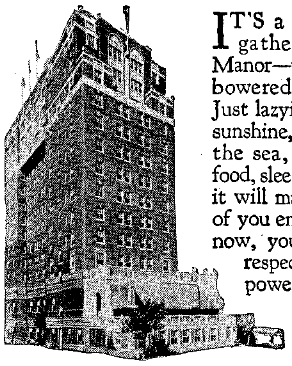
LONDON, MARCH 5



THIS air age is an unconscionable time arriving. There are still only two hundred owners of private planes in this country, in spite of the fact that you can buy a Moth, which is a thoroughly well-tried machine for two and capable of 100 m.p.h. at any time, for no more than you pay for any decent motor car. The chief difficulty is insurance, which amounts to nearly the complete cost of the machine in premiums every year. That shows what the insurance companies think. If you care to take the risk, however, there are flying schools and clubs all over the country, where they instruct you and maintain your ship for very little indeed, thanks to a government subsidy. The chief proctor of Oxford University evidently agrees with the insurance people, for he has issued a ban on all private planes except those used by members of the University Air Squadron. It seems that some of the keener young men had formed the habit of nipping over to Montmartre for the evening. So once more the hands of time are put back, though the principal of Somerville, a ladies' college, protests against this "militarism." Meanwhile some cheerful undergraduates, not to be deprived of their innocent pleasures, are advertising in the papers for a second-hand dirigible. The ban, it appears, applies only to planes.

THE ordinary citizen of this town is not interested in the British Industries Fair, but since it offers the first opportunity to inspect the inside of the great new concrete Olympia which has reared itself above the cheerless Hammersmith Road, I found myself yesterday in the mass of stalls fingering cold slabs of machinery, being squirted with germicides, gazing respectfully at barrels of Tri-chlor-tertiary-butyl alcohol. Everything which England hopes to sell to the world is here spread forth, and the effect is not a little depressing. It seemed to me, probably wrongly, that there was not a thing in all that place which anybody would want to own, with the possible exception of a barrel of Tri-chlor-tertiary-butyl alcohol, for in small doses

The Shamrocks Are In Full Leaf
MARCH 17th



IT'S a great place to gather—this Colton Manor—with its shamrock bowered Marine Roof. Just lazyin' around in the sunshine, lookin' out over the sea, eatin' the best food, sleepin' sound—sure, it will make a new person of you entirely. And wist now, you'll have a new respect for the buying power of a dollar.

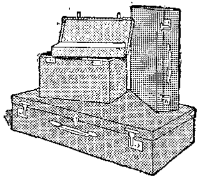
RATES—*American Plan*
Single . . $7 to $9 • Double . . $14 to $18
European Plan if desired

Colton Manor
One of the Finest Hotels
In Atlantic City

For a week or a week-end enjoy the luxury of the finest appointments without exorbitant price. Booklet. Write or wire for reservations.

250 ROOMS ∽ OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN
SEA WATER BATHS
C. V. MEEKS, Mgr. • *A. C. ANDREWS, Pres.*
N. Y. Booking Office:
21 W. 46th St. • Tel. BRYant 4624

Luggage
to individual order



Also depot for
VUITTON *Trunks and Service*
16 EAST 52ND STREET, NEW YORK
Arthur
Gilmore
INC.

U. S. HEADQUARTERS
Imported Arms, Ammunition & Parts
Mauser-Luger-Merkel Bros.-Mannlicher,-Webley-Scott, etc.
Full line American Arms & Ammunition
Springfield's Restocked to Col. Whelen's Revised Specifications
All Makes Trap Guns, Field Guns & Rifles Restocked
Restocking Parts & Accessories—Precision Target Arms
Send us your Guns for expert Repairing or Altering
Largest stock in America of fine new Rifles, Trap and Field Guns, Side Arms, Air Rifles, & Pistols. Telescopes mounted.
Send 25c in stamps for complete 128 page Arms Catalog.
A. F. STOEGER, INC. NEW YORK, N. Y.
The Only Exclusive Gun House In America
509 Fifth Avenue (at 42nd St.)

the stuff prevents seasickness—a hardened traveller might find the barrel useful for geraniums. The lack of amusing novelty may be pardoned as an English characteristic, but the lack of taste is alarming. Here are all the things which have made England what it is. Here are the leather writing-cases with gilded daisies, the misshapen wicker furniture of the seaside boarding house, the green bowls "crying for their aspidistra," as Harold Nicolson has it, the horrible little red wooden things that hold knitting needles, all the hundred and one abominations with which the small country shop clutters its space, even to the nickel-plated framed photograph of Gladys Cooper "as purchased by the Queen." So the notice says.

THE building itself is arresting, designed deliberately without any pretension to beauty other than the fitness for its purpose. Thus the ceiling-high windows, placed to let in the light above the level of the stalls, appear from the outside as mere slots in a frowning immensity of wall. The effect is certainly novel, but one cannot help feeling that this simplification and formalization of design are a step in the direction of degeneracy. It goes, with Eric Gill and Epstein, along that same road which has led from Praxiteles through Byzantium to the conventionalized imbecility of the Russian ikon.

More such buildings will follow, notably in Park Lane, where Dorchester House is to be treated in this way. There has been trouble over that, for Sir Edward Lutyens was anxious that the rest of Park Lane should match the constructional materials of Devonshire House, next door. It will be interesting to see what the concrete engineers make of this new monster hotel, and it seems that after twenty-five years of period reproduction we are really evolving a completely peculiar style of architecture, sculpture, furniture, and decoration. I am afraid, however, that our grandchildren, when the novelty has worn off, will find it hideous. —A. G.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vance Storrs of the Ritz-Carlton, now in Palm Beach, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Carolyn M. Storrs, to Daniel E. Sickles of this city and Paris. —*The Times.*

The thing to do is to decide on some central location, like Asbury Park, and all meet there.

Three bitter prophecies to haunt a lovely head

THE first droop in her once-proud chinline, the first small furrow at eyes or mouth, the first lines in her satiny throat—how every woman dreads them! Those are the three silent prophecies of double chin, deep wrinkles, and crêpy-textured throat.

If you would keep your face and throat free from lines, your chinline clear-cut and young, follow the simple, scientific treatments that Dorothy Gray evolved.

These treatments are given at the Dorothy Gray salon, 683 Fifth Avenue. In this charming place skilled operators give your face, throat, arms and back scientific treatment exactly suited to your individual needs. Here, and at leading New York shops, you may also obtain for your home use the same exquisite Dorothy Gray preparations which have proved so successful in the salon treatments.

Please telephone WICkersham 6109 for appointments

DOROTHY GRAY

683 FIFTH AVENUE

© DG 1930

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

Ladies Follow the Western Trail

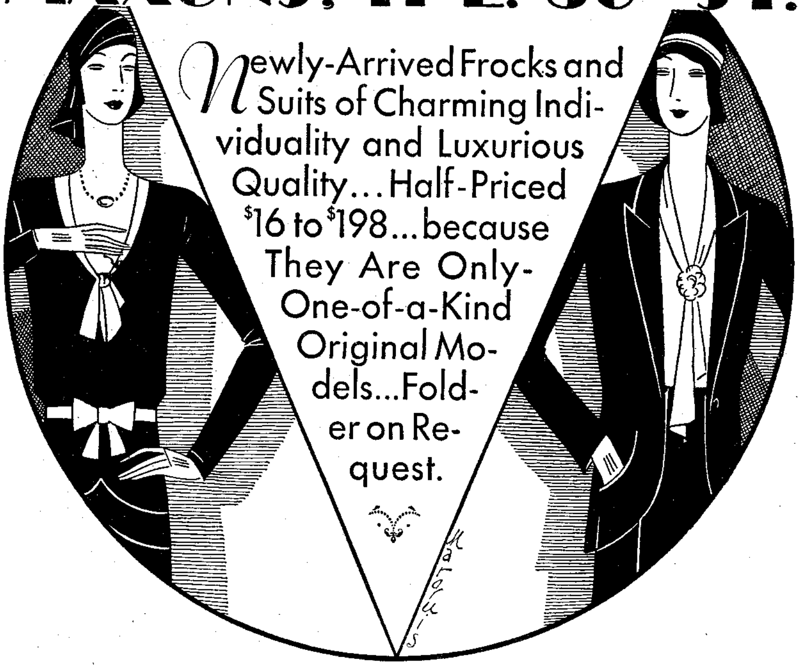
To the lands of the wide horizon; where life is glorious and the rolling prairies revive your joy in the out-of-doors. Spend your outings on a selected Dude Ranch. The Sportsmens Service Bureau makes your reservations and routes you there and back. Book now for choice of dates and ranches.

Boys' Camps: We list several western Pack Train Trips for boys, operated by specialists in training boys in woodcraft and real sportsmanship.

Write for literature or information on hunting, fishing, camping or touring anywhere throughout the world.

S S B

FREDERICK J. BURGHARD INC.
545 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



MAXON'S, 11 E. 36TH ST.

Newly-Arrived Frocks and Suits of Charming Individuality and Luxurious Quality... Half-Priced $16 to $198... because They Are Only-One-of-a-Kind Original Models... Folder on Request.

Sure Relief BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION
6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief
25¢ and 75¢ Pkg's Sold Everywhere

Horoscopes

Interviews by appointment . . $5.00
Written Horoscope . . . $10.00

Frances M. Courtney

21 Fifth Avenue New York
Tel. 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Gramercy 3796

THE ELEVATOR STARTER

SAY, George, come here. I wanna talk to you. Got a few things I wanna tell you.

George, you been here two weeks now. I took you on temporary. You remember what I said? I said if you made good in two weeks I'd make it permanent, thirty-seven-fifty a week. Well, George, your two weeks is up today. I guess you knew that, but I wanted to get it straight in your mind.

Now, before I tell you what decision I come to about keeping you permanent, I just wanna review your work. I notice the first couple days you didn't smile much. Well, George, you gotta remember about good-will. This is an office building. Not a hotel. But even so you got to remember that even in business good-will counts. I mean even in a business building. Of course, in a hotel you gotta be curchus to a greater extent, but don't think because you're in an office building you don't have to be agreeable. Oh my, no! George, the first couple days you didn't seem to reelize that the Lift Operator is often the only contact the owners of the building have with the general public. A person comes in the building and gets a pleasant smile from the Operator, and he goes away saying, "Well, sir, when my lease expires I'm certunny gonna move to a Finkle, Winthrop, O'Brien & Kim building. The operators are so curchus there!" See what I mean, George?

Ya know, George, that's one of the reasons why I'm a starter. Before I was here a month I knew all about being curchus and the value of a smile.

I like your technique, George. Busy as I am, I still keep a watchful eye on the indicator, to see whether you're stopping even with the floors. Technique's a great thing, George. If you can combine speed and technique, then you're a born Operator. I'm satisfied with your technique.

It shows you love your work. Even if I am a starter, I still like to take a car for a trip once in a while, just so I don't lose the feel of it.

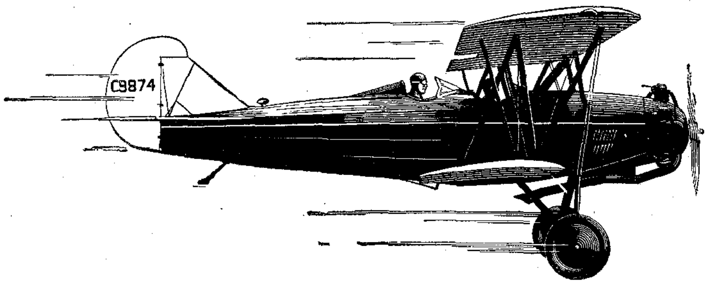
Well, I guess you reelize by now, George, you're hired permanent. I think I'll have reason to be proud of you.

—JOHN O'HARA

•

LOVE BIRDS—Male, trained to shake hands and kiss you. Fairbanks 1627. —*Mount Vernon Daily Argus.*

Does he tell?



DAD'S FIRST FLIGHT

I CIRCLED the house before settling the Travel Air on the lower lawn and as usual, Dad watched from the steps.

Once down, Gwen sprang out without my help. "Dad's always on hand, isn't he?" she asked as we walked across the lawn toward our interested onlooker.

"Never misses a take-off or landing," I answered, "even though I've ceased to be a novelty to everyone else."

Gwen's next question was simple enough, but it stopped me. When she asked, "Has he ever been up?" what could I say? Neighbors, schoolmates, even the gardener had been passengers. But Dad, never. He collects Currier & Ives prints, and to me he didn't seem the type. But I've found you can't predict just who is going to be sky ambitious and who isn't.

"Dad," I said, when we approached, "isn't it about time you and I went up to look at a few silver linings?"

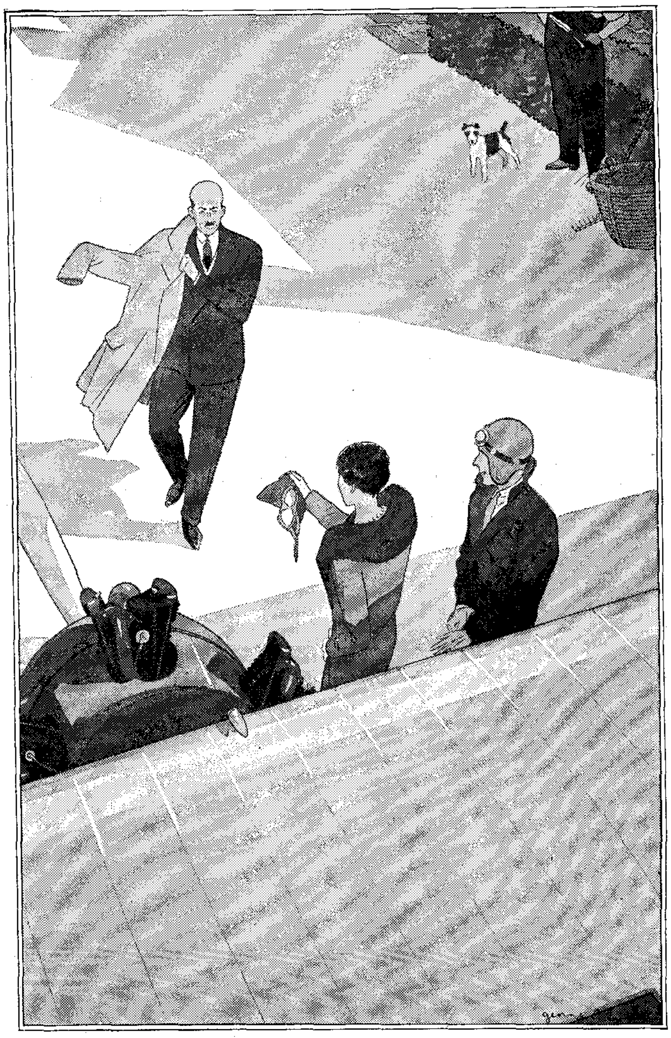
"Well, son," he smiled, "if you hadn't invited me I was just about to take her off the ground myself."

We lost no time. Gwen's helmet and an overcoat were his flying clothes. We were over the elms in a twinkling. Dad was having the time of his life. Whenever I looked around he wore the same rapt expression. I took my hands from the controls—held them over my head to show the plane's automatic stability. Then back we came to the lawn in a slow glide. Dad's face was all aglow. "Wonderful experience," he said. "Never in all my life have I felt so big or so small."

And he keeps getting keener! Air minded? He's positively air hungry. Why, this afternoon after we flew from the club, he said, "Say, don't you think it would be sportier if we changed the 165 engine to a 225?"

* * *

Sportsmen penetrate the wilds in their Travel Airs. In commercial flying, Travel Airs daily ply their way over mail, transport and business corporation routes. They constitute a major proportion of all commercial planes in service in the United States. And in distance and speed contests these planes capture firsts with a regularity that is almost monotonous. Full particulars about Travel Air ships, their construction and performance for commercial, industrial and private flying will be gladly sent you. Write Department T-12.



The Travel Air open cockpit biplane is Wright Whirlwind powered at either 165 or 225 H.P. High speed, 165 H.P. Engine, 122 m.p.h. High speed, 225 H. P. Engine, 132 m. p. h.

Every Travel Air Airplane is entitled to full Curtiss-Wright day and night service at more than 40 bases throughout the continent.

TRAVEL AIR COMPANY
Division of CURTISS-WRIGHT
Sales Offices: 27 West 57th St., New York

A PLANE FOR EVERY PURPOSE **TRAVEL AIR**

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

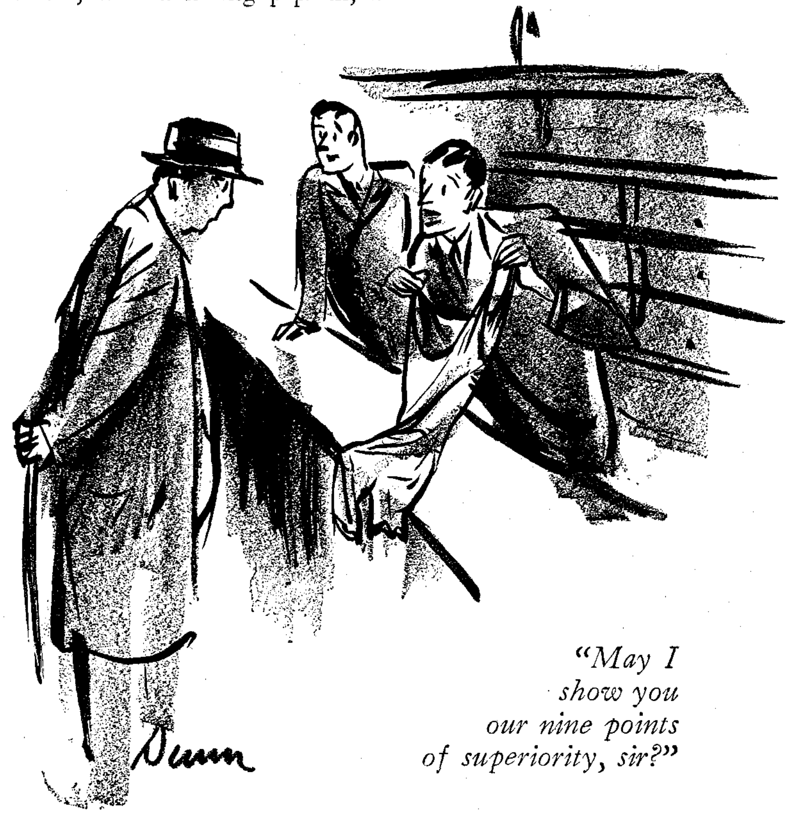
FEMININE FASHIONS

MAYBE I haven't the proper solemnity toward clothes as such. Maybe I ought to take up another profession. Because spots before the eyes, rams, jitters, and other medical phenomena already afflict me, and I haven't seen half the collections as yet. The net result of the week's meanderings, slightly muddled, of course, follows. Most of the clothes seen at Lord & Taylor and Franklin Simon will be copied immediately for ready-to-wear; Wanamaker is showing his in the made-to-order department; Stewart's are mixed. THE NEW YORKER is not responsible for massacres in fabric and line committed by manufacturers trying to improve the new models.

SO far (my experience has been a touch limited), I have an exasperated wish to spank Mme. Chanel. Her materials are marvellous—tweedy jerseys and odd-mixture wools of all sorts—and she has the most beeyootiful ideas; but she is so likely to do one annoying thing when she carries out her idea. She takes a brown tweed suit (Franklin Simon) that is perfectly charming, and lines it with brown-and-white printed chiffon. Her black-and-white dress of this year is divinely flattering (Lord & Taylor). It is made of black jersey in coat-dress style, with circular fullness in the front of the skirt, V-seaming in back, a button on one hip, and white piqué outlining the collarless neckline in front. Then she goes and puts a rhinestone buckle on the belt and a bunch of white violets on the shoulder. Nobody minds but me, so don't be discouraged. There is a lovely suit, at Lord & Taylor too, of red knit material with a diagonal tweed pattern. This has patch pockets, buttons holding down the pleats in the front of the skirt, and a peplum back to the jacket. The season's nicest piqué blouse so far is shown with this. It has a little turn-over polo collar with three buttons below it; the oblong piece in front is buttoned down each side instead of down the middle in the old girlish manner. (Chanel has apparently done several like this—another version buttons down on the skirt in front and tucks in the rest of the way.) The blouse, however, is sleeveless, always an abomination in heavy wool suits, and white piqué cuffs are stitched in at the end of the sleeves. You know there is no sense to this. Lord & Taylor are also showing a Chanel coat in swell redingote lines, of a black knit weave with a very nubbly finish. On the plain lapels, there is a snip-finish facing of white jersey with a splashy black diamond pattern. Unless you are superlatively chic and move in circles where they Know Clothes, you are likely to look like Aunt Susie in it.

All Chanel's evening clothes were not in yet, but I hear they are marvellous. Stewart is already showing one of her little evening jackets, in red velveteen. (It may be velvet, I'm not sure.) This is a peplum jacket, with a very, very full circular cape coming over each arm in the fashion your grandmother knew well. The collar stands up high in the back and vanishes toward the front. It couldn't be more charming. Stewart is also showing another jacket, I think by Lelong, of pink velvet, with a flaring peplum, a high-scarf finish in front, and a shoulder cape edged with a band of dark fox.

THE Patous this year are not radically changed—they are feminine, very wearable, and gracious in much the manner they were last year. Patou still loves that up-and-down feeling in front, with narrow panels coming downward from the neckline and pleats down the front of the skirt that are apparently perfectly simple but conceal intricate fullness. Rose opaline (pink to you) is all over the place and lingerie touches are everywhere. His Amour Amour (Franklin Simon) will undoubtedly be a popular wow. This is of black marocain with pleats in the front of the skirt. There is a little handmade blouse of rose georgette with a girlish collar. Over this goes the inevitable bolero, which shows the blouse in front and at the waist, front and back. The back is also slit to show a prim row of pink buttons on the blouse beneath. For evening things, he occasionally shows a very deep, oval, draped décolletage that swings out from the figure. Wanamaker has a grand example of this style. Stewart is also showing a version in rose crêpe roma with a fringe,



"May I show you our nine points of superiority, sir?"

An Impression
of an informal spring ensemble
AT BERGDORF GOODMAN . . . ON THE PLAZA

Hal Phyfe

Bergdorf Goodman's spring conception of what the smart world will wear includes vivacious ensembles which combine practicability with utmost chic. Shorter-length coats reveal enchanting printed crêpe dresses. This style suggests color harmony in coat and dress, with complementary fox.

BERGDORF
GOODMAN
NEW YORK

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

© BROOKS BROTHERS

Clothes for Every Occasion

Send for "A Wardrobe for BUSINESS"

BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

·ANTIQUES·
WORKS OF
ART

English silver made by the finest craftsmen of the 18th century delights the visitor to our galleries who appreciates the beauty of old and rare things. One sees the silver in a setting of antique furniture of distinction equal to its own.

Very rare skittle-ball tea set, made by Humphrey Payne—London 1731-1732.

H. Douglas Curry & Co.
33 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

believe it or not, on the skirt. Over the dress goes a fichu scarf of the same fabric, deeply edged with fringe.

FEW Vionnets had appeared at the time of going to press, and these I saw at Franklin Simon. Year after year, this designer goes on being inimitable. There is a suit, for instance, in a pale dirty-green homespun wool. Big brown buttons fasten this, ascending from the centre-front to the top of the hip at the side; there are barrel cuffs of brown velvet, a brown suede leather belt, and a roll collar of velvet crossing in a diagonal line. There is no seaming in the back of the shoulder at all, just to confound you. There is a day dress of a faint dirty-pink crêpe, with a V-neckline that winds up in a bow on one shoulder, and hand hemstitching making a huge diamond in front. There is a belt on this, and it is immensely flattering to the figure. Another print dress, on the same general lines, has hemstitching outlining the godets and appearing below the highish turn-over collar. Vionnet still loves to wrap her coat way round, with the point of the closing occurring below the hip on the side. She is fond of putting fur under her collars, sometimes in back only, sometimes extending downward behind the roll cloth collar over the chest in front. Buy an original if you can; her pale off-colorings are so lovely.

One white satin evening dress has a new neckline which is a little too Hollywood for my taste, but rates mention. The shoulder-straps ascend and twist at the back of the neck, revealing the entire back of the shoulder. The back is covered, save for a slit that reveals tantalizing glimpses of backbone. Another dress, of the palest blue crêpe roma, is all pulled to one side. The three tiers go diagonally downward to make a train at the side; the V-neckline front and back is pulled over and finished with a limp pouf.

While you are here, look at Patou's afternoon dress called Corinne, which features Patou's idea of having the frilly-lingerie touches descend a little in back in a shallow V. Look also at Lanvin's brown homespun for the country, with its white piqué blouse, sleeveless jacket, and cape; and at Molyneux's gray tweed dress straight down the body, with a rather loose bolero all around to make you look slimmer below.

WANAMAKER'S Coin de Paris, confronted with this year's tendency in Paris to put all the popular notes of the season on one dress, has mastered the situation by showing a tremendously smart collection that is still the epitome of simplicity.

There are dresses from a somewhat tamed Boulanger, for instance. A studio dress, with a pleated underdress of pale blue crêpe, has printed chiffon with big sleeves flowing over it in a gracious fashion. There is an evening dress of printed lamé chiffon with a high neck front and back (necklines are, in general, much higher in front, and sometimes in back as well), a tunic that hardly flares at all, and a straight, shortish skirt as a surprise. There is also a casual printed dress for daytime, with a neckline up to the base of the throat, a very tight waist all of a sudden, and an abruptly flaring skirt. It has intricate workmanship and an ultimate simplicity—which is Art.

WANAMAKER is showing a divine Patou suit of black wool, the jacket belted closely over a rose satin blouse. The front of the skirt and the front of the jacket below the belt are endowed with godets that are then creased sharply down the middle. There is a magnificent Callot, in a new Bianchini fabric (called, if you want to be superior, "supertigrisa") soft as the finest muslin with the general look of a finely water-marked georgette. It forms a simple, trailing, and ladylike dress in watery-green coloring that is superb. Claire Any contributes a little black wool dress with a bloused back, a peplum below this, and a base-of-the-throat neckline of white piqué, which descends a bit all around like a tiny round yoke with little points front and back.

Lanvin is represented by a perfect tweed costume, consisting of a jacket in navy-and-white diagonal tweed, unbelted and unbuttoned, a full skirt of navy wool with a sash of the two wools tied around the waist, and a white jersey blouse with a casual open-neck polo collar. Nothing could be more charming. London Trades have made a suit of a beige tailored fabric that looks like the heaviest possible tussore, but probably has wool tucked away in it somewhere. This has a vertically striped yellow-and-beige sweater with an open-at-the-collar-bone, turned-back collar. Molyneux does a refined suit of navy wool with a tunic-length jacket, a straight skirt, and a navy-and-white printed blouse with a normal waistline and pleating around the hips below this. If you are in a mood for such a costume, you

McCutcheon's

FIFTH AVENUE
AT 49TH STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.

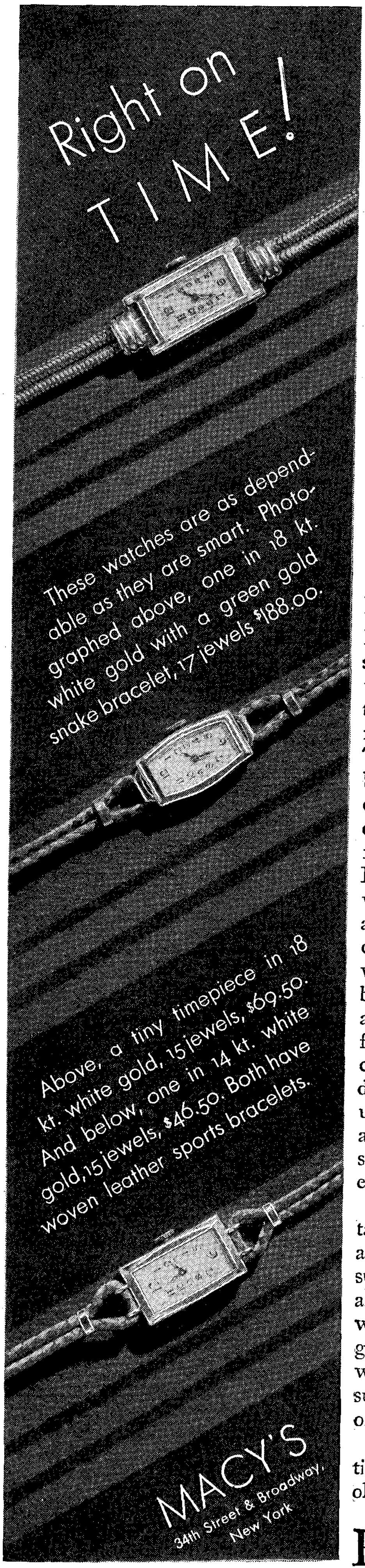
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A VERY tailored jacket costume which derives its feminine touch from the dressmaker blouse. Of fashion importance are the—ring closing at the normal waist-line, jacket fitted in, flaring skirt! In navy or olive green Chanella Crepe with blouse of eggshell faille silk which may be worn tuck-in or over-blouse—jacket lined to match blouse. Skirt is the new length. Sizes 14—20. - - $69.50.

Felt Hat with stitched brim, copy of a Goupy model, comes in colors to match suit—$22.50.

Gloves, hosiery, bag and jewelry also from McCutcheon's.

Write to Department 75 or Telephone VOLunteer 1000



Right on TIME!

These watches are as dependable as they are smart. Photographed above, one in 18 kt. white gold with a green gold snake bracelet, 17 jewels $188.00.

Above, a tiny timepiece in 18 kt. white gold, 15 jewels, $69.50. And below, one in 14 kt. white gold, 15 jewels, $46.50. Both have woven leather sports bracelets.

MACY'S
34th Street & Broadway, New York

might waver between this and one by Patou, in a navy alpaca with white printed splotches all over it.

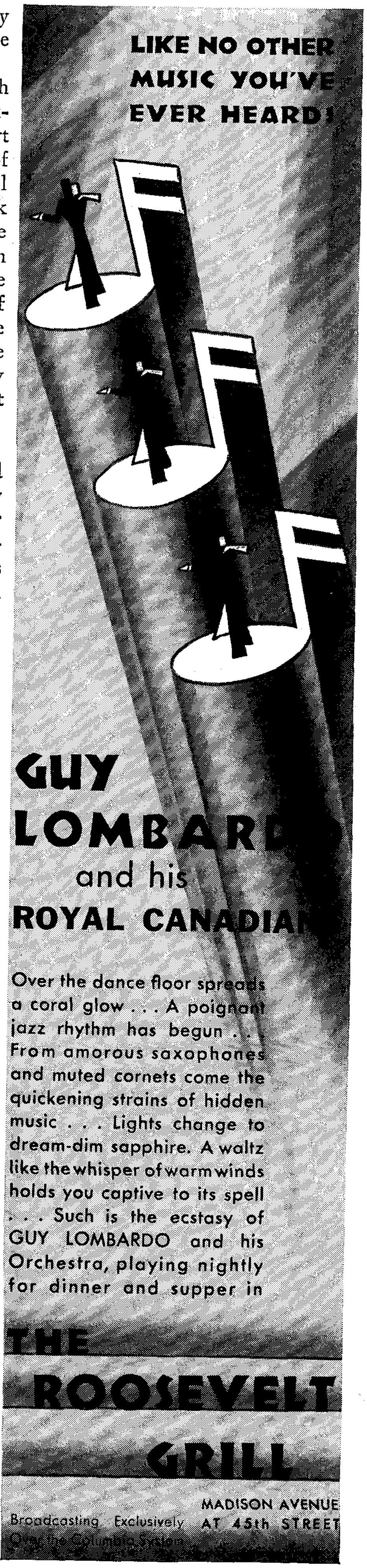
Heim does a navy coat-dress with white piqué edging the collarless neckline, a button on one hip, and a skirt circular in front. Look at a dress of beige hand-thread lace by Renée, regal to the extreme; and at her simple black evening dress with the high, square décolletage in front, a deep V in back with a fringed black-and-white pouf at the base of it, and a way of slithering down the figure. All of the clothes here are notable for the rare fact that they would be immensely flattering even to those who have not yet acquired slimth.

STEWART'S collection is distinguished by several items, some already mentioned (like those grandmother evening jackets by Chanel and Lelong and the rose-fringe evening dress from Patou), some still unknown to you. There is a breath-taking Callot here, for instance, in a new white satin with a blueish tinge (much better than white with the yellow or beige tone, which looks dirty if your catty friends wear dead white near you). This has the deepest possible V in back, with revers turned back to conceal partly the back of the arm; intricate diamond seaming emphasizes the rear; there are two pointed trains. It fairly sizzles down the figure, which has to be good. Mirande does a black evening dress with the deepest décolletage front and back yet seen, which is exaggerated by the two-inch band of flesh beading edging it. There are also some grand ladylike clothes from Martial et Armand. A cape coat, for instance, starting at a stitched-down deep V in back and coming up over the elbows; a black coat with a bolero back and a white galliac band starting just below the shoulder and edging the deep collar.

This house has also produced a cocktail dress—a combination afternoon-and-dinner arrangement that is more successful than most. The dress is black and sleeveless, with deep V-bibs in white crêpe front and back. Over this goes a white crêpe bolero, the sleeves of which start out to be white and then suddenly become black, with the effect of very long black gloves.

There are also some charming daytime clothes, flattering to young and old, from Paray and Irène Dana.

BESIDES the Chanels at Lord & Taylor (and don't let my growls



LIKE NO OTHER MUSIC YOU'VE EVER HEARD!

GUY LOMBARDO and his ROYAL CANADIANS

Over the dance floor spreads a coral glow . . . A poignant jazz rhythm has begun . . . From amorous saxophones and muted cornets come the quickening strains of hidden music . . . Lights change to dream-dim sapphire. A waltz like the whisper of warm winds holds you captive to its spell . . . Such is the ecstasy of GUY LOMBARDO and his Orchestra, playing nightly for dinner and supper in

THE ROOSEVELT GRILL

MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET

Broadcasting Exclusively Over the Columbia System

about details obscure the fact that they are pretty grand) you will find an exquisite Paquin coat of navy blue duvetyne, with seams diagonally across the back where your figure needs the most flattering, a circular flare below the buttons that close it on one hip, and a simple, collarless neckline with a cardigan finish. The effect is that of a coat dress. Buttons ascend the sleeve almost to the elbow, and there are V-pieces attached above the cuff to make it more spectacular. Look also at Patou's beach pajamas, of a heavy crash linen in oyster white that weighs a ton. The pants are deeply pleated to conceal their actual width, and buttons go down the sides. A tuck-in blouse with a shoulder-strap top completes it.

Then there are a classic evening dress contributed by Patou, in several shades of dirty-green-yellow georgette, completely off one shoulder; a red-and-white print day dress with the lingerie collar going down in a little V at the back of the neck; and a pink-and-brown Tahitian printed Bianchini chiffon evening dress (there is a bunch of adjectives for you!) which descends in a train.

The Patou hats are so amusing and spectacular that they rate much more space than I can give them at this point. Ask to see them at your favorite shop, or watch breathlessly for the words of wisdom that will emanate from this column next week. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

Names and the Tailor
—Double or Single?—
Something for Spring

ONE'S life would be much easier if only tailors would get together and decide what they are going to call their fabrics. I can understand that there might be a difference between the names used in New York and those employed in London: that's merely patriotic; but when each tailor in both cities has his own private nomenclature, it gets to be pretty confusing. You ask one, with great tact and a humble desire to learn, what he calls a certain fabric. "Sharkskin," he replies with finality. You go to another shop, remark politely in a knowing way, "That's a nice sharkskin," and the salesman tells you with a look of contempt that the fabric, exactly the same fabric, is called a smooth-finished worsted. The next place you go, they refer to it as cashmere. The manu-

Created for the families of lineage— Modern Lowestoft.

THE appreciation for Modern Lowestoft is exactly where we expected to find it—with the families of lineage—the families who now treasure the precious old cups and saucers that have come down to them from the cupboards of earlier generations.

ANTIQUE LOWESTOFT, of course, is becoming more and more unobtainable. Connoisseurs number it among their priceless possessions.

MODERN LOWESTOFT is the result of the discovery of a secret formula last used by the Copeland Spode factory in 1805—a most important discovery, for now at last has modern ingenuity succeeded in producing a new Lowestoft worthy of its new mission —to carry down to posterity the sentiment of family pride in the exquisite things that belong to this day and age, "when today is a hundred years ago."

MODERN LOWESTOFT services are now being made in England, in a limited quantity, FOR PLUMMER'S EXCLUSIVELY—nowhere else in America can they be found. With your crest or monogram placed upon each piece, you will create a worthy monument to your house and name. Dinner plates, $75 a dozen. Tea cups and Saucers, $75 a dozen. Special monogram, crest, or coat-of-arms, extra. Inquiries invited.

Wm. H. PLUMMER & Co. Ltd.
IMPORTERS OF
Modern and Antique China and Glass
7 & 9 East 35th Street, New York
Near Fifth Avenue
Phone CALedonia 9260
NEW HAVEN, CONN.
954 Chapel Street
HARTFORD, CONN.
256 Farmington Avenue

facturers are worse; when you corner them they just say, "It's a novelty weave." The only thing they all agree on is Harris tweed, and no one wears it any more.

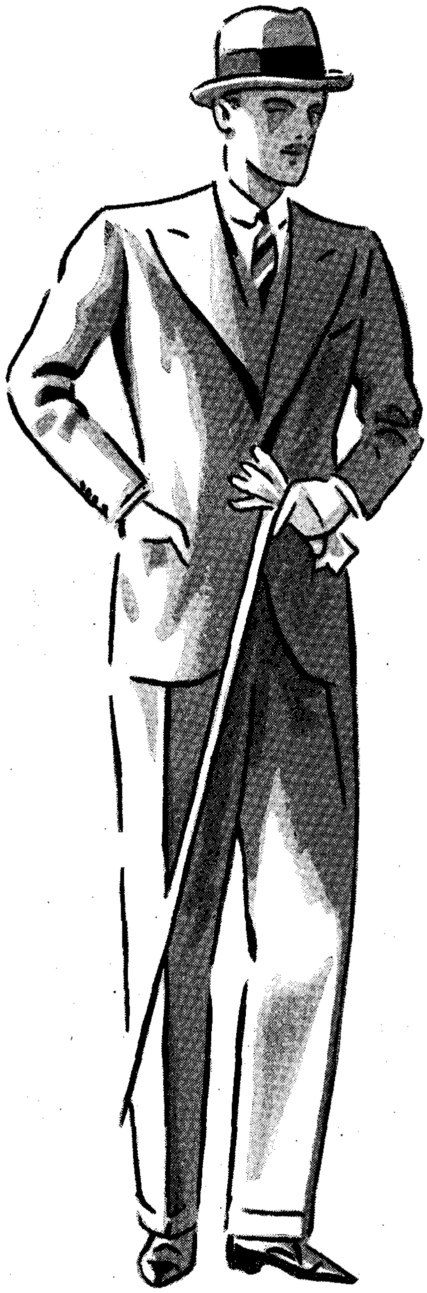
I PERSEVERED, however, since it's time you were ordering your spring clothing, and found that soft-finished fabrics are replacing the hard-finished worsteds, which have had it all their own way for several years. Unfinished worsteds in indefinite herringbones, diagonals, and stripes, cheviots and saxonies in stripes and herringbones that are more noticeable, as well as innumerable versions of the Glen Urquhart plaids, can be found at all the best tailors.

Tweeds are becoming more popular since they are being woven of tightly twisted worsted threads instead of soft woollen. These new tweeds are thinner, lighter in weight, and altogether more comfortable for this climate. They wear well and hold their shape, and in spite of their casual look are appropriate in town.

The new flannels are generally striped—a natural reaction from the plain gray flannel, which has been so popular that it has become a little tiresome. Dark bright blue with a grayish cast and medium gray with a slight tone of blue seem to be the favorite colors. I was told that green would be worn a lot this year, but they say that every spring. Some men like green and wear it—more power to them; but most seem to be afraid of it, and that's their business.

WHETHER your suit is to be single or double-breasted depends on your figure and on the kind of material you choose. If you select a thin fabric such as flannel, and if you are not too stout, a double-breasted jacket is practical because you can wear it without a waistcoat when the weather gets warm. A tweed, however, is much too bulky to be made double-breasted. Usually it is better single-breasted, with three buttons and notched lapels.

The shoulders of these suits may be moderately wide but they should never look as if they were padded. A certain amount of stiffening is necessary, but it should be worked in so that the shoulders appear to be natural. Trousers should be made to wear with suspenders and there should be enough fullness in the front to allow you room to get your hands into the pockets. Usually this fullness is introduced by



The Clothing of Gentlemen is Found . . . . at De Pinna

Very smart in London for Men's Spring Suits . . .

SILVER GREY

The well-dressed man of the world is placing the silver grey tick weaves prominently first in his Spring wardrobe. . . . The softness of drape is notable . . . the quiet and somewhat subdued tones, the clear-cut patterns, the silver, trickling through the grey. . . . Designed by De Pinna with that confident air of complete correctness that strolls out of Savile Row . . . the untroubled serenity of perfect hand-tailoring.

Cut from Imported Fabrics to wear at once. $75 to $125

DE PINNA

Complete Outfitters to Gentlemen

FIFTH AVENUE AT 52nd STREET

SERMONI CONSONA FACTA
FOUNDED LONDON 1840

means of pleats, but Gray & Lampel often achieve the same results by shirring the material into the waistband.

EARL BENHAM, 15 East Fifty-third Street, has an excellent collection of cheviot tweeds in small neat patterns. They are lightweight, and I can't think of any material that would stand up better under the hard wear and uncertain weather of sports or travelling; moreover, the jacket of such a suit would look well with gray flannel trousers. Mr. Benham has a bright idea about white flannels. Instead of cricket cloth, he suggests white worsted, saying that it won't shrink as flannel does.

AT Gray & Lampel, 18 East Fifty-third Street, I was shown a tropical worsted that weighs only six ounces to the yard. This is a hard, cool fabric, firmly woven so that it will keep its shape. It comes in many shades, ranging from dark blue to light gray, and usually is striped. A hand-woven shetland, made specially for this firm, is one of the lightest and softest tweeds I have ever felt, and is intended for a separate jacket. If you like plaids you can doubtless find the one you want in this shop, where they have them in several weights and in a great variety of colors.

MCCORD & MACE, 15 East Forty-seventh Street, have unfinished worsteds in an extraordinary assortment of colors; usually these have a faint stripe, diagonal, or shadowed herringbone in the weave. If a man decides on a single-breasted suit, and if he has the figure to wear it, Mr. McCord often suggests a double-breasted waistcoat, which he cuts quite short with very wide lapels. He has carried color harmony to a fine point by obtaining buttons to harmonize with the color of the suit; the buttons are very dark, however, and do not look as odd as this idea may sound.

BERNARD WEATHERILL, 557 Fifth Avenue, is fond of saxony, a soft material usually woven in rather noticeable stripes, herringbones, and sometimes in a combination of both. He suggests them as a change from flannels. For immediate wear he offers a number of worsteds which have just arrived from England. The patterns are new versions of the pinhead: tiny dots are arranged in all sorts of designs, one a curious diagonal weave that suggests a chain. —G. McC.

DEMEYER

BRING YOUR IDEAL

to Elizabeth Arden

YOUR ideal—you know her almost better than yourself. And she's a dangerous lady to have about the house. She stands beside you every day before your mirror—with her you compare your reflection—because of her you see every flaw. No woman should harbor such a depressing companion!

Bring her to Elizabeth Arden . . . entrust your problem to the skillful hands, the wise mind that have given so much beauty to women.

First tell Miss Arden all you can about her—her carriage, the turn of her head, her loveliness of skin and eyes and hair. Then relax, in the comforting certainty that something is going to be done about her.

You'll find it an adventurous affair as the changes begin to show. Was it a sad tale the tape measure told about your waistline? Carefully directed exercise and massage are changing that. A dangerous hint of relaxation about your cheeks or chin? The Ardena Firming Treatments are proving their worth. A depressing little smudge beneath your eyes or just general tonelessness? Miss Arden has a specific treatment for each and every one.

Every day you will have one thing less to envy the woman you wish you were. Miss Arden's methods are so natural—so accurate, that clients who follow her faithfully need never accept less than genuine loveliness. Come to the Elizabeth Arden Salons . . . Let Miss Arden banish your shadowy rival once and for all.

For an appointment at the hour you prefer,
please telephone Plaza 5847.

ELIZABETH ARDEN
NEW YORK: 691 FIFTH AVENUE
PARIS • LONDON • BERLIN • MADRID • ROME • BIARRITZ • CANNES

© Elizabeth Arden, 1930

WHAT
topcoat this
SPRING?

Camel Hair
by all means!

Undeniably smart, and correct say style observers. Favorite at Palm Beach this February, favorite at the Carolina golf tournaments . . . among players and spectators alike. Lightweight, warm, soft-draping; pleasant of touch and comfortable in all sorts of weather.

Hart Schaffner & Marx tailored these topcoats of MONGOLIAN *(the world's finest) camel hair. Carefully needled; the new accepted styles . . . raglan or set-in sleeve with half belt or with plain box-back. Natural tan, Tamarack browns, Grenadier blue and oxford grey shades.*

$65

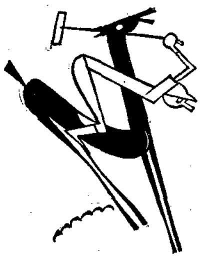
WALLACH
BROTHERS

NEW YORK
JAMAICA, L. I.
FLUSHING, L. I.

BROOKLYN
NEWARK, N. J.
TRENTON, N. J.

INDOOR POLO

Reward—The Brooklyn Spirit — Pickup and Speed—How to Fall



IT is not often that the stoics who brave the concrete-and-steel winter evenings of the Squadron's armory are rewarded for their endurance as generously as they were the night of the long-awaited return match between Winston Guest and his Optimists and Gerry Smith and the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club. This game had everything a sporting event could wish. It had an atmosphere of expectant excitement that even lured the cops away from the front door and the Madison Avenue taxi snarl outside. With the first stroke there came a steady, rolling roar of applause. It was a crowd that risked evening wraps on cement steps when every row of seats was jammed to overflowing.

The game itself was almost ferocious in its steady, sustained dash, its relentlessly high-pitched tempo. There were mistakes made, here and there, but each was blotted out so swiftly by the succeeding brilliance of some other play that they never made a lasting impression.

FOR almost four years, the three men who ride with the purple stripe of Brooklyn across the white of their polo shirts have been surging through all opposition. Then, about a month ago, the Guest brothers and Lieutenant McDonald Jones went over to Brooklyn and defeated them. So strong was their reputation, however, that even those who watched that game remained unconvinced that the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club's players had met their nemesis.

A few weeks intervened and then Brooklyn, followed by their appealingly earnest and intensely loyal band of followers, crossed the river to Manhattan. Their supporters never stopped yelling and the team never stopped fighting, but the result was the same as before.

In the first minutes of the first period, the blue helmet of young Raymond Guest flashed out in front four times, and either his brother or Jones pumped up drives for him to poke into the goal. Jones added another for

FRENCH FLAVORING SAUCE
SPÉCIALITÉ
COINTREAU
ANGERS
(FRANCE)
This product is prepared by COINTREAU, proprietor of the World known Trade-Mark, sole maker of this Sauce, which contains 6% alcohol, and has the delicious COINTREAU flavor.
COINTREAU

NOW
AVAILABLE

SPÉCIALITÉ
COINTREAU
MADE
in FRANCE

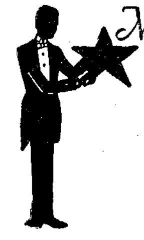
Made in France at the Cointreau Distillerie by Cointreau, sole owners of the celebrated Cointreau, this well-known and famous flavor, containing 6% alcohol, is obtainable at all leading grocery and delicatessen stores. Should you be unable to obtain it from your dealer, communicate with us.

JULIUS WILE, SONS & CO.
Sole Agents for the U. S. A.
10 Hubert Street, New York City

From the First and Foremost Fruit Shop

H·HICKS·&·SON INC
675 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

can be purchased the most wonderful assortment of marvelous Fruits and table Delicacies, Candies and Nuts - - from a tip bit to a banquet in the numerous exclusive designs equal for all occasions - - A short trip and ocean voyage or a gorgeous presentation.



Merry
Trip
Box

EAT
and be
MERRY

Containing a Luncheon for two or three.

CROWN LAVENDER
SMELLING
SALTS

At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.

good measure and the game, by all normal reasoning, should have been over. It would have been over with any ordinary team. Here was the stage set for one of the overwhelming victories that have featured so many of the Optimists' games this season—but it was impossible to convince Brooklyn that they were beaten. When fouls had been deducted the second period was scoreless, and the next half was a struggle from beginning to end.

Polished as the Optimist team is, it was the grand fight Brooklyn put up that made this game a struggle that was shared by their loyal supporters in the stands. None of them ever gave up. When there was only a minute of play left, a voice rose above the excitement in the stands and shouted: "Only three more—only three more goals to go." After it was all over you remained more or less incredulous. Brooklyn had been beaten again, before your eyes.

The National is yet to come, however, and the team from across the river hasn't really been knocked from the top yet. The gilded legs of the throne are swaying a bit, but there is not going to be any peaceful abdication. Perhaps, when the crucial game of the National comes around, Brooklyn may go out somewhere and play a couple of periods before the match starts—to gain momentum. The first period has licked them twice now.

OUT of the wisdom that comes from sitting safely on the sidelines, it seemed certain at this last game that Warren Sackman will have to change

• •

No boning or bulkiness ... *detachable jiffy-join* garters ... long and regular lengths ... inch sizes, 30 to 38 ... washes and dries quickly.

Moulding and holding but leaving you free

the Mouldette

IT GIVES YOU the curves new styles demand—without loss of an iota of your freedom. It's just a shimmering little five-ounce garment without bone, hook or button. It washes and dries like a silk vest—and keeps its shape.

And believe it or not—it's only about $4.00 at the better shops and stores. Buy it like lingerie, three at a time. The William Carter Co., Boston, Mass., Needham Heights Sta.

Carter's
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Mouldette
Patented
made by the makers of Carter's underwear

a Bowl of
SOUP-
a book of Verse
. . . and Thou!

Shades of old Omar in the wilderness—simple but eloquent epicure, are brought to mind by the letter of a charming modern lady from East Gloucester, Mass. . . . "Dear Zucca's: Having lived in New York and now temporarily exiled, your ad in the New Yorker has aroused a longing for your Minestrone Soup . . . Send me a half-dozen cans."

While Gloucester may not be a wilderness, still to devotees of Zucca's, the mere thought of going without Zucca's Minestrone is terrifying. That is why so many good grocers everywhere are coming to the rescue and featuring this supremely good soup.

ZUCCA'S
FAMOUS MINESTRONE SOUP
ZUCCA'S ITALIAN GARDEN
49th Street—Just East of Broadway

ZUCCA'S
MINESTRONE
SOUP
ZUCCA'S ITALIAN GARDENS

Zucca's Tomato and Mushroom Sauce is delicious for Noodles and Spaghetti as well as Meats and Fish.
ZUCCA'S FOOD PRODUCTS CORPORATION
118 West 49th St., New York Tel. Bryant 6077

his style of back play. For years he has been sallying gaily forth to meet oncoming attacks, always able to turn and catch up with them if they slipped past. The trouble is there's no catching the Optimists once they are through and away. They ride with the pickup and speed of racing cars.

Winston Guest has proved definitely this year that he is the best of the indoor players, but in Gerard Smith, Brooklyn has one not far behind him. Smith, in this game, came very near to being its outstanding figure. He can get more from his ponies than almost any other man playing the game, and he is equipped with a champion's ability to rise to fighting heights when the situation is critical. If Sackman and Carl Pflug ever come up to his level, the Optimists may be stopped short yet.

There was one other figure who contributed to the success of the evening—Tom Brady, the referee. Handling an affair which might easily have turned into something of a shambles, he kept the play fast and clean.

On the Same Evening: A team of Cornell undergraduates, careful to play as the Cayuga Polo Club, forcing their way into the National by winning the Class D final in the eliminations. . . . The Pennsylvania Military College team clambering on rafters to watch the proceedings. They had lost that afternoon to Yale, in New Haven. . . . The lessons in how to fall properly given by Smith and Jones. Smith turned a complete somersault over a stumbling pony's head and came up with the reins still in his hands; Jones, in some miraculous fashion, landed standing up on his near side, despite a foot caught in a stirrup. . . . The policeman banging his nightstick against the boards—his way of cheering while he maintained official dignity on his features. . . . Lieutenant Jones, his voice cut to a whisper by a sore throat, saying before the start he'd be all right as soon as he "got hot." . . . Sackman, down in the stables, arranging his pony line-up. . . . All six players ready and waiting downstairs a half hour before game time, walking horses and chewing gum.
—Martingale

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

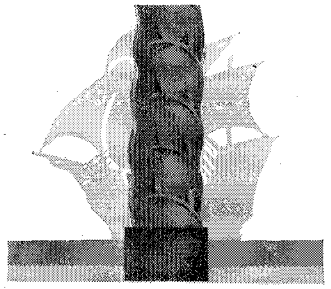
[*From the Times*]

"New Jersey is dry, one can't buy a drink in Jersey," William J. Calhoun, Prohibition Administrator for New Jersey, declared yesterday.

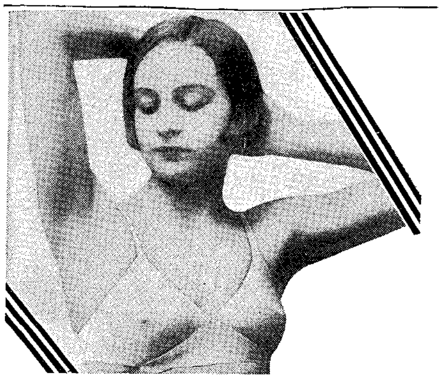
Let's see, what day was yesterday?

"I'm taking the wife to Antwerp"
"Good hubby"
"No—Good business"
"Guess I'll take a ticket too!"

"WHAT'S ANTWERP ANYWAY?" It's where the big International Maritime, Colonial Transport and Flemish Art Exhibition is being held—this year from April to October. It is where Europe's buyers are meeting and combining business with sight-seeing among mediæval art treasures. Take ship direct from New York and make Antwerp your center for seeing all the European capitals. Full particulars from Dorland, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, or any travel bureau.



ANTWERP EXHIBITION



The **KESTOS**
Registered
(Patent No. 1,681,119)
BRASSIERE

Modern fashion favors the firm, youthful contour—a detail so many women slight. Yet how deftly this moulded perfection is effected with this delightful creation of flesh-colored, double silk. Undetectable under sheerest gowns. Perfect freedom without pressure. Also available in lace, voile, batiste, crepes, etc. At all the better shops; or send coupon for full particulars.

KESTOS, 108 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
140 Geary St., San Francisco; 315 Fourth Ave., New York; Santa Fe Bldg., Dallas; 165 Luckie St. N. W., Atlanta.
Please send me full details and prices on Kestos Brassieres.
Name ....
Address ....

SHORTHAND
SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS
MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Plenty of Quantity

ALTHOUGH there is display of sufficient enterprise in the movies this past week, there is little to show for it that may be considered entertaining. Of the batch released I found "China Express," at the Cameo, the most inspired. This is a Russian picture and has been, I understand, much cut and clipped and sheared by censors—for what reasons I know not—until the narrative has become hopelessly botched. It is permeated, like all Russian pictures of today, with such a stress on its special propaganda that plausibility and the vulgar, grateful, human note are lost entirely. However, its story of a revolt of coolies on a Chinese train is essentially vivid, treated as it is in the mannered fashion of these Muscovite movies, with flashes of the camera from all angles, with "stills" of corpses, with many faces shifting into a composite face of the downtrodden, or of the thieving capitalists, with moments of irony, when the fat fingers of a bishop mark jazz time upon his prayerbook. This irony has been accentuated, too, by the able titling (this is a silent picture) of Michael Gold.

"THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA," at the Globe, is another picture on the grim side, and this rendering of a long, painful, and bitter novel of the war, an exposé of the German military system, does not fare well in the scanty outline allowed it in the film. In the novel you at least follow the motives of the high officers who make an effort to save the life of a miserable Russian peasant wrongly condemned to death, but in the picture you only reflect airily that such bother would never be taken at such a time about an insignificant entity. Curiously enough, the picture fails even to stir much sentimental sympathy for Grischa's fate. However, a definite attempt is made to follow the major current of the original novel, and there is no effort to mitigate the tragic conclusion.

Chester Morris is out of his element as Grischa, too far from the silk hats of his night clubs, and Betty Compson, as Babka, suggests only a little blonde

Advice from Paris and London... on where to get your permanent wave

◆

No advice could be safer . . . . No advice could be simpler . . . . Go to the hairdresser featuring The Eugène Method . . . . Find him by his display of the Eugène Trade Mark.

If yours is a genuine Eugène Waver he uses genuine Eugène Sachets, the essential feature of the Eugène Method.

THE SACHET

Eugène Sachets have patented perforated steam tabs that control and direct the steaming of your hair . . . . This control assures safety, certainty—and Beauty!

Pay the extra price for the genuine Eugène Wave—it is worth it! Look for the Eugène Trade Mark on each of the two to three dozen Sachets used. . . Meanwhile, write for a specimen Sachet and "The Eugène Beauty Book."

Eugène, Ltd., 521 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Eugene S. A. Paris: Eugene Ltd., London: Eugene G. m. b. H., Berlin: Eugene, Ltd., Sydney

IS THE SECRET

No. 1
FOR WAVING NORMAL HAIR
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
eugène
SACHET
WITH PERFORATED STEAM-TAB
PAT. NO. 1,449,873 MARCH 27, 1923

eugène
permanent waves

©E. L., 1930

GILBERT MILLER presents (in association with Guthrie McClintic)

Katharine Cornell

in **DISHONORED LADY**

a new play by Margaret Ayer Barnes & Edward Sheldon

EMPIRE THEATRE B'way & 40th St. Evs. 8:40
Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

GILBERT MILLER PRESENTS

Journey's End

(By arrangement with Maurice Brown)

HENRY MILLER'S
THEATRE 124 W. 43 St.
Eves. 8:30, Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Gilbert Miller & Leslie Howard's production of

Berkeley Square

By John L. Balderston
With Leslie Howard
and Margalo Gillmore
LYCEUM THEATRE
45 St. E. of B'way.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

Jack Buchanan in

WAKE UP AND DREAM

ARCH SELWYN'S presentation of CHAS. B. COCHRAN'S REVUE

"Tuneful and jolly show sure to delight the town."—*Darnton, Ev. World.*

with TILLY LOSCH, JESSIE MATTHEWS, TINA MELLER

SELWYN THEATRE 42 St., W. of Broadway
Good Balcony Seats $1, $1.50, $2. NO TAX
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

"SHOULD BE SEEN AT ALL COSTS AS ONE OF THE REALLY TOUCHING COMEDIES OF THE SEASON." *Alison Smith, World*

BROKEN DISHES

Martin Flavin's Comedy with Donald Meek

THEATRE **MASQUE** W. 45 St. Evs. 8:50
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

CHANINS 46th ST. THEA. Mats. THURS. & SAT. 2:30

300 GOOD BALCONY SEATS $1.00
(301 to 309th times)

EARL CARROLL
New Revue of Laughs and Beauties by EDDIE CANTOR

"SKETCH BOOK"

featuring WILL MAHONEY
WILLIAM DEMAREST
THREE SAILORS
56 PRIZE BEAUTIES

MANSFIELD THEA., W. 47th St. Evs. 8:30
Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30

LAURENCE RIVERS presents

THE Green Pastures

By MARC CONNELLY

Settings by R. E. Jones
Music Under Direction of Hall Johnson
"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

EDGAR SELWYN presents

CLARK & McCULLOUGH

in the new and novel musical play **"STRIKE UP THE BAND"**

"Will send you home still chuckling, humming, tingling."—*Gabriel, American.*

TIMES SQ. THEATRE, 42 St. W. of B'way.
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

PHILIP DUNNING presents

THOSE WE LOVE

By George Abbott & S. K. Lauren

"FLAWLESS!"—*Mantle, News.*
"WELL-MADE!"—*Garland, Telegram.*
"ELOQUENT!"—*Ruhl, Her. Tribune.*
"GENUINE!"—*Atkinson, Times.*
"WELL ACTED!"—*Brown, Post.*
"CONVINCING!"—*Darnton, Eve. World.*
"EXCELLENT!"—*Anderson, Journal.*
"DELIGHTFUL!"—*Coleman, Mirror.*

Evgs. 8:50. Matinees Wed. and Sat., 2:50.
JOHN GOLDEN Thea., W. 58th St. CIRcle 5678

A Rip-Roaring Hair Raiser

"THE BLUE GHOST"

FORREST Thea., 49 St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:50.
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS

THE APPLE CART

Bernard Shaw's
Political Extravaganza

MARTIN BECK Thea. 45th St. W. of Eighth Ave. Evgs. 8:30
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

METEOR

By S. N. Behrman

LAST WEEK!

GUILD THEA. 52nd St., W. of Broadway
Evgs. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

THE SEASON'S COMEDY HIT

"MANY-A-SLIP"

The Laugh Sensation by Edith Fitzgerald and Robert Siskin—with

SYLVIA SIDNEY, DOUGLAS MONTGOMERY, DOROTHY SANDS
And Others

LITTLE THEA. 44th St. W. of B'way.
Eves. 8:50, Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE LAST MILE

"THE PLAY OF THE YEAR. LET THE THEATRE REJOICE."—*Burns Mantle, News*

SAM. H. HARRIS THEATRE, 42nd Street West of Broadway

Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

ALVIN THEATRE, 52 St. W. of Broadway
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Alex A. Aarons & Vinton Freedley's
Newest Musical Comedy

HEADS UP!

VICTOR MOORE, JACK WHITING, BARBARA NEWBERRY, BETTY STARBUCK
Rodgers & Hart Music

GRACE GEORGE

in the St. John Ervine comedy

FIRST MRS. FRASER

with A. E. Matthews and Lawrence Grossmith

PLAYHOUSE 48th Street, East of B'way
Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
Extra Matinee every Thursday until June 15th

2ND YEAR IN NEW YORK CITY

STREET SCENE

AMBASSADOR Theatre 49th St. W. of Broadway

Evgs. 8:40; Matinees Wed. and Sat. 2:30

BELASCO Theatre W. 44 St. Eves. 8:40
Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

DAVID BELASCO presents

"It's a Wise Child"

"A Flawless Cast"—ROBERT GARLAND *Eve. Telegram*
A Comedy by Laurence E. Johnson

FULTON Theatre. W. 46 St. Evs. 8:50.
Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30.

WILLIAM KEIGHLEY
and
W. P. TANNER
Present

Penny Arcade

A New Play by MARIE BAUMER

EMBASSY

THE NEWSREEL THEATRE

BROADWAY AND 46th ST.

ANY SEAT 25¢ ANY TIME

Continuous 10 A.M. to MIDNITE

PRESENTING AN ALL SOUND NEWSREEL PROGRAM
Complete change of program weekly
Midnight Shows every Saturday

ARTHUR HOPKINS Presents

"REBOUND"

a New Comedy by
DONALD OGDEN STEWART

with HOPE WILLIAMS

PLYMOUTH Thea., W. 45th St., Eves. 8:50
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40

Brock Pemberton Presents

Strictly Dishonorable

Comedy Hit by Preston Sturges
Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton
An average of 25 standees at every performance since the opening Sept. 18, 1929.

AVON THEATRE W. 45 St. Dir. *A. L. Erlanger*
Eves. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

---

50 MILLION FRENCHMEN

A Musical Comedy Tour of Paris
with WM. GAXTON & GENEVIEVE TOBIN

"'Fifty Million Frenchmen' happens to be just the best thing of its sort in seven or so years."
—*Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American*

LYRIC THEATRE W. 42nd St. Eves. 8:30
Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
300 Good Seats $1—at Box Office

SUBWAY EXPRESS

"Should live as long as the Subway itself"—*Evening Post.*

REPUBLIC THEATRE West 42nd Street
Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

ZIEGFELD THEATRE, 54th Street & 6th Avenue
Mats. Thurs. & Sat. $1 to $3 (No tax)

ED WYNN

"The Perfect Fool"

"SIMPLE SIMON"

A Musical entertainment Glorifying Laughter and the American Girl

---

"ACROSS THE WORLD with Mr. and Mrs. MARTIN JOHNSON"

Their First Talking Picture
Beginning Saturday, March 15th

LITTLE CARNEGIE PLAYHOUSE 146 West 57th St.

Continuous 1 P. M. to Midnight

MAJESTIC THEA., 44th St. W. of B'way.
Evs. 8:20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:20

Lew Leslie's International Revue

Greatest Array of Stars in New York—Cast of 200

GEORGE WHITE'S ACE OF MUSICAL COMEDIES

FLYING HIGH

with BERT LAHR—OSCAR SHAW
SONGS by DE SYLVA, BROWN & HENDERSON
Pop. Mats. Wed. & Sat., $1 to $3. No Tax

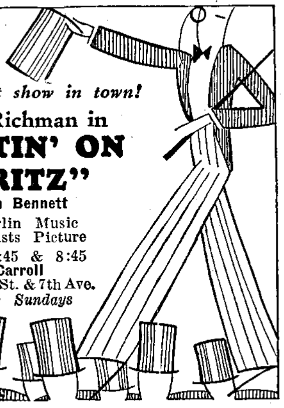
GEORGE WHITE'S **APOLLO** THEATRE W. 42nd St.

LEE SHUBERT *Presents*
THE INFINITE SHOEBLACK
by Norman MacOwan
With **HELEN MENKEN**
LESLIE BANKS
MAXINE ELLIOTT'S Thea., 39th, E. of B'y.
Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

ETHEL BARRYMORE Theatre 47th W. of B'way
Eves. 8:50. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30
PHILIP MERIVALE in
DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY
An Unusual Play about Life

MUSIC BOX Thea., 45th W. of B'way. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30
TOPAZE
A Comedy Hit from the French
with
FRANK MORGAN
PHOEBE FOSTER—CLARENCE DERWENT

F. C. Coppicus presents
MEI LAN-FANG
CHINA'S GREATEST ACTOR
Supported by his own company of actors, dancers and musicians, direct from Pekin in four plays and dances the meaning of which is fully explained before each scene by the mistress of ceremonies, Miss Soo Yong.
NATIONAL Theatre 41st St. W. of Broadway
Evgs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
Seats now on sale for a Limited Engagement at National Theatre Box Office. Auspices: China Institute in America



QUITE
the smartest show in town!
Harry Richman in
"PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ"
With Joan Bennett
Irving Berlin Music
United Artists Picture
Daily at 2:45 & 8:45
Earl Carroll
Theatre, 50th St. & 7th Ave.
3 Shows Sundays

GEORGE ARLISS
in
"THE GREEN GODDESS"
Winter Garden, B'way & 50th St.
Warner Bros. & Vitaphone Talking Pictures
GEORGE ARLISS
in
"DISRAELI"
Central Theatre, B'way & 47th St.
Daily 2:45-8:45—Sundays 3-6-8:45
At the Two Theatres

LEXINGTON
LOEW'S
March 15, 16, 17: RONALD COLMAN in "Condemned"; March 18, 19: "Hello Sister" and "Mexicana"; March 20, 21: "Roadhouse Nights", with Helen Morgan.
51ST ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

lady of the suburbs who hasn't had time to get a marcel.

ON the lighter side of the week's profferings, Madame Glyn's "Such Men Are Dangerous" stands out. Men so described by Madame Glyn, we gather, are those who have resorted to plastic surgery in order to secure a more provocative appearance than God had blessed them with in the beginning. The idea seems to me characteristic of Madame's profound observances on the social scene, as her annotators report them. Aside from this flavor of the operating table, one episode bears a faint resemblance to the Loewenstein case. There is certainly a great story ingrained in the disappearance of that powerful financier from his plane, but it is by no means to be found in this opus. We would confine this piece to a special public of "beauticians" and their circle of intimates.

PLASTIC surgery also plays a part in Fannie Brice's new film, "Be Yourself." This time a prizefighter has his nose straightened, in the Dempsey tradition, but much to everyone's relief he gets it broken in a good fight at the end. The picture is ordinary enough—about a lady who sings in a night club, her boxing beau, and a rival, and it works out obviously and isn't much of anything anyhow. Miss Brice sings, of course, and the talking mechanism, without mercy, lifts her none too gentle voice shivering and shouting to the rafters.

THE latest Gary Cooper picture, "Only the Brave," gives us an episode of the Civil War, and appears to indicate that the mental processes of the conventional southern "belle" may have had much to do with the catastrophe of the Confederacy. Mary Brian plays the young lady concerned. It must be said of Miss Brian that no one in Hollywood can be a more strenuous worker. A picture a week appears to be her average. We hope her family appreciates her. On the whole, however, "Only the Brave" is a sentimental titbit with unexpected and untoward lapses into farce.

THE week's enterprise has even two more movies to its credit: "The Cohens and Kellys in Scotland" for the "Abie's Irish Rose" public and "Lord Byron of Broadway" for any public it has the good fortune to get.

—J. C. M.

talkie talkie

many are called***!! . . but few are consistently chosen perfect sound entertainment . . . except those discriminatingly purveyed by

the rialto
RIALTO

where there's "be yourself" with fanny brice; as if anyone could when you're dying of laughter.

the rivoli — united artists
RIVOLI

where "the love parade" now passes in review . . . chevalier's appeal is just as high as ever . . . but the prices are lower.

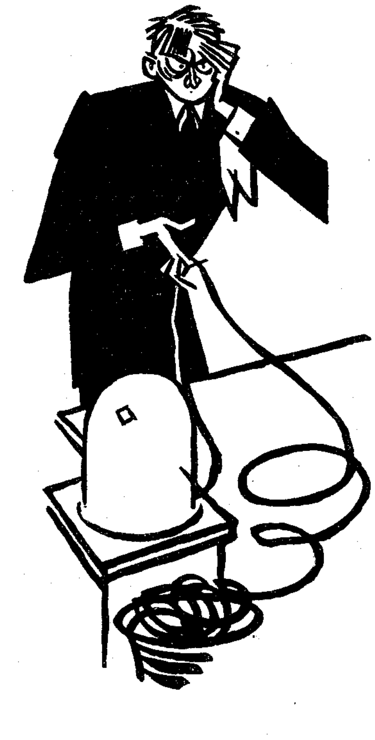
the criterion

where there's "the vagabond king" a royal gesture in screenland, crowning dennis king and paramount with glory and cash. Epic! opus! Epic!

the paramount

where there's paramount's "sarah and son" . . . ruth chatterton mothering the perilous in a grand maternal movie. come give your emotions a gallop and watch jesse crawford organing.

luxurious and comfortable,
these are
publix theatres



BEAR UP!

IF YOUR smoking pleasure starts off at a high quotation but falls off several points before night — bear up — don't bear down.

Start using Squibb's Dental Cream and see the difference. Squibb's gives an extra margin of zest — an extra dividend of sparkle.

Because Squibb's is over half Milk of Magnesia — the finest, safest antacid. Squibb's protects. It neutralizes acids — keeps your teeth and gums sturdy and healthy.

Invest in Squibb's. You'll like it. At all drug stores.

Copyright 1930 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

Squibb's
Dental
Cream

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

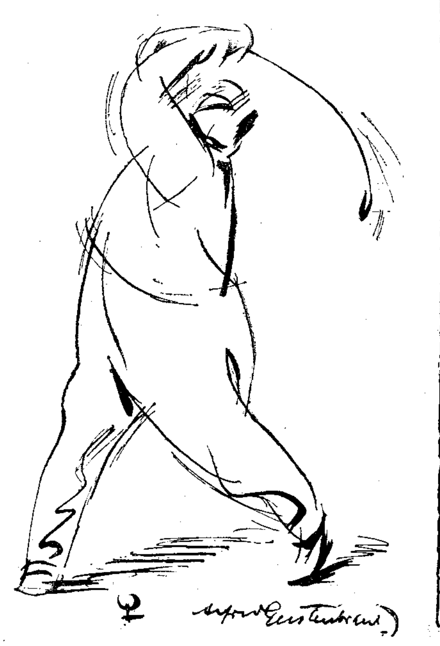
SUMMER-SPORTS FORECASTS

I—A LITTLE LOOK AHEAD AT GOLF

GOLFERS will be playing with a new ball this year—unless they have a supply of old crowbaits left over from the 1929 season. As a matter of fact, it will make little difference which ball they use, for they will have just as much trouble getting the new, large ball into the cup in a respectable number of strokes as they have always had with the smaller ball. The new ball is not supposed to go as far as the old one, but it is almost inconceivable that any ball, however large and dead, could fail to go at least as far as three out of four of the drives off the first tee of any club. Certainly the new ball is *capable* of going more than ten feet, obliquely.

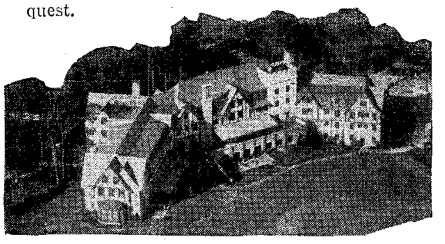
The season will open, regardless of weather conditions, on the first Sunday that four friends have simultaneous suggestions from their wives that they do something about fixing up a flowerbed. This will be little more than a practice round, to dust off alibis and get them in working condition for a busy summer. One of the foursome will get a 98, which will convince him that he is at last catching on to the game—and so completely convince him of this that he will have an average of 109 for the season.

There will be a few new greens-committee chairmen who will plunge into their work with enthusiasm and verve, but they will soon acquire the furtive, apprehensive look of more experienced greens-committee chairmen. There will be no closed season on greens-committee chairmen at any time in



PLAY and REST at Picturesque Sedgefield —in Sunny Carolina

OVERNIGHT from New York to superb golf on one of the finest courses in the south—grass greens. Riding and other outdoor sports amid beautiful natural surroundings. Sedgefield Inn offers accommodations to suit the most exacting. A delightful place for a visit, and a convenient week-end objective. Two hours by car from Pinehurst. Folder on request.



SEDGEFIELD INN
SEDGEFIELD ... GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

"Who said POUCHES with a Y?"

Only a skilled Anagramaniac could transform it into CHOPSUEY! Match wits with the illuminati in this sport of sports — get SILAS F. SEADLER'S compendium of 1001 irresistible Anagrams. Free VENUS PENCIL with each copy.

HOW IT'S DONE
Silas Seadler
THE ANAGRAM BOOK

THE ANAGRAM BOOK

$1.35 *at all bookstores or*

SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers, 37 West 57th St., New York

in CHICAGO
Hotel Knickerbocker

The Will-to-Serve, the warm friendliness, the personal effort to make you comfortable . . . that's what you will first appreciate at Hotel Knickerbocker. Then . . . larger, handsome rooms . . . and the most luxuriously comfortable beds that money can buy. With all that come lower rates that show our spirit of fairness to the public . . . our wish to merit public recognition as a great institution, not merely a "mere" hotel. 3 minutes to the city-center . . . it's quiet, restful, and accessible here . . . When are you coming to Chicago? At your service!

J. I. McDONELL, *Manager*

Wonderful Rooms with bath $3.00
Write for illustrated literature
163 E. Walton Pl., Opposite The Drake

1930, and there will be no limit to the bag allowed.

Nearly all golfers will vow to quit the game if they fail to break a hundred by August 1, but the congestion at the first tee on Saturday afternoons will continue unabated until the end of the season. A few will cure their slice, only to acquire a vicious and inconvenient hook, and the putting will be pretty terrible at all times.

Several hundred thousand enthusiasts will wear themselves out trailing around after championship matches, in order to absorb ideas about how to change their own methods to advantage. They will be successful in getting home late to dinner, and in acquiring a handy topic of conversation, but that will be about all. Despite the upset at Pebble Beach in 1929, it will be Bobby Jones against the field in the National Amateur, and there will be the usual talk about taking bread out of the professionals' mouths if an amateur happens to win the Open.

—JOHN C. EMERY

•

AIR ATROCITY

Spring from the sheets as the bugle bleats,
Flinging the window wide;
A chill breeze yammers through scant pajammers,
Piercing the shrinking hide;

Stifle a yawn for the nap that's gone,
Victim of monkey tricks,
With a counterfeit grin as you begin
Exercise Number Six.

One! two! Double and skew
At the tube-held tyrant's hest;
With clavicles sore from the hardwood floor,
Banish all thought of rest.

Bend at the waist in posture chaste,
While knees like aspens quiver;
Wriggle and squirm like a new-hooked worm—
Exercise Twelve, for the liver.

Squat, to the tune of "Kansas Moon"
Or "Rainbow Round My Whoosis,"
While the filaments chant to each gasping pant—
And the man with *no* set snoozes.

Strain in time till the big bells chime,
Then break for the tepid shower;
Rub and dress . . . And it's my best guess
The day is utterly sour!

—HAROLD WILLARD GLEASON

A MODERN ART

"WELL, George," I said to George Hopkins one Saturday afternoon in the club in Forty-fourth Street, "I'll go with you to your Museum of Modern Art, provided it's not too far away. Where is it?"

"It's just round the corner," said George; so we got our hats and coats and started for the door.

He had been wanting me to go to this museum with him for some time, in spite of the fact that I never go to museums when I am at home. Abroad I go continually, finding it an almost necessary adjunct to keeping up with American gossip; I used to think the Louvre was very good, also, for theatre and ship news, though of course there is no place like the Cluny for furniture sales.

In the hall I heard George say in a monotone to the doorman, "Elmer, do you know where the Museum of Modern Art is?"

Elmer didn't know, but he thought we could find it in the telephone book.

"Look here, George," I said, "don't you *know* where it is?"

"Not exactly," said George. "It's on Fifth Avenue, though. Just a minute while I get the number from the telephone book."

But it wasn't in the telephone book, either as a Museum of Modern Art, or an Art Museum of Modern, or a Modern Art Museum of. It occurred to me later that George might have been looking in a last year's book, but at the time it seemed conclusive.

"I'll ask Maurice at the theatre-ticket desk," said George. "He knows all about things like that."

Maurice ran through two or three little red books and finally had to raise his hands in defeat. "The nearest thing I have is 'Earl Carroll's Sketch Book.' "

George thanked him. "We'll just ask a traffic cop," said George. "They know everything."

YOU don't realize how big these traffic cops are until you walk out to one and bring up the matter of art. From the sidewalk they seem hardly more than life-size; they are dwarfed by the surrounding buildings until they seem scarcely taller than a man. Even if you get out to them and broach some he-topic you will probably find that you are looking about at his collar, which isn't so bad. But bring up a question of art, and you will see his

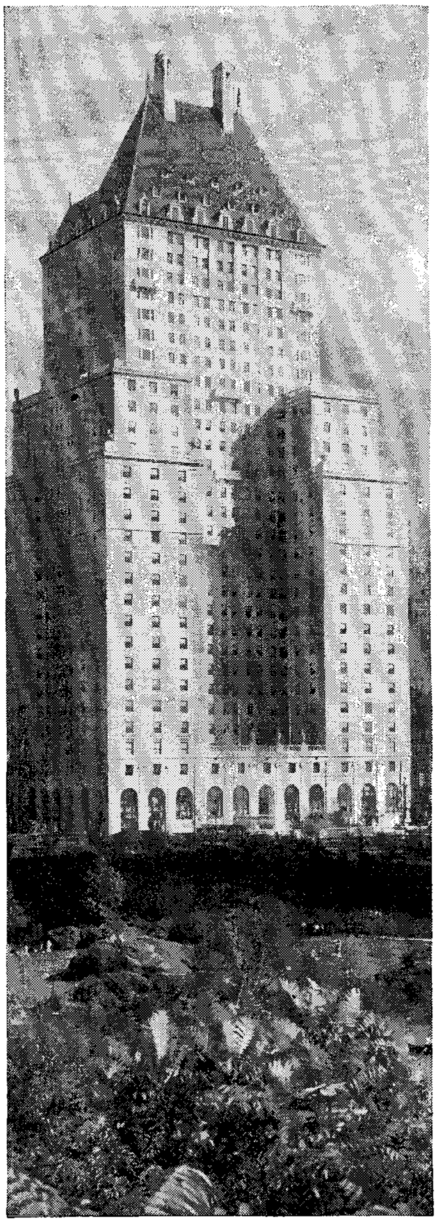


Photo by Amemya

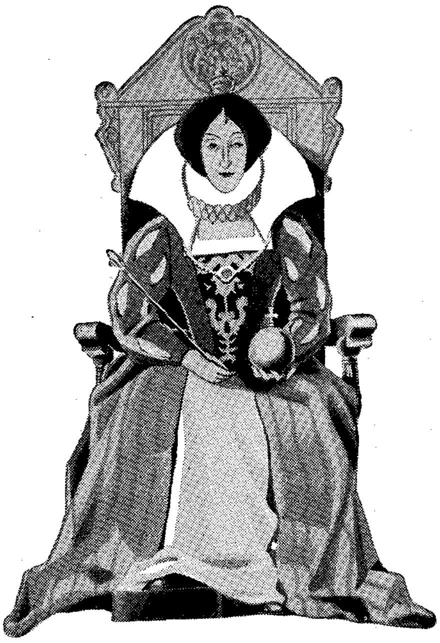
THE SAVOY-PLAZA

Majestic and Impressive with the 840 acres of Central Park at its doors . . . a setting one hardly hopes for in the towering city of stone and steel. To the travelled person, it is vividly evident that here is one of the world's distinguished hotels with the Most Beautiful Outlook in New York.

Illustrated Brochure on Request

Fifth Avenue, New York
58th to 59th Streets

Henry A. Rost, *President*
Same Management as The Plaza



The best way to see Britain

The best way to see the beauty and historical associations of England is to travel by the London Midland & Scottish Railway. When you get to London make your way to Euston Station. From there you will get Circular Tours to the Shakespeare Country, where Kenilworth saw Elizabeth's splendour; to the Lake District; the mountains of North Wales; and to all parts of Scotland and Ireland. Euston Station is the starting point for the beauty and romance of this wonderful land. Make your way there first and plan your trip in England from the tours of the LMS.

Write to the LMS American Agent for details of delightful Circular Tours.

L M S
LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH
RLY OF GREAT BRITAIN

Illustrated pamphlets from T. R. Dester (Dept. A30), London Midland & Scottish Railway of Great Britain, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York. Or from any LMS Ticket Agent.

collar lift up in front of you as if he were an elevator-boy, leaving you looking approximately at his badge. This subject is about an eighth of an inch short of contempt of court; I feel that they would a good deal rather talk about rattles for the baby.

We walked out to one of them. I could see his chin just below the brim of my hat. "Can you direct me to the Museum of Modern Art?" said George, putting his shoulders back.

He didn't say anything and I looked up and saw that his eyes were resting in some surprise on the driver of a Ford sedan. This man had started to make a right turn, then changed his mind, and was now swinging round to the left. Our policeman watched him apparently with more and more surprise, his hands hanging down at his sides in great calmness; he even pushed George and me gently aside in order to see better. Then the driver, finding that the street ran only one way, tried to make a complete turn and was blocked by the car in front; then he slipped into reverse and started to back out. Our policeman strolled over to him, put one foot on his running board, and said to him sweetly amid a raucous din of impatient horns, "Why don't you just whisper to me where you're trying to go? Maybe I can help you."

I pulled George away hurriedly; I felt sure that this man didn't want to be bothered about art.

We went up a block or two and found one who seemed a good deal smaller, though this may have been an hallucination because of the French Building.

"Art, heh?" he said, looking hard at George.

"Modern art," I corrected him.

"Take a Number Four bus and get off at Eighty-fourth Street," he shouted, about as persuasively as our old top-sergeant suggesting that we try a squads-right.

"That's the Metropolitan, isn't it?" said George.

"Well, that's what you want, isn't it?"

"Why, of course that's what we want, George," I said, and once more I pulled George to the sidewalk. "Now look here, old-timer," I said, "a man gets fed up with this sort of thing after a while. Unless you can produce your Museum of Modern Art—"

"Here's Thomas Cook," said George, "he'll tell us."

But Mr. Cook had shut up shop and gone home.

"I'll ask Information," said George, hopelessly. "I know she won't tell us, but I don't want you to think I'm not doing everything in my power."

We found a telephone round the corner and George called Information.

"Will you give me the address of the Museum of Modern Art on Fifth Avenue?" said George.

"The add-ress of the Museum of Modern Art on Fifth Avenue?" asked Information.

"Yes," said George.

"I am sorry, sir, but I am not allowed to give out add-resses."

"But, my dear girl," said George, "this is a museum. They don't mind if people know where it is."

This created a long silence, then Information replied, "I am sorrry, sir, but I am not allowed to give out add-resses."

George hung up. "There you are," he replied. "You can't get anything out of them."

"George," I said, "would you really like to know where the Museum of Modern Art is?"

"You don't mean that you know!" said George belligerently.

"Lend me that nickel," I said, "and let a man phone that can phone."

He handed me the nickel, though he wasn't much interested.

"Information, please," I said. "Listen to this, George, you who have said I hadn't a way with women—Information, can you give me the number of the Museum of Modern Art at five hundred and ten Fifth Avenue?"

"Five hundred and ten?" said George.

I waved him to be quiet, for Information was walking round to the front of this trap and sniffing at the trigger. Then she spoke:

"There is no Museum of Modern Art listed at five one oh Fifth Avenue, sir. There is a Museum of Modern Art at seven thrrrree oh Fifth Avenue, if that is the one you mean."

"That's the baby!" I cried with perhaps pardonable vulgarity.

—BERRY FLEMING

•

During the past five years there has been an increase of 38 percent in the number of fatalities at grade crossings, but there has been a perceptible decrease in such accidents due to trains striking automobiles. The number of crossing accidents due to automobiles striking trains has increased 135 percent.—*New York Central Lines magazine.*

And there's nothing that makes rolling stock so mad.

STORIES OF TODAY

I—MODERNISM

A bon-ton club in Paris
Recently served sausages
Scented with attar of roses.

When the news circulated
Throughout the capital,
Conservative chefs
Wept bitterly.

II—FASTIDIOUSNESS

Mrs. Ethel Calvert,
Society bride,
Refused to be married
Until the carpet in the church
Where the ceremony was held
Was changed from red to blue.

She was wearing a blue frock
With which the red clashed.

III—INDELICACY

When John Verboon,
The town bootlegger,
Was jailed by federal agents,
A petition asking for his release
And signed by one hundred citizens
Was presented to the court.
The court indelicately
Made public the petition signatures.

Local church members
Were much embarrassed.

IV—EFFICIENCY

When Governor Sampson
Of Kentucky
And his Lieutenant Governor
Had to leave the state
For a short time,
Senator Edward Waler
Was appointed Acting Governor.

And when Governor Sampson returned,
Three hours later,
He found the Acting Governor
Had already appointed
Twenty-two new colonels.

V—COINCIDENCE

When an automobile raffle
For the benefit of a Children's Home
Netted only $3.60 for the Home,
Police arrested Mrs. Heineman,
The promoter.

They found she had collected
$1,466.90 for tickets,
And that her husband,
By a peculiar coincidence,
Had won the automobile.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

OSHKOSH
TRUNKS

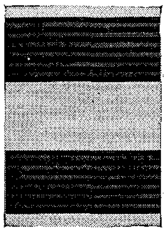
To people with short tempers who have to take long trips

PEOPLE who travel with Oshkosh Trunks enjoy a peace that passes understanding—at least the understanding of anyone who is not an Oshkosh owner.

Oshkosh Trunks are not equipped with radio sets, fireplaces, or putting greens. But they do offer many conveniences that are a blessing to short-tempered travelers. Properly constructed hangers, for instance, that simply cannot damage your clothes in any way. Drawers that always slide smoothly in any climate.

Locking devices, both inside and out, that do their stuff instantly and without balking. And, a long line of minor blessings that the average trunk does not offer

HOW TO RECOGNIZE AN OSHKOSH TRUNK



"Chief" Oshkosh Cord Duck, the strongest and toughest trunk covering made, is found only on Oshkosh "Chief" Trunks. *It is recognizable anywhere by these two bands of red and yellow stripes woven into the fabric.*

Oshkosh Trunks can also be had in the less expensive fibre covering. The Oshkosh trade-mark identifies them.

A useful descriptive booklet, "Your Home Away From Home," will be sent upon request. For a copy, address the Oshkosh Trunk Company, 438 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Or phone our New York office, CALedonia 2715, where trunks will be shown and names of dealers furnished.

THE ART GALLERIES

A Good Many Americans and a Few Visitors—Matisse in English

THOMAS BENTON is one of the interesting Americans, colorful in his life, habits, and art, in a manner not seen on these shores so frequently as the crease-and-wrinkle school. Benton has been a rebel spending most of his life reporting the commonplace tragedy of reality. For a time his offering was the stark and uncouth native of his own environs, the Ozark mountains. During his sojourn in the East he has turned to the pioneers, working mainly with an eye to murals and wall spaces. His latest pictures, now on view at the Delphic Studios, represent still another phase.

We find in these later canvases less of the insurgent and more of the artist. Benton seems to have come to some sort of terms with reality and to have grown content with things as they are, no longer believing that he can mold the ugly human nearer his heart's desire by mere ridicule. What is left is a good deal of emotion, mainly atmospheric, of the sort that a Burchfield is made of. In his "Water Tank," a simple sketch of the Texas plain, there is the same kind of accurate mood that distinguishes a study of Ohio town life by Burchfield. In his "Cattle Loading," there is a slight bend toward the classic forms on which he was raised, plus his hard reporting. We find "Horses," "End of the Grass," and the two studies mentioned much more pleasing and a higher form than the splayed-out kodak-like composition, "Coke Plant."

It is a good show for those interested in the painting that clings closest to our own soil.

GUY PÈNE DU BOIS closes his exhibit at Kraushaar this Saturday. Du Bois belongs to a school that flourished at the peak of the Bellows and Henri period, and has gradually lost favor with the changing tastes. He has kept on with the forms that brought him his success, the well-handled foreign scene done with a dash of disdain. Du Bois is a fine workman and, except now and then in his spacing, knows things that many of the younger school never bothered to learn.

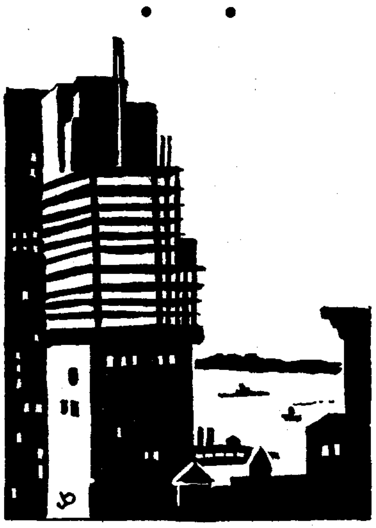
A QUAINT exhibit out of the past is the show of Eustace Stoenesco at the Durand-Ruel Galleries, which also closes Saturday. It falls somewhere between Boudin and Whistler and hardly seems to belong to our shores. The painter is a Rumanian, come here with badges and letters, having painted his much-travelled queen and royalty. Durand-Ruel, always firm believers in the law of compensation, have hung a beautiful Renoir in the entrance foyer. This is well worth your time.

A TRIP through the bewildering galleries of the Independents' show is a task, and a task that should be undertaken only by those who love art. We find very little pleasure in the expedition and can easily understand how the affair all these years has been used mainly as the butt of the professional humorists. The good is mixed with the merely pathological; hanging the pictures alphabetically furnishes a fairness, perhaps, in a small sense, but it does scant duty to art or its appreciation.

There the show is, however—in the Grand Central Palace this year, since the Waldorf is torn down—serving whatever purpose it can. The alcoves are boxed off much as in the old days, and somehow there is no change of heart or atmosphere. The John Reed Club has contributed a large cartoon on the clubbing of the unemployed by the police, or "pummelling" as the *Times* has it. This is all in the spirit of fun, and so contemporary that much of it is still in the sketch stage. There are others of the same sort, mainly against the prohibition affair, and all these boys become very savage with their philippics. As we grow older we doubt if art can champion anything save beauty. The soap box and the cartoon are more effective mediums for propaganda than the square of canvas.

Our catalogue notes as now viewed point to what resembles a special Kuniyoshi exhibit. Of the painting we like best, there was a decided leaning toward this young American. Shimizu shows his influence decidedly, and there is similar kinship in the work of Rinnosuke Kato, Chuzo Tamotzu, and Bumpei Usui. Claggett Wilson has one of his formalized peasants, a great relief to come upon in his sector. Maurer has two of his latest developments. Kantor shows a good deal of the Picasso strain not evident in his last year's work, and John Graham has two of his familiar abstractions. Of the primitives, usually the most interesting of this heterogeneous mass, there are not so many as in former years. We liked the hunting scene of Richard L. Hubbard, and also the color in his setter dogs. Iskantor might be mentioned in passing, and Olive Benson for her still-life in the early Derain manner.

ANOTHER art book comes along from the Maud and Chester Dale series: "Matisse," by Henry McBride. It is a brief and clear explanation of the great Frenchman, written by one who seems to have gone many places, met people, and seen things. It is devoid of flummery and those fancy empty phrases that mean so much to the ordinary art chronicler and his family but nothing to anyone else. We would have liked more text, even if at a sacrifice of some of the blank pages or pictures, as the latter were often not too well reproduced. It is a valuable item, as there are no other Matisse volumes in English that we know of.



HERE AND THERE: Yasuo Kuniyoshi is at Daniel's for a few weeks with his latest work. . . . Alexander Warshawsky and Irwin Hoffman will be at the Milch Gallery for the next fortnight. . . . Childe Hassam is having an exhibit at the Women's University Club during March.

Closing this Saturday: Paintings of wildflowers by Cecile Hulse-Matschat and Mary Elwes at the Art Center. . . . Paintings by Jacques La Grange at the Fifty-sixth Street Galleries. . . . Frederick K. Detwiller in four mediums at the same gallery. . . . A black-and-white show at the G. R. D. Studio.

—M. P.

Price—$16,000

THE cost of one color page advertisement in The American Weekly is $16,000.

While this is the highest page price received by any magazine, it is actually the biggest bargain on the publishing counter today.

If that sounds like a paradox, let's see what that $16,000 will buy.

First of all, it will buy a color page more than twice as big as any other magazine page, giving the advertiser the opportunity to tell his whole story in a dramatic way.

Next, it will buy the attention of nearly 6,000,000 American families located in the richest buying areas of this country; more than one-fourth of all the English speaking families in the United States.

Third, it will buy admission into the homes of these people at the lowest cost per home; actually at a cost of less than 1-3 cent per family.

The advertiser in The American Weekly not only enjoys these three great advantages, but he also has the advantage of advertising in the most interesting publication on earth.

The one reason for the steadily growing circulation of The American Weekly, now twice that of its nearest competitor, is that The American Weekly is editorially more interesting than any other magazine.

Imagine an advertising medium that is anticipated eagerly in nearly 6,000,000 homes every week.

The great national influence of The American Weekly starts with its concentration and domination in 536 of America's 812 towns and cities of 10,000 population and over.

In each of 185 cities it reaches one out of every two families.

In 132 more cities it reaches 40% to 50% of the families.

In an additional 102 cities it reaches 30% to 40%.

In still another 117 cities it reaches 20% to 30%.

But even that is not the whole story.

Nearly 2,000,000 additional families in thousands of other communities buy The American Weekly regularly, making the unprecedented total of 6,000,000 families who read this, the greatest of all magazines.

If you have merchandise which enjoys national distribution and want to bring it prominently to the attention of the most buyers at the lowest cost per buyer, where can you spend your advertising dollar more effectively?

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest Circulation in the World

Main Office: 9 East 40th Street, New York City

Branch Offices: Wrigley Bldg., Chicago ... 5 Winthrop Square, Boston ... 753 Bonnie Brae, Los Angeles ... 222 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco ... 12-231 General Motors Bldg., Detroit ... 1138 Hanna Bldg., Cleveland ... 101 Marietta St., Atlanta

RECENT BOOKS

Spring Song—Psychic Murders—A Shrewd Satire—Light on Emily Dickinson—The Words of the Tiger

IF the constabulary force of the city had the conscience of a mosquito, it would barge into the bookshops and burn all their copies of "Down in the Valley." It is—and don't misunderstand me—a good clean book, but there are influences that are worse than immorality. That the publishers should bring out the book at this season of the year shows malicious intent; for H. W. Freeman's new novel, his first since "Joseph and His Brethren," is saturated with the most insidious and lovely seduction—the old call of the soil, the *libido* for the garden.

On the surface, this dangerous book is an innocent and ingratiating thing. It is the adventures of a young man who buys a weekend cottage in the country and finds in his small retreat not only romance but that soul-satisfaction which lurks as a hope in the heart of every man when he buys a package of garden seeds.

Mr. Freeman's descriptions of the making of a garden should be suppressed, especially during these fatal months when the catalogues of Messrs. Burpee and Dreer are undermining the morale of owners of country places. His scenes of English country life are enough to break the hearts of residents of Long Island, Westchester, and Connecticut. For instance, he speaks casually of his hero's success with winter broccoli, lettuce, and cabbage; and he talks frequently of the bitter-sweet, nutty flavor of home-brewed beer. He glibly says that roses may be had for a little weeding. What about the aphis, Mr. Freeman?

Beneath all this lovely atmosphere, there is a plot in "Down in the Valley," and nice, restrained, natural country types. To me, however, the beauty of the book lies in its persuasive pictures of the countryside. It is now a best-seller and so it is spreading its deceitful doctrine of spring gardening. Will the readers who are enchanted by Mr. Freeman's Spring Song please remember that the first radish is also the first step on the road to perdition?

THE literary temperament in its amatory aspect forms the theme of two new English novels. Mr. Osbert Sitwell, in "The Man Who Lost Himself," treats of an emotional tragedy poetically and mystically. His book, whether you like it immoderately or remain cold to its strange quality, is an unusual performance. It is an odd mixture of literary essay and mystery story. Only Mr. Sitwell's mystery concerns psychic murders and the dark melodrama of the soul. By writing of his poet, Tristram (a doomed name), as though he were a real person, Mr. Sitwell holds him constantly and unswervingly before you so that you have the feeling of reading not a novel but a biography. This clarity of vision on Mr. Sitwell's part is all the more remarkable because, with no break in the credibility of his narrative, he goes from the believable past into the fantastic future. It is an eerie tale, with an odd tang of mysticism mingled with a sly wit. Your enjoyment of it depends on the capacity of your imagination.

"Pending Heaven," by William Gerhardi, is wickedly clever. A literary young man goes hunting for the ideal woman and, naturally, gets himself involved in a lot of silly and uncomfortable love affairs. Mr. Gerhardi makes faces at the institutions of Bohemianism and Free Love—subjects that have become almost as sacred as Motherhood or Patriotism. His hero, who fancies himself as a romantic young man, is gently booted through a series of foolish escapades and exposed in every paragraph as a selfish and shallow *poseur*. It is smart, shrewd satire because Mr. Gerhardi has the slight streak of snobbishness necessary to produce the true satirist.

THE run of biographies continues; and this week there are a batch of good ones. Josephine Pollitt's "Emily Dickinson" is as charming as any novel. Miss Pollitt, with fine sympathy, explains Miss Dickinson's timidity as an artist and her shyness as a woman. The most noteworthy chapters are written about Miss Dickinson's unhappy love affair with Lieutenant Hunt, which is treated with the dignity such a human drama deserves. In this book, too, Miss Dickinson is less the blighted spinster than in most of her portraits. If the environment of New England suppressed her and stunted her fullest development, it also endowed her with the wanton, rebellious strain that follows every good Puritan like a *doppelganger*.

That other side of the feminine Puritan character is found in "An American Jezebel," by Helen Augur. Anne Hutchinson, the terror of the early Massachusetts colony, is the subject of this biography. In case—and oh, the shame of it!—you have forgotten your early American history, Anne was the first of our crop of female Messiahs. After reading the story of her high doings among the godly, you cannot blame the Puritans for their belief in witchcraft. Anne was a girl who would have made Freud spend a couple of sleepless nights, and you are rather glad the early Fathers took the easiest way out and made away with her.

The Wonder Man of the week is "William Pitt, the Younger." It is the sort of biography I like, because it is filled with anecdotes. P. W. Wilson, the author, is so highly informed and so sure of his ground that he can afford to write both agreeably and objectively. I liked best the chapter about George III, and also the one about Catherine the Great. Through the puppet show of European politics of the eighteenth century, Mr. Wilson's Pitt moves as serenely and proudly as a doctor making the rounds in a psychopathic ward.

As for "Georges Clemenceau," it is told in the conservative French biographic style. Its author, Jean Martet, was secretary to Clemenceau for many years, and the book is a succession of dialogues, faithfully preserved by M. Martet. The volume is a source of a dozen future biographies and a hundred books on Europe during the war. It is beautifully free from rhapsody or distortion, and its tone, thank goodness, was set by Clemenceau himself, so that the rugged statesman emerges with the vividness of an unretouched photograph. —A. W. S.

•

It isn't often that I have a chance to record the alliance of Chicago and New York men and maids. However, it was this week that saw the nuptials of Mrs. Elliot Cowdin Bacon of New York and your Paul E. Gardner. Mrs. Bacon, of course, is frightfully well known here, though Mr. Gardner is an unknown quantity.—*New York society dispatch in the Chicago Tribune.*

He'll bear watching.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

The Man Who Lost Himself, by Osbert Sitwell (*Coward-McCann*). The tragedy of a poet, told in brilliant, imaginative style.

Down in the Valley, by H. W. Freeman (*Henry Holt*). Ingratiating and charming novel of English country life.

Pending Heaven, by William Gerhardi (*Harper*). Smart satire on Free Love and Bohemianism.

The 42nd Parallel, by John Dos Passos (*Harper*.) Cross-section of American life, brilliantly written and beautifully constructed. An important achievement.

The Great Meadow, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (*Viking*). Life, with a background of old Kentucky.

Retreat, by C. R. Benstead (*Century*). The dark spring of 1918, told from the point of view of the British soldier.

A Voyage to Purilia, by Elmer Rice (*Cosmopolitan*). Incredible adventures on a planet strangely like our own.

The Woman of Andros, by Thornton Wilder (*A. & C. Boni*). For those who like Thornton Wilder.

Judge and Fool, by Altalena (Vladimir Jabotinsky) (*Liveright*). The story of Samson and Delilah made into an unusually fine novel.

A Hungry Young Lady, by Marian Spitzer (*Liveright*): Smart dig at stage-struck ladies.

Australia Felix, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). The early life of Richard Mahony. Those who read "Ultima Thule" will need no further recommendation.

Bitter Waters, by Heinrich Hauser (*Liveright*). The love story of a German sailor and a Mexican girl told in vivid, powerful prose.

Pay Day, by Nathan Asch (*Payson & Clarke*). Sordid doings of a New York clerk on his night out. Effectively written.

Pure Gold, by O. E. Rölvaag (*Harper*). Prairie tragedy of the gold lust. Beautifully written, of course.

The Good Soldier: Schweik, by Jaroslav Hasek (*Doubleday, Doran*). The adventures of an idiot in the Austrian army, and a comic masterpiece.

Iron Man, by W. R. Burnett (*Dial Press*). Blow-by-blow story of the career of a prizefighter. Very exciting.

"— & Co.," by Jean-Richard Bloch, translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff (*Simon & Schuster*). A drama of men and machines, written in the finest tradition of the French novel.

All Our Yesterdays, by H. M. Tomlinson (*Harper*). The story of the birth of the war, splendidly told by a fine journalistic mind. Some magnificent writing.

Mothers Cry, by Helen Grace Carlisle (*Harper*). The tragedy of a New York mother—and something to break your heart.

Coronet, by Manuel Komroff (*Coward-McCann*). The adventures of the crown of Aristocracy from Renaissance Florence to modern Chicago. A first-rate novel.

Look Homeward, Angel, by Thomas Wolfe (*Scribner*). Vigorously written tragedy of youth in the New South.

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). Love story surrounded by the war—and modern writing at its best.

Mysteries

Peril at Cranbury Hall, by John Rhode (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . Somewhere in this House, by Rufus King (*Crime Club*). . . . Who Killed Charmian Karslake?, by Annie Haynes (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . Ask No Questions, by Beldon Duff (*Crime Club*). . . . Anybody's Pearls, by Hulbert Footner (*Crime Club*). . . . Menace to Mrs. Kershaw, by Austen Allen (*Harper*). . . . The Amazing Web, by Harry Stephen Keeler (*Dutton*). . . . The Mystery of a Butcher's Shop, by Gladys Mitchell (*Dial Press*). . . . The Mystery Maker, by Austin J. Small (*Crime Club*). . . . Betrayal, by A. E. and H. C. Walter (*Dutton*). . . . The Death Mask, by Arthur Applin (*Duffield*). . . . Murder Off Broadway, by Leonard Falkner (*Holt*).

General

Georges Clemenceau, by Jean Martet (*Longmans, Green*). A great man's words and deeds as recorded and seen by his secretary.

Emily Dickinson, by Josephine Pollitt (*Harper*). Sympathetic story of New England's poet, with many new facts about her life.

William Pitt, the Younger, by P. W. Wilson (*Doubleday, Doran*). Not only a good biography of Pitt, but a splendid picture of eighteenth-century Europe.

An American Jezebel: the Life of Anne Hutchinson, by Helen Augur (*Brentano*). Flighty doings of a lady Messiah in the early Massachusetts colony.

The Paris Gun, by Henry W. Miller (*Cape & Smith*). The complete story of that almost mythical gun with the seventy-five-mile range. Good reading.

Humanism and America, edited by Norman Foerster (*Farrar & Rinehart*). All about a cultural challenge.

Canfield, by Alexander Gardiner (*Doubleday, Doran*). The story of the gentleman gambler, with good sidelights on New York in the glittering era.

Balzac: The Man and the Lover, by Francis Gribble (*Dutton*). Mostly concerned with his love affairs.

The Devil, by Maurice Garçon and Jean Vinchon (*Dutton*). The true story of Satan, tracing his career from a serpent to a neurosis.

The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife, translated by Alexander Werth (*Payson & Clarke*). The plaintive journal of the wife of a genius. This volume contains the records from 1891 to 1897.

Escape, by Francesco Nitti (*Putnam*). A victim of the Fascisti writes of his life as a political prisoner. Exciting, but don't let the Duce catch you reading it.

Ten Thousand Shall Fall, by David King (*Duffield*). Heroic tale of a soldier of the Legion. Be sure to read the story of the siege of Verdun.

Tiger! Tiger!, by Honoré Willsie Morrow (*Morrow*). Entertaining biography of John B. Gough, one of the few prohibitionists who ever had delirium tremens.

Good-Bye to All That, by Robert Graves (*Cape & Smith*). A poet writes his autobiography. Its candor, succinct writing, and sharp thinking make it one of the best of the current books.

Is Sex Necessary?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

Peter Arno's Parade (*Liveright*). Drawings which need no recommendation.

•

SCHENECTADY FLASHES PICTURE TO AUSTRALIA; GETS IT BACK IN ONE-EIGHTH OF A SECOND—*Headline in the Times.*

They'll think twice before they do *that* again!

handwritten at REUBEN'S

As Reported by ALVIN AUSTIN

al jolson:

Al Jolson

Here is an Al Jolson paragraph with nary a word of mammy, sonny boy or Ruby Keeler. Which is as unique as Reuben's Al Jolson Tartar Sandwich, one of the season's best sellers. It packs the sort of wallop you'd expect of anything named for the Singing Fool.

bebe daniels:

Bebe Daniels

It's a far cry from Miss Daniels' caballeros and haciendas à la Rio Rita to Reuben's French pancakes à la Russe, done to a crisp brown, filled with caviar and sour cream. And yet we can easily imagine this rare morsel playing an important Mexican rôle; is there a more desirable ransom for hungry bandits? Is there, Bebe?

raymond guion:

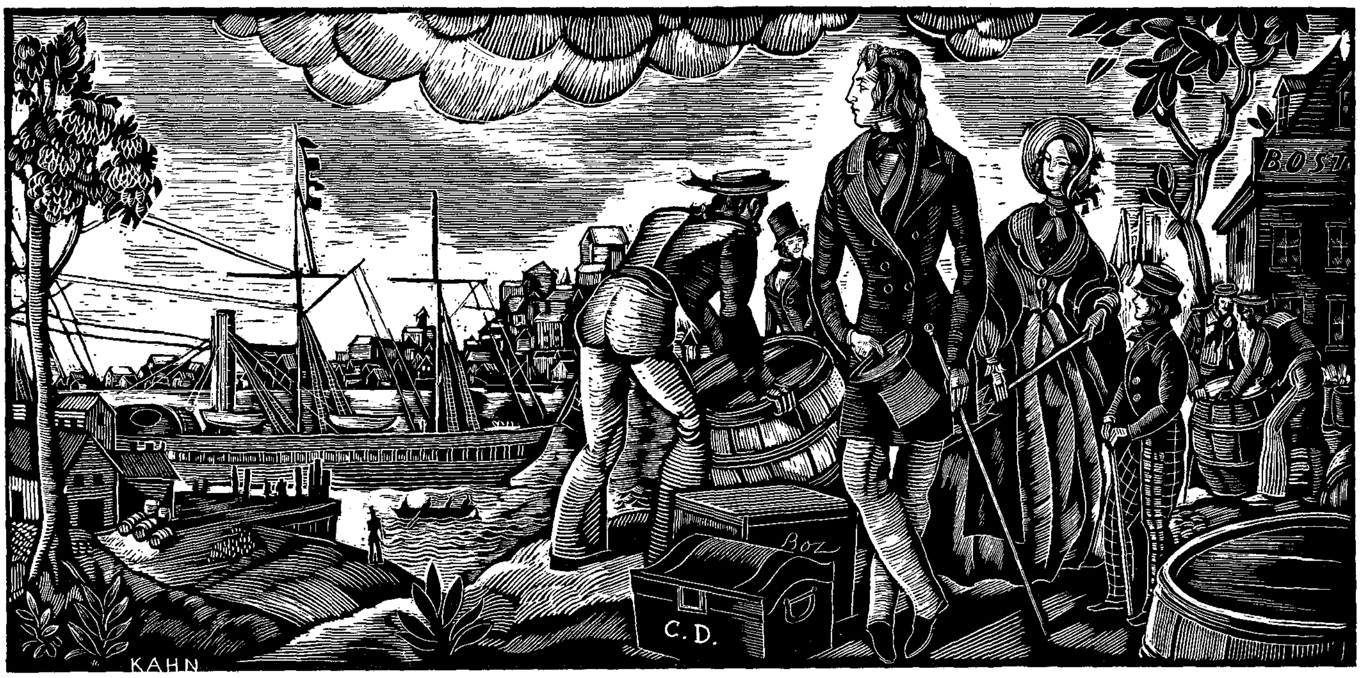
Raymond Guion

This blond boy made cradles famous and is now doing the same for transgression. His portrayal of passions (particularly hunger) is so vivid in "Young Sinners", that we have many complaints from customers who find they can't get here fast enough after the show to order Reuben's Deerfoot Farm Sausages Gastronome, the desire for which Mr. Guion's acting in the not always cold Adirondacks specifically incites.

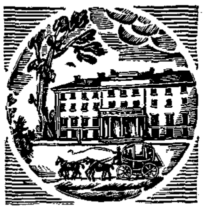
REUBEN'S

We Are Always Open: Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre
Madison Ave. at 59th—Broadway at 81st
Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street
from a sandwich to a National Institution

The Britannia drops Anchor in Boston Harbor



and CHARLES DICKENS Alights



The Old
TREMONT HOUSE
where Dickens stayed

"THE indescribable interest with which I strained my eyes, as the first patches of American soil peeped like mole-hills from the green sea . . . can hardly be exaggerated . . . On Saturday, the twenty-second of January, an American pilot-boat came alongside, and soon afterwards the Britannia, steam-packet from Liverpool, was telegraphed at Boston,"—so wrote the immortal Dickens of his visit to America in 1842.

Concerning the good ship Britannia herself, Dickens had this to say! "There she is! all eyes are turned to where she lies . . . every finger is pointed in the same direction, and murmurs of interest and admiration as 'How beautiful she looks!' 'How trim she is!'—are heard on every side." And he spoke of her officers, "smartly dressed," and of her "huge red funnel, smoking bravely."

Indeed, all America shared Dickens' enthusiasm at the first of all the *steam* ships to establish regular passenger and shipping contact with Europe.

Samuel Cunard had made history. It was Ezra Gannett, man of vision and leader in the rejoicing, who bestowed upon Cunard the sobriquet—"Builder of America." And Gannett flung wide the doors of the old Federal Street Meeting House and to the assembled Bostonians addressed these burning words:

"No event since the commencement of the present century involves more important consequences to this nation than the coming of Mr. Cunard's *steam* ship Britannia. It means that our wealth will be augmented, our activities quickened, and means of employment created. How great is its value in spreading civilization over the world!"

THAT WAS IN THE YEAR 1840.

And now after 90 YEARS

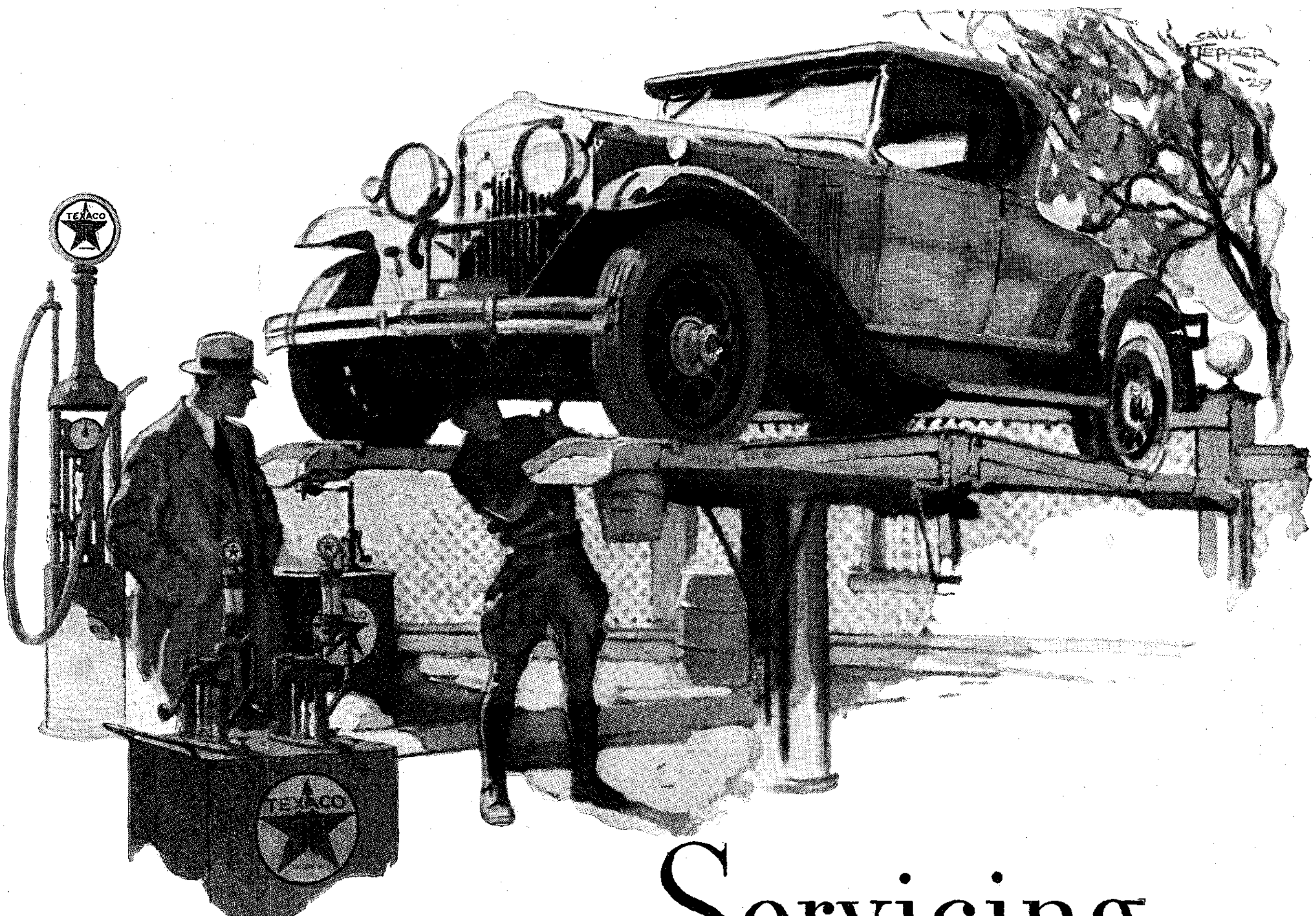
Cunard's "huge red funnels" throughout the world are testimonials to Samuel Cunard's far-sightedness. The 1,000 ton Britannia evolutes into the regally sized, royally apparelled Berengaria, Aquitania, Mauretania — Cunard's famous express service. What a history is this of Cunard accomplishment!

© C. S. S. Co.

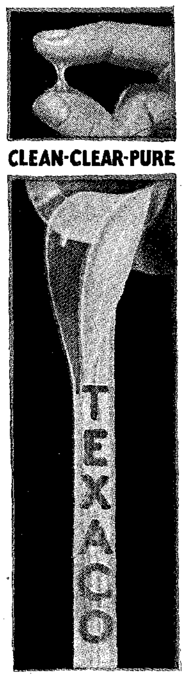
CUNARD

A copy of the sermon of Ezra Gannett, upon "The Coming of the Britannia" in facsimile form, as originally printed in 1840, will be sent on request. Cunard Steam Ship Co., Ltd., 25 Broadway, N. Y.

1840 · NINETY · YEARS · OF · SERVICE · 1930



Servicing the cars of a nation



Since the days of the horseless carriage, Texaco has accepted the responsibility for keeping cars *on* the road—running smoothly, quietly, efficiently.

This very day, with Spring just around the corner, the cars of a nation are being serviced by 40,000 Texaco dealers. Differentials and transmissions are being lubricated with Texaco Thuban Compound. Crankcases are being drained and refilled with clean, clear, pure Texaco Golden Motor Oil. Car owners in each of our 48 States who have tested and compared, know that Texaco Golden Motor Oil meets their year-round driving needs. Those who try Texaco once use it consistently. For this golden motor oil has the body to withstand top engine temperatures — and the freedom from cold-sensitive impurities which assures thorough protection even at zero.

Today, stop under the Texaco Red Star with the Green T. Let a Texaco service man determine your lubrication requirements.

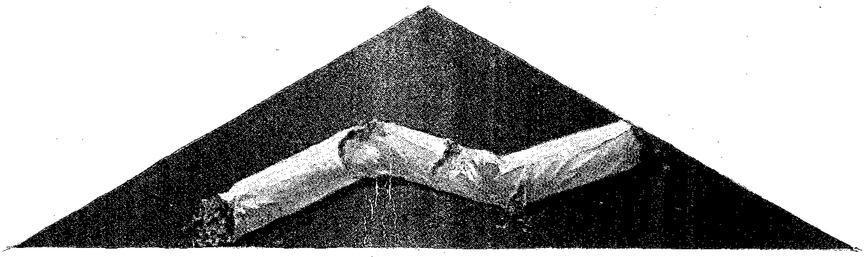
In 48 states motorists turn to TEXACO

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial Lubricants, Railroad and Marine Lubricants, Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing.

TEXACO

GOLDEN MOTOR OIL



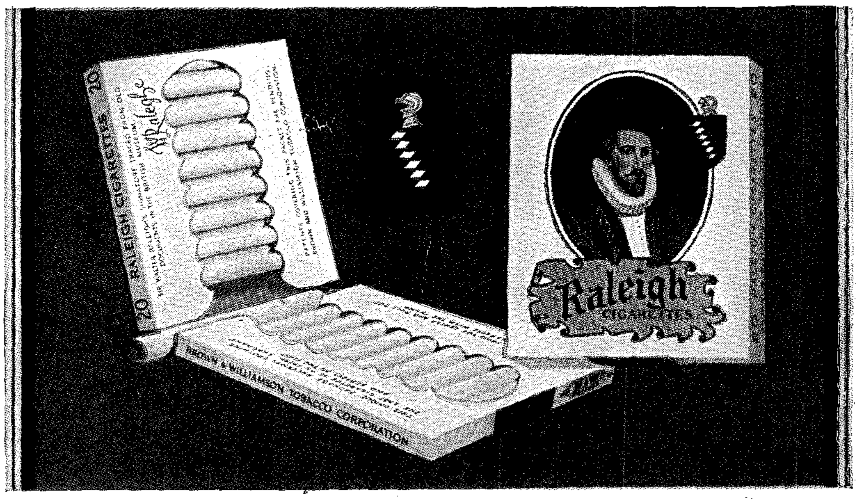
If a cigarette is only "fire-and-puff" to you, you won't care about RALEIGH'S *protection*

But if you admit
that 31 fine grades
of excellent tobacco
can be blended,
by a new process,
to make a perfect
cylinder in which
every single puff
tastes identically good

then you will admit
that such a blend
deserves a protective
package which keeps
each plump cylinder
perfect . . . and you
will understand why
it is the foremost
quality cigarette.

It pays to pay
a trifle more for
Raleigh

[PLAIN — OR TIPPED]


20 RALEIGH CIGARETTES 20
Raleigh
BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORPORATION
Raleigh
CIGARETTES

BROWN & WILLIAMSON
TOBACCO CORPORATION
Louisville, Kentucky